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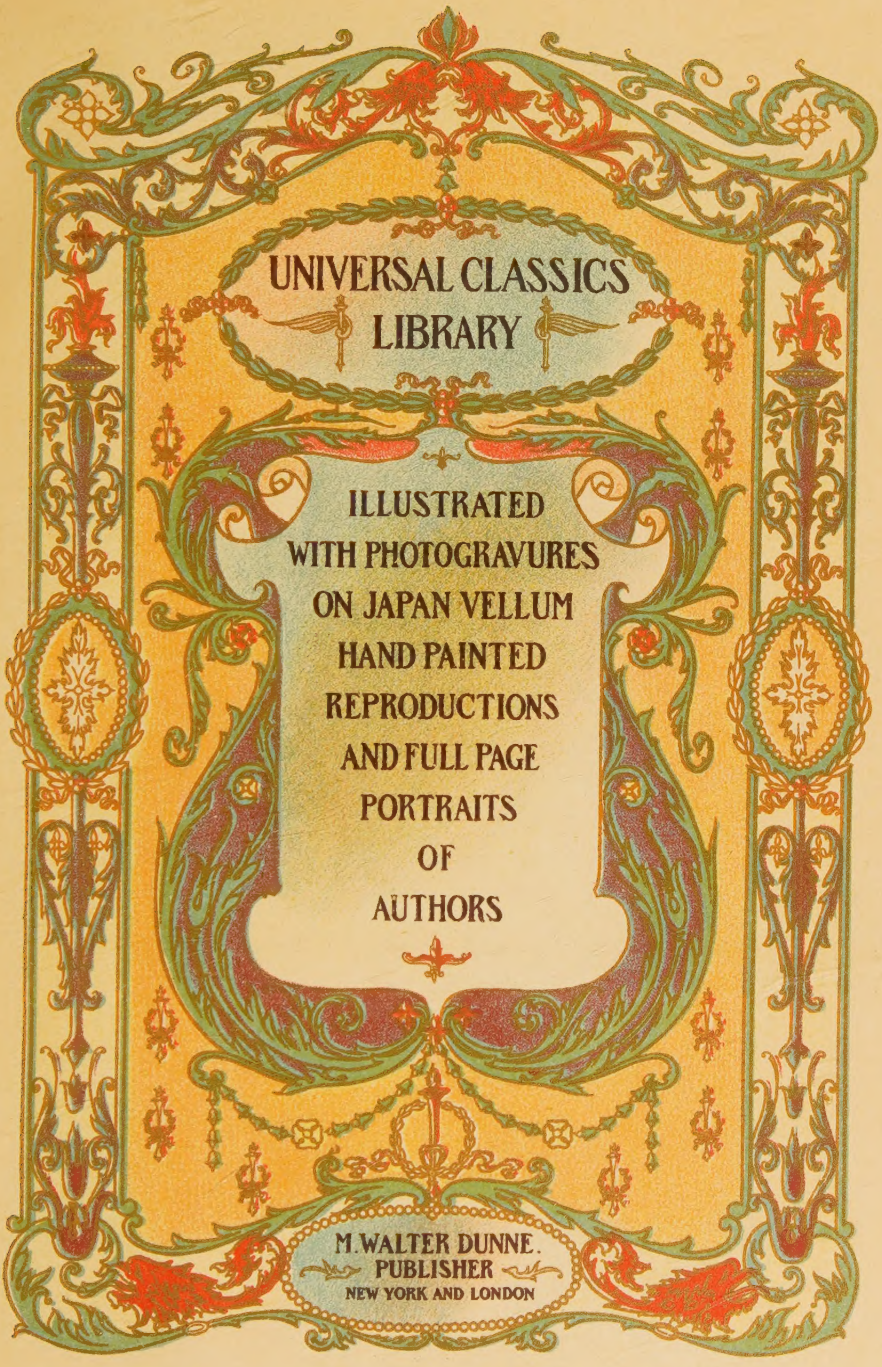
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ENGLISH BELLES-LETTRES

FROM A.D. 901 TO 1834

BY

ALFRED THE GREAT
ROGER ASCHAM
GEORGE GASCOIGNE
PHILIP SIDNEY
JOHN SELDEN
THOMAS BROWNE
JOHN ARBUTHNOT
LORD BOLINGBROKE
THOMAS CHATTERTON
S. T. COLERIDGE

WITH

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION
AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

BY

OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

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ILLUSTRATIONS

THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Hand-painted photogravure after the painting by H. Wallis

POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY 161

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

Writers never weary themselves in sounding the praise of reading, though their readers sometimes weary of the iteration. And truly there is a flat monotone in this solemn preaching of the duty of persistence in «courses» of book-study. Even the lighter literature is mechanically «systematized» in blocks of periods, authors, schools, and so on, the latest specialist subdividing the divisions of his immediate predecessor.

This is much like an attempt to substitute spade husbandry for steam cultivation. Its wisdom and utility depend upon the acreage to be tilled and the ambition of its owner. Hard work in specific studies is necessary to fit a man for his calling. Then comes pleasure-reading in leisure hours. It may be that some have grown so used to harness that their very recreation must be by rigid rule. For such the delights of roaming at large over the open champaign of breezy literature have no temptation. May they find happiness in cultivating their carefully fenced backyards.

The wanderer through the wilderness of noble writings will enhance his pleasure by occasionally following in the track of the centuries. A certain orderliness brings out the best qualities of every sort of banquet, while yet the appetite is piqued by the variety and abundance of the viands. The literature of one period takes flavor from that which preceded it and gives a richer gusto to the style that follows. Haphazard reading fails to yield this extra charm, just as mechanical study blunts the subtler perceptions.

The golden mean for the lover of all the good fellows who glorified our literature by honest work in all the styles of all the centuries is to sip their sweets as the bee sucks, now the meadow clover, and now the garden flowers, in happy free-

dom, yet with practical intent to make the most of them, by contrast and roving as the sun goes. The field of English pleasure-reading is old and vast and richly variegated. Our cullings make a nosegay grateful to the pleasure-sense and satisfying to the mind.

The thousandth anniversary of great King Alfred, who established his nation on the rock of its people's enlightened patriotism, has brought his splendid character into public view. He was the first strong Englishman to foresee the more than kingly puissance of the song and written book. He used scholars as a higher type of fighting men, himself the lifelong active head and inspirer of the navy, the army, and the singers and writers whose joint labors made the unity and greatness of his country. His sympathetic paraphrase of the reflections of Boethius fitly heads the procession of these too little known good men and brave writers of old-time England.

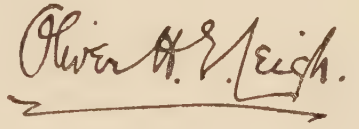
If the new acquaintances Roger Ascham will make by this introduction of him do not find him one of the raciest, wittiest, and shrewdest good fellows they ever met in books, some other reason for the failure must be found than his quaint Elizabethan English, with its amusing and enviable defiance of pedantic diction-tinkers.

Gascoigne's sturdy plain speech may amaze some misguided souls who have lived in the delusion that rasping, satirical criticism of high-placed wrongdoers is a product of latter-day progressive intellectuality. The gentler spirit of Philip Sidney and Selden's homely wisdom make a pleasing change of theme and style. The acceptance of the cremation usage gives this generation a closer interest in the majestic phrases of Sir Thomas Browne's seventeenth century prose-poem on urn burial. A dip into the mordant humor of John Arbuthnot, friend of Swift and Pope, and envied for his wit by both, followed by a pondering of Lord Bolingbroke's cogent philosophical Letter, will enlarge our appreciation of the varied and profound qualities in the less familiar writers of their time.

Poor Chatterton's impracticable temperament and pitiful ending shed a sombre twilight glamour upon the output of his undoubted genius. And Coleridge, no more self-man-

ageable despite a long life of hard discipline, affords the reader the opportunity partly to realize some of the disheartening hindrances that have crushed to earth rare souls, whose truant or feeble guardian angels failed to ballast them with the coarser fibres that too often enable talent to pass itself off as genius.

So this widely gathered handful of fragrant wild-flowers and choice blooms may serve to quicken the taste for more of the same growths; and if it shall send the reader on vague rambling quests over the hills and dales where the fairies dwell, he will at least have a bracing air and healthy exercise for his pains, and the likelihood of finding companionships that will give a new zest to life.



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THE CONSOLATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY

—

A TRANSLATION FROM BOETHIUS, WITH ORIGINAL RENDERINGS AND ADDITIONS

BY

KING ALFRED THE GREAT

ALFRED THE GREAT

Few men have crowded so much into fifty-two years of life as King Alfred and Shakespeare. Alfred was remarkable as a man of action on the heroic scale. When he received the sceptre at twenty-three years of age, he found his kingdom broken and disheartened under the assaults of the Danes, and had to give up his throne for a time. He tackled his troubles bravely and with rare clear-sightedness. There was no navy, so he learned how to build ships and make war with them. He led his army in person, and after playing the spy in the guise of a wandering minstrel in the enemy's camp, he thrashed them soundly and unified his enlarged kingdom.

The fighting over, Alfred indulged his noble hobby of spreading a taste for letters and learning among all ranks of his people. Scholars were few in those turbulent days. He engaged Alcuin, the learned Frenchman, to live at his court, where he held the place of honor. The King himself established schools for the sons of the nobility and taught in them. To instil patriotic pride in the hearts of the common people, Alfred used to go familiarly among them in their homes in the evenings, and sing to them the ballads that told of struggles and victories, and the romance of heroism. He believed rightly that the short cut to the national heart is through music and rhymed story.

For the learned class, and a loving posterity, Alfred rendered the work of Boethius into English, of which an example is here given. It is a free paraphrase, embodying much of his own experience and views. Part of it he put into verse. Alfred knew the seamy side of life, its troubles, difficulties, and sorrows. In his Preface, he pathetically pleads for lenient judgment if his translated passages are less faithful as to meaning than they might be. "For every man must according to the measure of his understanding, and his leisure, speak that which he speaketh and do that which he doeth." Alfred was born in 849, and died in 901, revered by his people as "England's darling."

THE CONSOLATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY

It is the condition of the life of men, that they then only are before all other creatures, when they themselves know what they are, and whence they are: and they are worse than cattle, when they will not know what they are, or whence they are. It is the nature of cattle that they know not what they are; but it is a fault in men, that they know not what they are. It is therefore very plain to thee, that ye are in error, when ye think that any one can be made honorable by external riches. If any one is made honorable with any riches, and endowed with any valuable possessions, does not the honor then belong to that which makes him honorable? That is to be praised somewhat more rightly. That which is adorned with anything else, is not therefore fairer, though the ornaments be fair, with which it is adorned. If it before was vile, it is not on that account fairer. Know thou, assuredly, that no good hurts him who possesses it. Thou knowest that I lie not to thee, and also knowest that riches often hurt those who possess them, in many things: and in this chiefly, that men become so lifted up on account of riches, that frequently the worst man of all, and the most unworthy of all, thinks that he is deserving of all the wealth which is in this world, if he knew how he might arrive at it. He who has great riches, dreads many an enemy. If he had no possessions, he would not need to dread any. If thou wert travelling, and hadst much gold about thee, and thou then shouldest meet with a gang of thieves, then wouldest not thou be anxious for thy life? If thou hadst nothing of this kind, then thou wouldest not need to dread anything, but mightest go singing the old adage which men formerly sung, that the naked traveller fears nothing. When thou then wert safe, and the thieves were de-

parted from thee, then mightest thou scoff at these present riches, and mightest say, O, how good and pleasant it is, that any one should possess great wealth, since he who obtains it is never secure!

When Reason had made this speech, she began to sing, and thus said: O, how happy was the first age of this middle-earth, when to every man there seemed enough in the fruits of the earth! There were not then splendid houses, nor various sweetmeats nor drinks; nor were they desirous of costly apparel, for they as yet were not, nor did they see or hear anything of them. They cared not for any luxury, but very temperately followed nature. They always ate once in the day, and that was in the evening. They ate the fruits of trees, and herbs. They drank no pure wine, nor knew they how to mix any liquor with honey, nor cared they for silken garments of various colors. They always slept out in the shade of trees. They drank the water of the clear springs. No merchant visited island or coast, nor did any man as yet hear of any ship-army, nor even the mention of any war. The earth was not yet polluted with the blood of slain men, nor was any one even wounded. They did not as yet look upon evil-minded men. Such had no honor; nor did any man love them. Alas, that our times cannot now become such! But now the covetousness of men is as burning as the fire in the hell, which is in the mountain that is called Ætna, in the island that is called Sicily. The mountain is always burning with brimstone, and burns up all the near places thereabout. Alas, what was the first avaricious man, who first began to dig the earth after gold, and after gems, and found the dangerous treasure, which before was hid and covered with the earth!

When Wisdom had sung this lay, then began he again to speak, and thus said: What more can I say to thee, concerning the dignity and concerning the power of this world? For power ye would raise yourselves up to heaven, if ye were able. This is, because ye do not remember, nor understand, the heavenly power and the dignity which is your own, and whence ye came. What, then, with regard to your wealth, and your power, which ye now call dignity, if it should come to the worst men of all, and to him that of all

is unworthiest of it, as it lately did to this same Theodoric, and also formerly to Nero the Cæsar, and moreover frequently to many like them? Will he not then do as they did, and still do? slay and destroy all the rich who are under, or anywhere near him, as the flame of fire does the dry heath field, or as the burning brimstone burneth the mountain which we call Ætna, which is in the island of Sicily? very like to the great flood which was formerly in Noah's days. I think that thou mayest remember that your ancient Roman senators formerly, in the days of Tarquin the proud king, on account of his arrogance first banished the kingly name from the city of Rome. And again, in like manner, the consuls who had driven them out, these they were afterward desirous to expel on account of their arrogance (but they could not); because the latter government of the consuls still less pleased the Roman senators, than the former one of the kings.

If, however, it happens, that power and dignity come to good men and to wise; what is there then worthy of esteem, except the good and the dignity of him, the good king, not of the power? For power never is good unless he is good who possesses it. Therefore if power be good, it is the good of the man, not of the power. Hence it is, that no man by his authority comes to virtues and to merit: but by his virtues, and by his merit, he comes to authority and to power. Therefore is no man for his power the better; but for his virtues he is good, if he be good: and for his virtues he is deserving of power, if he be deserving of it. Learn, therefore, wisdom; and when ye have learned it, do not then despise it. Then I say to you, without all doubt, that ye may through it arrive at power, though ye be not desirous of power. Ye need not be anxious for power, nor press after it. If ye are wise and good, it will follow you, though ye are not desirous of it. But tell me now, what is your most valuable wealth and power, which ye most desire? I know, however, that it is this present life, and this perishing wealth, which we before spoke about.

When Wisdom had sung this lay, then began he again to speak, and thus said: Dost thou think that the king's familiarity, and the wealth and the power which he gives to his

favorites, can make any man wealthy or powerful? Then answered I, and said: Why cannot they? What in this present life is pleasanter and better than the king's service and his presence, and moreover wealth and power? Then answered Wisdom, and said: Tell me, now, whether thou hast ever heard, that it always remained to any one who was before us? or thinkest thou that any one who now has it, can always have it? Dost thou not know that all books are full of examples of the men who were before us, and every one knows concerning those who are now living, that from many a king power and wealth go away, until he afterward becomes poor? Alas! is that, then, very excellent wealth, which can preserve neither itself nor its lord, so that he may not have need of more help, lest they should both be lost? But is not this your highest felicity—the power of kings? And yet if to the king there be a want of anything desired, then that lessens his power, and augments his misery. Therefore these your felicities are always in some respects infelicities! Moreover kings, though they govern many nations, yet they do not govern all those which they would govern; but are very wretched in their mind, because they have not some of those things which they would have: for I know that the king who is rapacious has more wretchedness than power. Therefore a certain king, who unjustly came to empire, formerly said: O, how happy is the man to whom a naked sword hangs not always over the head by a small thread, as to me it ever yet has done! How does it now appear to thee? How do wealth and power please thee, when they are never without fear, and difficulties, and anxieties? Thou knowest that every king would be without these, and yet have power if he might. But I know that he cannot: therefore I wonder why they glory in such power.

Does it seem to thee that the man has power, and is truly happy, who always desires that which he cannot obtain? Or thinkest thou that he is really happy who always goes with a great company? Or again, he who dreads both him that is in dread of him, and him that is not in dread of him? Does it seem to thee that the man has great power who seemed to himself to have none, even as to many a man it seems that he has none, unless he have many a man to

serve him? What shall we now say more concerning the king, and concerning his followers, except that every rational man may know that they are full miserable and weak? How can kings deny or conceal their weakness, when they are not able to attain any honor without their thanes' assistance?

What else shall we say concerning thanes, but this, that it often happens that they are bereaved of all honor, and even of life, by their perfidious king. Thus we know that the wicked king Nero would hate his own master, and kill his foster-father, whose name was Seneca. He was a philosopher. When, therefore, he found that he must die, he offered all his possessions for his life, but the king would not accept of it, or grant him his life. When he learned this, he chose for himself the death, that they should let for him blood from the arm; and they did so. We have also heard that Papinianus was to Antoninus the Cæsar, of all his favorites the most beloved, and of all his people had the greatest power. But he gave order to bind, and afterward to slay him. Yet all men know that Seneca was to Nero, and Papinianus to Antoninus, the most worthy and the most dear; and they had the greatest power, both in their court and elsewhere, and nevertheless, without any guilt, they were destroyed! Yet they both desired, most earnestly, that the lords would take whatsoever they had, and let them live, but they could not obtain it: for the cruelty of those kings was so severe, that their submission could naught avail, nor indeed would their high-mindedness, howsoever they might do, have availed them either, but they were obliged to lose life. For he who does not take timely care for himself, will at length be destitute.

How doth power and wealth please thee, now that a man neither can have it without fear, nor can part with it though he wish? What did the crowd of friends avail the favorites of those kings, or what avails it to any man? For friends come with wealth, and again with wealth go away, except very few. But the friends who before, for wealth's sake, love any one, go away afterward with the wealth, and then turn to enemies. But the few, who before loved him for affection and for fidelity, these would, nevertheless, love him though he were poor. These remain to him. What is

a worse plague, or greater hurt to any man, than that he have, in his society and in his presence, an enemy in the likeness of a friend?

When Wisdom had made this speech, then began he again to sing, and thus said: Whosoever desires fully to possess power, ought to labor first that he may have power over his own mind, and be not indecently subject to his vices; also let him put away from his mind unbecoming anxieties, and desist from complaints of his misfortunes. Though he reign over all the middle-earth, from eastward to westward, from India, which is the southeast end of this middle-earth, to the island which we call Thule, which is at the northwest end of this middle-earth, where there is neither night in summer nor day in winter; though he rule even all this, he has not the more power, if he has not power over his mind, and if he does not guard himself against the vices which we have before spoken about.

When Wisdom had sung this song, then began he again to make a speech, and said: Worthless and very false is the glory of this world! Concerning this a certain poet formerly sung. When he contemned this present life, he said: O glory of this world! Alas! why do foolish men call thee with false voice, glory, when thou art none! For man more frequently has great renown, and great glory, and great honor, through the opinion of foolish people, than he has through his deservings. But tell me now, what is more unsuitable than this: or why men may not rather be ashamed of themselves than rejoice, when they hear that any one belies them? Though men even rightly praise any one of the good, he ought not the sooner to rejoice immoderately at the people's words. But at this he ought to rejoice, that they speak truth of him. Though he rejoice at this, that they spread his name, it is not the sooner so extensively spread as he persuades himself; for they cannot spread it over all the earth, though they may in some land; for though it be praised in one, yet in another it is not praised. Though he in this land be celebrated, yet is he not in another.

Therefore is the people's esteem to be held by every man for nothing; since it comes not to every man ac-

cording to his deserts, nor indeed remains always to any one. Consider first concerning birth: if any one boast of it, how vain and how useless is the boast; for every one knows that all men come from one father and from one mother. Or again, concerning the people's esteem, and concerning their applause. I know not why we rejoice at it. Though they be illustrious whom the vulgar applaud, yet are they more illustrious and more rightly to be applauded who are dignified by virtues. For no man is really the greater or the more praiseworthy for the excellence of another, or for his virtues, if he himself has it not. Art thou ever the fairer for another man's fairness? A man is full little the better though he have a good father, if he himself is incapable of anything. Therefore I advise that thou rejoice in other men's good and their nobility, so far only, that thou ascribe it not to thyself as thine own. Because every man's good, and his nobility, is more in the mind than in the flesh. This only, indeed, I know of good in nobility; that it shames many a man, if he be worse than his ancestors were; and therefore he strives with all his power to reach the manners of some one of the best, and his virtues.

When Wisdom had finished this speech, then began he again to sing about the same, and said: Truly all men had a like beginning, for they all came from one father and from one mother: they are all, moreover, born alike. That is no wonder, because one God is father of all creatures; for he made them all, and governs them all. He gives light to the sun, and to the moon, and places all the stars. He has created men on the earth, joined together the soul and the body by his power, and made all men equally noble in their original nature. Why do ye then lift up yourselves above other men, on account of your birth, without cause, since ye can find none unnoble, but all are equally noble, if ye are willing to remember the creation, and the Creator, and moreover the birth of every one of you? But true nobility is in the mind, not in the flesh, as we have before said. But every man, who is altogether subject to vices, forsakes his Maker, and his first origin, and his nobility, and thence become degraded till he is unnoble.

He began to sing again, and said: Happy is the man who

can behold the clear fountain of the highest good, and can put away from himself the darkness of his mind! We will now from old fables relate to thee a story. It happened formerly that there was a harper in the country called Thrace, which was in Greece. The harper was inconceivably good. His name was Orpheus. He had a very excellent wife, who was called Eurydice. Then began men to say concerning the harper, that he could harp so that the wood moved, and the stones stirred themselves at the sound, and wild beasts would run thereto, and stand as if they were tame; so still, that though men or hounds pursued them, they shunned them not. Then said they, that the harper's wife should die, and her soul should be led to hell. Then should the harper become so sorrowful that he could not remain among other men, but frequented the wood, and sat on the mountains, both day and night, weeping and harping, so that the woods shook, and the rivers stood still, and no hart shunned any lion nor hare any hound; nor did cattle know any hatred, or any fear of others, for the pleasure of the sound. Then it seemed to the harper that nothing in this world pleased him.

Then thought he that he would seek the gods of hell, and endeavor to allure them with his harp, and pray that they would give him back his wife. When he came thither, then should there come toward him the dog of hell, whose name was Cerberus; he should have three heads, and began to wag his tail, and play with him for his harping. Then was there also a very horrible gatekeeper, whose name should be Charon. He had also three heads, and he was very old. Then began the harper to beseech him that he would protect him while he was there, and bring him thence again safe. Then did he promise that to him, because he was desirous of the unaccustomed sound. Then went he farther, until he met the fierce goddesses, whom the common people called Parcæ, of whom they say, that they know no respect for any man, but punish every man according to his deeds; *and* of whom they say, that they control every man's fortune. Then began he to implore their mercy. Then began they to weep with him. Then went he farther, and all the inhabitants of hell ran toward him, and led him to their king; and all began to speak with him, and to pray

that which he prayed. And the restless wheel which Ixion the king of the Lapithæ was bound to for his guilt; that stood still for his harping. And Tantalus the king, who in this world was immoderately greedy, and whom that same vice of greediness followed there; he became quiet. And the vulture should cease, so that he tore not the liver of Tityus the king, which before therewith tormented him. And all the punishments of the inhabitants of hell were suspended, while he harped before the king. When he long and long had harped, then spoke the king of the inhabitants of hell.

He said: Let us give the man his wife, for he has earned her by his harping. He then commanded him that he should well observe that he never looked backward after he departed thence, and said, if he looked backward, that he should lose the woman. But men can with great difficulty, if at all, restrain love! Well-away! what! Orpheus then led his wife with him till he came to the boundary of light and darkness. Then went his wife after him. When he came forth into the light, then looked he behind his back toward the woman. Then was she immediately lost to him. This fable teaches every man who desires to fly the darkness of hell, and to come to the light of the true good, that he look not about him to his old vices, so that he practise them again as fully as he did before. For whosoever with full will turns his mind to the vices, which he had before forsaken, and practises them, and they then fully please him, and he never thinks of forsaking them: then loses he all his former good, unless he again amend it!

I can relate to thee, from ancient fables, a story very like to the subject which we have just now spoken about. It happened formerly in the Trojan war, that there was a king whose name was Ulysses, who had two countries under the Cæsar. The countries were called Ithaca and Retia, and the Cæsar's name was Agamemnon. When Ulysses went with the Cæsar to the battle, he had some hundred ships. Then were they some ten years in that war. When the king again returned homeward from the Cæsar, and they had conquered the land, he had not more ships than one; but that was a ship with three rows of oars. Then opposed him

a great tempest and a stormy sea. He was then driven on an island out in the Wendel sea. Then was there the daughter of Apollo, the son of Jove. Jove was their king, and pretended that he should be the highest god, and that foolish people believed him because he was of royal lineage, and they knew not any other God at that time, but worshipped their kings for gods. Then should the father of Jove be also a god, whose name was Saturn; and likewise all his kindred they held for gods. Then was one of them the Apollo whom we before mentioned. Apollo's daughter should be a goddess, whose name was Circe. She, they said, should be very skilful in sorcery; and she dwelt in the island on which the king was driven, about whom we before spoke.

She had then a great company of her servants, and also of other maidens. As soon as she saw the king driven thither whom we before mentioned, whose name was Ulysses, then began she to love him, and each of them the other, beyond measure; so that he for love of her neglected all his kingdom, and his family, and dwelt with her until the time that his thanes would no longer remain with him; but for love of their country, and on account of exile, determined to leave him. Then began false men to work spells. And they said that she should by her sorcery overthrow the men, and cast them into the bodies of wild beasts, and afterward throw them into chains and fetters. Some, they said, she should transform to lions, and when they should speak then they roared. Some should be wild boars, and when they should lament their misfortune then they grunted. Some became wolves. These howled when they should speak. Some became that kind of wild beast that man calls tiger. Thus was all the company turned to wild beasts of various kinds; each to some beast, except the king alone. Every meat they refused which men eat, and were desirous of those which beasts eat. They had no resemblance of men either in body or in voice, yet every one knew his mind, as he before knew it. That mind was very sorrowful through the miseries which they suffered. Indeed, the men who believed these fictions, nevertheless knew that she by sorcery could not change the minds of men, though she changed the bodies. How great an excellence is that of the mind in comparison

of the body! By these things, and the like thou mayest learn, that the excellence of the body is in the mind; and that to every man the vices of his mind are more hurtful. Those of the mind draw all the body to them, and the infirmity of the body cannot entirely draw the mind to it.

Then said I: I am convinced that that is true which thou before saidst, that is, that it would not be unfit that we should call evil-willing men cattle, or wild beasts, though they have the resemblance of man. But if I had such power as the Almighty God has, then would I not let the wicked injure the good so much as they now do. Then said he: It is not permitted to them so long as thou supposest. But thou mayest be assured that their prosperity will very soon be removed, as I will shortly inform thee, though I have not leisure now on account of other discourse. If they had not the vain power, which they think they have, then would they not have so great punishment as they shall have. The wicked are much more unhappy when they are able to accomplish the evil which they list, than they are when they are unable to do it; though these foolish men do not believe it.

It is very wicked that any man wills evil, and it is still much worse that he is able to do it, for the evil will is dispersed like incense before the fire, if man is not able to accomplish the work. But the wicked have sometimes three misfortunes: one is, that they will evil; the second, that they are able to do it; the third, that they accomplish it. For God has decreed to give punishments and miseries to wicked men for their wicked works. Then said I: So it is as thou sayest; and yet I would wish, if I might, that they had not the unhappiness of being able to do evil. Then said he: I think, however, that that power will be lost to them sooner than either thou or they would expect. For nothing is of long duration in this present life, though it seem to men that it be long. But very frequently the great power of the wicked falls very suddenly, even as a great tree in a wood makes a loud crash when men least expect; and through fear they are always very miserable. But if their wickedness makes them miserable, is not then the long evil always worse than the short? Though the wicked never died, I should still say that they were most miserable.

If the miseries are true, which we long ago discoursed about, that the wicked should have in this world, then is it evident that those miseries are infinite which are eternal. Then said I: That is wonderful which thou sayest, and very difficult to be understood by foolish men. But I nevertheless perceive that it appertains well enough to the discourse which we were before holding. Then said he: I am not now speaking to foolish men, but am speaking to those who desire to understand wisdom; for it is a token of wisdom that any one is willing to hear and understand it. But if any of the foolish doubt any of the reasonings which we have already uttered in this same book, let him show, if he can, some one of the arguments which is either false, or inapplicable to the subject about which we are inquiring; or thirdly, let him turn, understand, and believe that we argue rightly. If he will do none of these things, then he knows not what he means.

As every artificer considers and marks out his work in his mind before he executes it, and afterward executes it all; this varying fortune which we call fate, proceeds after his providence and after his counsel, as he intends that it should be. Though it appear to us complicated, partly good, and partly evil, it is nevertheless to him singly good, because he brings it all to a good end, and does for good all that which he does. Afterward, when it is wrought, we call it fate; before, it was God's providence and his predestination. He therefore directs fortune, either through good angels, or through the souls of men, or through the life of other creatures, or through the stars of heaven, or through the various deceits of devils; sometimes through one of them, sometimes through them all. But this is evidently known, that the divine predestination is simple and unchangeable, and governs everything according to order, and fashions everything. Some things, therefore, in this world are subject to fate, others are not at all subject to it. But fate, and all the things which are subject to it, are subject to the divine providence. Concerning this, I can mention to thee an example, whereby thou mayest the more clearly understand which men are subject to fate, and which are not. All this moving and this changeable creation revolves on the immovable,

and on the steadfast, and on the singly-existing God; and he governs all creatures as he at the beginning had, and still has determined.

As on the axle-tree of a wagon the wheel turns, and the axle-tree stands still, and nevertheless supports all the wagon, and regulates all its progress—the wheel turns round, and the nave, being nearest to the axle-tree, goes much more firmly and more securely than the fellies do—so the axle-tree may be the highest good which we call God, and the best men go nearest to God, as the nave goes nearest to the axle-tree; and the middle class of men as the spokes. For of every spoke, one end is fixed in the nave, and the other in the felly. So is it with respect to the middle class of men. One while he meditates in his mind concerning this earthly life, another while concerning the heavenly: as if he should look with one eye to the heavens, *and* with the other to the earth. As the spokes stick, one end in the felly, and the other in the nave, and the spoke is midward, equally near to both, though one end be fixed in the nave, and the other in the felly; so are the middle class of men in the middle of the spokes, and the better near to the nave, and the most numerous class nearest to the fellies. They are nevertheless fixed in the nave, and the nave on the axle-tree. But the fellies depend on the spokes, though they wholly roll upon the earth. So do the most numerous class of men depend on the middle class, and the middle class on the best, and the best on God. Though the most numerous class turn all their love toward this world, they are not able to dwell there, nor do they come to anything, if they are not in some measure fastened to God, any more than the fellies of the wheel can make any progress if they are not fastened to the spokes, and the spokes to the axle-tree. The fellies are farthest from the axle-tree, therefore they go the most roughly. The nave goes nearest the axle-tree, therefore it goes the most securely. So do the best men. As they place their love nearer to God, and more despise these earthly things, so are they more free from care, and are less anxious how fortune may vary, or what it may bring. Provided the nave be always thus secure, the fellies may rest on what they will. And yet the nave is in some measure separated from

the axle-tree. As thou mayest perceive that the wagon is much longer secure, which is less separated from the axle-tree; so, of all men, those are most untroubled, with the difficulties either of this present life, or of that to come, who are fixed in God; but as they are farther separated from God, so are they more troubled and afflicted both in mind and in body. Such is what we call fate. . . .

. . . With respect to the divine providence; as argument and reasoning is, compared with the intellect, and such the wheel is, compared with the axle-tree. For the axle-tree regulates all the wagon. In like manner does the divine providence. It moves the sky and the stars, and makes the earth immovable, and regulates the four elements, that is, water, and earth, and fire, and air. These it tempers and forms, and sometimes again changes their appearance, and brings them to another form, and afterward renews them: and nourishes every production, and again hides and preserves it when it is grown old and withered, and again discovers and renews it whensoever he wills. Some philosophers however say, that fate rules both the felicities and the infelicities of every man. But I say, as all Christian men say, that the divine predestination rules over him, not fate. And I know that it decrees everything very rightly; though to unwise men it does not appear so. They think that everything which fulfils their desire, is God. It is no wonder, for they are blinded by the darkness of their sins. But the divine providence understands everything very rightly, though it seems to us, through our folly, that it goes wrongly; because we cannot perfectly understand it. He, however, ordains all very rightly, though to us it sometimes does not appear so.

Then said I: But whence came the word chance? Then said he: My beloved Aristotle has explained it in the book called Physica. Then said I: How has he explained it? Then said he: Men said formerly, when anything happened to them unexpectedly, that it happened by chance: as if any one should dig the earth, and find there a hoard of gold, and then say, that it had happened by chance. I know, however, that if the digger had not dug the earth, or man had not before hid the gold there, then he would not have found it.

Therefore it was not found by chance. But the divine predestination instructed whom he would that he should hide the gold, and afterward whom he would, that he should find it.

Then said I: I perceive that this is as thou sayest: but I would ask thee whether we have any freedom, or any power, what we may do, and what we may not do? or whether the divine predestination, or fate, compels us to what they will? Then said he: We have much power. There is no rational creature which has not freedom. Whosoever has reason, is able to judge and discern what he ought to desire, and what he ought to shun. And every man has this freedom, that he knows what he wills, and what he wills not. And yet all rational creatures have not equal freedom. Angels have right judgments and good will; and whatever they desire they very easily obtain, because they desire nothing wrong. There is no created being which has freedom and reason except angels and men. Men have always freedom; the more as they lead their mind nearer to divine things; and they have so much the less freedom, as they lead the will of their mind nearer to this worldly honor. They have not any freedom when they, of their own accord, subject themselves to vices. But as soon as they turn away their mind from good, so soon do they become blind with folly. But one Almighty God exists in his high city, who sees every man's thought, and discerns his words and his deeds, and renders to every one according to his works. When Wisdom had made this speech, then began he to sing, and thus said:

Though Homer the good poet, who with the Greeks was the best, he was Virgil's master; Virgil was with the Latin men the best, though Homer in his poems greatly praised the nature of the sun, and her excellences, and her brightness; yet she cannot shine upon all creatures, nor those creatures which she may shine upon, can she shine upon all equally, nor shine through them all within. But it is not so with the Almighty God, who is the maker of all creatures. He beholds and sees through all his creatures equally. Him we may call, without falsehood, the true sun.

When Wisdom had sung this lay, then was he silent a little while. Then said I: A certain doubt has much troub-

led me. Then said he: What is that? Then said I: It is this, that thou sayest that God gives to every one freedom as well to do good as evil, whichsoever he will: and thou sayest also that God knows everything before it comes to pass; and thou sayest also, that nothing comes to pass unless God wills and permits it: and thou sayest that it must all proceed as he has ordained. Now I wonder at this, why he permits that wicked men have the freedom that they may do either good or evil, whichsoever they will, since he before knows that they will do evil. Then said he: I can very easily answer thee this inquiry. How would it please thee, if there were some very powerful king, and he had not any free man in all his realm, but all were slaves? Then said I: I should not think it at all right, or moreover suitable, if men in a state of slavery should serve him. Then said he: How much more unnatural would it be, if God had not in all his kingdom any free creature under his power? Therefore he created two rational creatures free, angels and men. To these he gave the great gift of freedom, that they might do either good or evil, whichsoever they would. He gave a very sure gift, and a very sure law with the gift, to every man until his end. That is the freedom, that man may do what he will; and that is the law, which renders to every man according to his works, both in this world, and in that to come, good or evil, whichsoever he does. And men may attain through this freedom whatsoever they will, except that they cannot avoid death. But they may by good works delay it, so that it may come later: and moreover, they may sometimes defer it till old age, if they do not cease to have good will to good works, that is, good. Then said I: Well hast thou set me right in the doubt, and in the trouble wherein I before was concerning freedom. But I am still disquieted with much more trouble, almost to despair. Then said he: What is this great disquiet? Then said I: It is concerning the predestination of God. For we sometimes hear say, that everything must so come to pass as God at the beginning had decreed, and that no man can alter it. Now methinks that he does wrong, when he honors the good, and also when he punishes the wicked, if it is true that it was so ordained to them that they could not do otherwise.

In vain we labor when we pray, and when we fast, or give alms, if we have not therefore more favor than those who in all things walk according to their own will, and run after their bodily lust.

Then said he: This is the old complaint, which thou hast long bewailed, and many also before thee: one of whom was a certain Marcus, by another name Tullius; by a third name he was called Cicero, who was a consul of the Romans. He was a philosopher. He was very much occupied with this same question: but he could not bring it to any end at that time, because their mind was occupied with the desires of this world. But I say to thee, if that is true which ye say, it was a vain command in divine books, which God commanded, that man should forsake evil and do good; and again the saying which he said, that as man labors more, so shall he receive greater reward. And I wonder why thou shouldest have forgotten all that we before mentioned. We before said that the divine predestination wrought all good, and no evil: nor decreed to work, nor ever wrought any. Moreover, we proved that to be good which to vulgar men seemed evil: that is, that man should afflict or punish any one for his evil. Did we not also say in this same book, that God had decreed to give freedom to men, and so did; and if they exercised the freedom well, that he would greatly honor them with eternal power; and if they abused the freedom, that he would then punish them with death? He ordained that if they at all sinned through the freedom, they afterward through the freedom should make amends for it by repentance; and that if any of them were so hard-hearted that he did not repent, he should have just punishment.

All creatures he made servile except angels and men. Because the other creatures are servile, they perform their services till doomsday. But men and angels, who are free, forsake their services. How can men say that the divine predestination had decreed what it fulfils not? Or how can they excuse themselves that they should not do good, when it is written that God will requite every man according to his works? Wherefore, then, should any man be idle, that he work not? Then said I: Thou hast sufficiently relieved me from the doubting of my mind by the questions which I

have asked thee. But I would still ask thee a question, which I am perplexed about. Then said he: What is that? Then said I: I am well aware that God knows everything beforehand, both good and evil, before it happens, but I know not whether it all shall unchangeably happen, which he knows and has decreed. Then said he: It need not all happen unchangeably. But some of it shall happen unchangeably, that is, what shall be our necessity, and shall be his will. But some of it is so arranged that it is not necessary, and yet hurts not if it happen; nor is there any harm if it do not happen. Consider now concerning thyself, whether thou hast so firmly designed anything, that thou thinkest that it never with thy consent may be changed, nor thou exist without *it*. Or whether thou again in any design art so inconsistent, that it aids thee, whether it happen, or whether it happen not. Many a one is there of the things which God knows before it may happen, and knows also that it will hurt his creatures if it happen. He does not know it, because he wills that it should happen, but because he wills to provide that it may not happen. Thus a good pilot perceives a great storm of wind before it happens, and gives order to furl the sail, and moreover sometimes to lower the mast, and let go the cable, if he first restrain the perverse wind, *and so* provides against the storm.

Wherefore vex ye your minds with evil hatred, as waves through the wind agitate the sea? Or wherefore upbraid ye your fortune, that she has no power? Or why cannot ye wait for natural death, when he every day hastens toward you? Why cannot ye observe that he seeks every day after birds, and after beasts, and after men, and forsakes no track till he seizes that which he pursues? Alas! that unhappy men cannot wait till he comes to them, but anticipate him, as wild beasts wish to destroy each other! But it would not be right in men, that any one of them should hate another. But this would be right, that every one of them should render to another recompense of every work according to his deserts; that is, that one should love the good, as it is right that we should do, and should have mercy on the wicked, as we before said; should love the man, and hate his vices; and cut them off, as we best may.

When he had sung this lay, then was he silent for some time. Then said I: Now I clearly understand that true happiness is founded on the deservings of good men, and misery is founded on the deservings of wicked men. But I will yet say that methinks the happiness of this present life is no little good, and its unhappiness no little evil. For I never saw nor heard of any wise man who would rather be an exile, and miserable, and foreign, and despised, than wealthy and honorable, and powerful, and eminent in his own country. For they say that they can the better fulfil their wisdom, and observe it, if their power be ample over the people that are under them, and also in some measure over those who are in the neighborhood round about them, because they are able to repress the wicked, and promote the good. For the good is always to be honored, both in this present life and in that to come; and the wicked, whom man cannot restrain from his evil, is always deserving of punishment, both in this world and in that to come.

But I wonder why it should so fall out, as it now often does; that is, that various punishments and manifold misfortunes come to the good, as they should to the wicked; and the blessings which should be a reward to good men for good works, come to wicked men. Therefore I would now know from thee, how that course of events were approved by thee. I should wonder at it much less, if I knew that it happened by chance, without God's will, and without his knowledge. But the Almighty God has increased my fear and my astonishment by these things. For he sometimes gives felicities to the good, and infelicities to the wicked, as it were right that he always did. Sometimes again he permits that the good have infelicities and misfortunes in many things; and the wicked have happiness, and it frequently happens to them according to their own desire. Hence I cannot think otherwise but that it so happens by chance, unless thou still more rationally show me the contrary. Then answered he, after a long time, and said: It is no wonder if any one think that something of this kind happens undesignedly, when he cannot understand and explain wherefore God so permits. But thou oughtest not to doubt that so good a creator and governor of all things, rightly

made all that he has made, and rightly judges and rules *it* all, though thou knowest not why he so and so may do.

When he had made this speech, then began he to sing, and said: Who of the unlearned wonders not at the course of the sky, and its swiftness; how it every day revolves about all this middle-earth? Or who wonders not that some stars have a shorter circuit than others have, as the stars have which we call the wagon's shafts? They have so short a circuit, because they are so near the north end of the axis, on which all the sky turns. Or who is not astonished at this, except those only who know it, that some stars have a longer circuit than others have, and those the longest which revolve midward about the axis, as Bootes does? And that the star Saturn does not come where it before was till about thirty winters? Or who wonders not at this, that some stars depart under the sea, as some men think the sun does when she sets? But she nevertheless is not nearer to the sea than she is at mid-day! Who is not astonished when the full moon is covered over with darkness? or again, that the stars shine before the moon, and do not shine before the sun? At this and many a like thing they wonder, and wonder not that men and all living creatures have continual and useless enmity with each other. Or why wonder they not at this, that it sometimes thunders, and sometimes begins not? Or, again, at the strife of sea and winds, and waves and land? or why ice is formed, and again by the shining of the sun returns to its own nature? But the inconstant people wonder at that which it most seldom sees, though it be less wonderful; and thinks that that is not the old creation, but has by chance newly happened. But they who are very inquisitive and endeavor to learn, if God removes from their mind the folly with which it was before covered, then will they not wonder at many things which they now wonder at.

When Wisdom had sung this lay, then was he silent a little while. Then said I: So it is as thou sayest. But I am still desirous that thou wouldest instruct me somewhat more distinctly concerning the thing which has chiefly troubled my mind, that is, what I before asked thee. For it was always hitherto thy wont that thou wouldest teach every mind abstruse and unknown things. Then began he to

smile, and said to me: Thou urgest me to the greatest argument, and the most difficult to explain. This explanation all philosophers have sought, and very diligently labored about, and scarcely any one has come to the end of the discussion. For it is the nature of the discussion and of the inquiry, that always when there is one doubt removed, then is there an innumerable multitude raised. So men in old tales say, that there was a serpent which had nine heads, and whenever any one of them was cut off, then grew there seven from that one head. Then happened it that the celebrated Hercules came there, who was the son of Jove. Then could not he imagine how he by any art might overcome them, until he surrounded them with wood, and then burned them with fire. So is this argument which thou askest about: with difficulty comes any man out of it, if he enter into it. He never comes to a clear end, unless he have an understanding as sharp as the fire. For he who will inquire concerning this ought first to know what the simple providence of God is, and what fate is, and what happens by chance, and what the divine knowledge is, and the divine predestination, and what the freedom of men is. Now thou mayest perceive how weighty and difficult all this is to explain.

THE BOOKE OF THE SCHOOLE OF SHOOTYNGE

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BY

ROGER ASCHAM

ROGER ASCHAM

TUTOR and secretary of Queen Elizabeth, and the first writer on education in England, Ascham ranks among the first great writers and thinkers of that grand period. He anticipated educational doctrines and methods that have the sanction of modern authorities.

"Toxophilus," a fascinating book from every point of view, was written "in the Englishe tongue, for Englishe men," the first book of its quality that discarded Latin. It set the fashion which brought the English language to its literary perfection.

Ascham was an enthusiast for the noble sport of archery. He was born in 1515 in Yorkshire. Up to his writing of this work in 1544 archery was the chief weapon of the soldiery. Ascham was eager to inspire the people at large with his own pride in the national art of shooting. Hence the double interest in this book as a brilliant literary and patriotic exploit.

But the immortality of "Toxophilus" is well earned by the delicious humor, the quaint conceits, the wonderful knowledge, and the happy worldly wisdom that glow from every page. The writer is a thoroughbred sporting Englishman as well as a deep scholarly philosopher. As a fine example of racy pre-Shakespearian English, it is delightful reading, full of pleasant surprises in its queerly spelt words, which amusingly indicate their origin and throw light on many words and expressions in present use. The spelling of feather, leather, weather, as fedder, ledder, wedder, marks the transition from Old English, with its peculiar letter d standing for the soft th as in *that*, to the present spelling. Some of these curious words still survive in provincial dialects. Perseverance in reading Ascham's English will quickly make it a pleasure; the seeming difficulties vanish as his peculiar genius absorbs our attention.

TOXOPHILUS

THE BOOKE OF THE SCHOOLE OF SHOOTYNGE

PHILOLOGUS. What is the chiefe poynte in shootynge, that everye manne laboureth to come to?

TOXOPHILUS. To hyt the marke.

PHI. Howe manye thynges are required to make a man ever more hyt the marke?

TOX. Twoo.

PHI. Whiche twoo?

TOX. Shotinge streyght and kepynge of a lengthe.

PHIL. Howe shoulde a manne shoote strayght, and howe shulde a man kepe a length?

TOX. In knowynge and havynge thinges belongynge to shootyng: and whan they be knowen and had, in well handlynge of them: whereof some belong to shotyng strayght, some to keping of a length, some commonly to them bothe, as shall be tolde severally of them, in place convenient.

PHI. Thynges belongyng to shotyng, whyche be they?

TOX. All thinges be outwarde, and some be instrumentes for every archer to brynge with him, proper for his owne use: other thynges be generall to every man, as the place and tyme serveth.

PHI. Which be instrumentes?

TOX. Bracer, shotyngglove, stryng, bowe and shafte.

PHI. Whiche be general to all men?

TOX. The wether and the marke, yet the marke is ever under the rule of the wether.

PHI. Wherin standeth well handlynge of thynges?

TOX. All togyther wythin a man him selfe, some handlynge is proper to instrumentes, some to the wether, somme to the marke, some is within a man hymselfe.

Phi. What handlyng is proper to the Instrumentes?

Tox. Standynge, nockyng, drawyng, holdyng, loosing, wherby commeth fayre shotynge, whiche neyther belong to wynde nor wether, nor yet to the marke, for in a rayne and at no marke, a man may shote a fayre shoote.

Phi. Well sayde, what handlynge belongeth to the wether?

Tox. Knowyng of his wynde, with hym, agaynst hym, syde wynd, full syde wind, syde wynde quarter with him, syde wynde quarter agaynste hym, and so forthe.

Phi. Well then go to, what handlynge belongeth to the marke?

Tox. To marke his standyng, to shoote compasse, to draw evermore lyke, to loose evermore lyke, to consyder the nature of the pricke, in hylles and dales, in strayte planes and winding places, and also to espy his marke.

Phi. Very well done. And what is onely within a man hymselfe?

Tox. Good heede givynge, and avoydynge all affections: whiche thynges oftentymes do marre and make all. And these thynges spoken of me generally and brefely, yf they be wel knowen, had, and handled, shall brynge a man to suche shootynge, as fewe or none ever yet came unto, but surely yf he misse in any one of them, he can never hyt the marke, and in the more he doth misse, the farther he shoteth from his marke. But as in all other matters the fyrst steppe or stayre to be good, is to know a mannes faulte, and then to amende it, and he that wyl not knowe his faulte, shall never amende it.

Phi. You speake now Toxophile, even as I wold have you to speake: But lette us returne agayne unto our matter, and those thynges whyche you have packed up, in so shorte a roome, we wyll loose them forthe, and take every piece as it were in our hande and looke more narowlye upon it.

Tox. I am content, but we wyll rydde them as fast as we can, bycause the sunne goeth so faste downe, and yet somewhat muste needes be sayde of everye one of them.

Phi. Well sayde, and I trowe we beganne wyth those thynges whiche be instrumentes, whereof the fyrste, as I suppose, was the bracer.

Tox. Litle is to be sayd of the bracer. A bracer serveth for two causes, one to save his arme from the strype of the strynge, and his doublet from wearynge, and the other is, that the strynge glydynge sharpelye and quicklye of the bracer, may make the sharper shoote. For if the strynge shoulde lyght upon the bare sleve, the strengthe of the shoote shoulde stoppe and dye there. But it is best by my judgemente, to gyve the bowe so muche bent, that the strynge neede never touche a mannes arme, and so shoulde a man nede no bracer as I knowe manye good Archers, whiche occupye none. In a bracer a man muste take heede of. iii. thinges; that it have no nayles in it, that it have no buckles, that it be fast on with laces wythout agglettes. For the nayles wyll shere in sunder a mannes string, before he be ware, and so put his bowe in jeoperdy: Buckles and agglettes at unwares, shall race hys bowe, a thinge bothe evyll to the syghte, and perilous for frettynge. And thus a Bracer, is onely had for this purpose, that the strynge maye have redye passage.

Phi. In my Bracer I am cunnyng ynough, but what saye you of the shootyng glove?

Tox. A shootynge Glove is chieflye for to save a mannes fyngers from hurtynge, that he maye be able to beare the sharpe stryng to the uttermost of his strengthe. And when a man shooteth, the might of his shoote lyeth on the formooste fynger, and on the Ringman, for the myddle fynger whiche is the longest, lyke a lubber starteth backe, and beareth no weyghte of the strynge in a maner at all, therfore the two other fyngers, muste have thicker lether, and that muste have thickest of all, where on a man looseth moste, and for sure loosyng, the formoste finger is moste apte, bycause it holdeth best, and for that purpose nature hath as a man woulde saye, yocked it with the thumbe. Lether, if it be nexte a mans skynne, wyl sweat, waxe hard and chafe, therefore scarlet for the softnes of it and thicknesse wyth all is good to sewe wythin a mannes glove. If that wylle not serve, but yet youre finger hurteth, you muste take a searynge cloth made of fine virgin waxe, and Deer's sewet, and put nexte your fynger, and so on wyth youre glove. If yet you fele your fynger pinched, leave shootyng

both because then you shall shoote nought, and agayn by litle and lytle hurtynge your finger, ye shall make it longe and longer before you shoot agayne. A newe glove pluckes many shootes bycause the stringe goeth not freelye off, and therefore the fingers muste be cut shorte, and trimmed with some ointment, that the string maye glyde wel awaye. Some wyth holdynge in the nocke of theyr shafte too harde, rub the skyn off there fingers. For this there be. ii. remedyes, one to have a goose quyll splettyd and sewed againste the nockynge, betwixt the lining and the lether, whyche shall helpe the shoote muche to, the other waye is to have some roule of lether sewed betwixt his fingers at the setting on of the fingers, which shall kepe his fingers so in sunder, that they shal not hold the nock so fast as they did. The shootyng glove hath a purse whych shall serve to put fine linen cloth and wax in, twoo necessary thynges for a shooter, some men use gloves or other suche lyke thyng on their bow hand for chafyng, because they houlde so harde. But that commeth commonlye, when a bowe is not rounde, but somewhat square, fine waxe shall do verye well in such a case to laye where a man holdeth his bow: and thus muche as concernynge your glove. And these thynges althoughe they be trifles, yet bycause you be but a yonge shoter, I woulde not leve them out.

Phi. And so you shal do me moost pleasure: The string I trow be the next.

Tox. The nexte in dede. A thing though it be lytle, yet not a litle to be regarded. But here in you muste be contente to put youre truste in honest stringers. And surely stringers ought more diligently to be looked upon by the officers than ether bower or fletcher, bycause they may deceyve a simple man the more easelyer. An ill stringe brekethe many a good bowe, nor no other thynge halfe so many. In warre if a string breke the man is loste and is no man, for his weapon is gone, and althoughe he have two stringes put one at once, yet he shall have small leasure and lesse roome to bend his bow, therfore God send us good stringers both for war and peace. Now what a stringe ought to be made on, whether of good hempe as they do now a dayes, or of flaxe or of silke, I leave that to the jugemente of

stringers, of whome we muste bye them on. Eustathius apon this verse of Homere,

> Twang quoth the bow, and twang quoth the string,
> out quicklie the shaft flue.

doeth tel, that in oulde tyme they made theyr bowe strynges of bullox thermes, whiche they twyned togither as they do ropes, and therfore they made a great twange. Bowe strnyges also hath bene made of the hare of an horse tayle called for the matter of them Hippias as dothe appeare in manye good authors of the Greke tongue. Great stringes, and lytle strynges be for diverse purposes: the great string is more surer for the bowe, more stable to pricke wythal, but slower for the cast, the lytle stringe is cleane contrarye, not so sure, therfore to be taken hede of, lest with longe tarrying on, it breake your bowe, more fit to shoote farre, than apte to pricke nere, therfore when you knowe the nature of bothe bigge and lytle you must fit your bow, according to the occasion of your shootinge. In stringinge of your bow (though this place belong rather to the handlyng than to the thyng it selfe, yet bycause the thynge, and the handlynge of the thynge, be so joyned together, I must nede some tyme couple the one wyth the other), you must mark the fit length of your bowe. For yf the stringe be too short, the bending wyll gyve, and at the last slyp and so put the bowe in jeopardye. Yf it be longe, the bendynge must nedes be in the small of the string, which beinge sore twined must nedes snap in sunder to ye distruction of manye good bowes. Moreover you must looke that youre bowe be well nocked for fere the sharpnesse of the horne shere a sunder the strynge. And that chaunceth ofte when in bending, the string hath but one wap to strengthe it wyth all: You must marke also to set youre stringe streygte on, or elles the one ende shall wriethe contrary to the other, and so breake your bowe. When the stringe begynnethe never so lytle to weare, trust it not, but a waye with it for it is an yll saved penny that costes a man a crowne. Thus you see howe many jeopardyes hangeth over the poore bowe, by reason onlye of the strynge. As when the stringe is shorte, when it is longe, when eyther of the nockes be nought, when it hath but one wap, and when it taryeth over longe on.

Phi. I see well it is no mervell that so many bowes be broken.

Tox. Bowes be broken twice as many wayes besyde these. But agayne in stringynge youre bowe, you must looke for muche bende or lytle bende, for they be cleane contrarye.

The lytle bende hath but one commoditie, whyche is in shootyng faster and farther shoote, and ye cause therof is, bycause the strynge hath so far a passage, or it parte wyth the shafte. The greate bende hath many commodities: for it maketh easyer shootynge the bowe beyng halfe drawen afore. It needeth no bracer, for the strynge stoppeth before it come at the arme. It wyl not so soone hit a mannes sleve or other geare, by the same reason: It hurteth not the shaft fether, as the lowe bende doeth. It suffereth a man better to espye his marke. Therfore lette youre bowe have good byg bend, a shaftemente and. ii. fyngers at the least, for these which I have spoken of.

Phi. The bracer, glove, and strynge, be done, nowe you muste come to the bowe, the chefe instrument of all.

Tox. Dyvers countryes and tymes have used alwayes dyvers bowes, and of dyvers fashions.

Horne bowes are used in some places nowe, and were used also in Homers dayes, for Pandarus bowe, the best shooter among al the Trojanes, was made of two Goate hornes joyned togyther, the lengthe wherof sayth Homer, was xvi. handbredes, not far differing from the lengthe of our bowes.

Scripture maketh mention of brasse bowes. Iron bowes, and style bowes, have been of longe tyme, and also nowe are used among the Turkes, but yet they must nedes be unprofitable. For yf brasse, iron or style, have theyr owne strength and pith in them, they be farre above mannes strength: yf they be made meete for mannes strengthe, theyr pithe is nothyng worth to shoote any shoote wyth all.

The Ethiopians had bowes of palme tree, whiche seemed to be very stronge, but we have none experience of them. The lengthe of them was iiii. cubites. The men of Inde had theyr bowes made of a rede, whiche was of a great strengthe. And no marvayle though bowe and shaftes were made thereof, for the redes be so great in Inde, as Herodo-

tus sayth, that of every joynte of a rede, a man may make a fyshers bote. These bowes, sayeth Arrianus in Alexanders lyfe, gave so great a stroke, that no harness or buckler though it were never so strong, could wythstand it. The length of such a bowe, was even wyth the length of hym that used it. The Lycians used bowes made of a tree, called in Latyn *Cornus*, (as concernyng the name of it in English, I can sooner prove that other men call it false, than I can tell the right name of it my selfe) this wood is as harde as horne and very fit for shaftes, as shall be toulde after.

Ovid sheweth that Syringa the Nymphe, and one of the maydens of Diana, had a bowe of this wood whereby the poete meaneth, that it was verye excellent to make bowes of.

As for brasell, Elme, Wych, and Asshe, experience doth prove them to be but meane for bowes, and so to conclude, Ewe of all other thynges, is that, wherof perfite shootyng woulde have a bowe made.

Thys woode as it is nowe generall and common amonges Englyshe men, so hath it continewed from longe tyme and had in moost price for bowes, amonges the Romaynes, as doth apere in this verse of Vyrgill.

Ewe fit for a bowe to be made on.

Nowe as I saye, a bowe of Ewe must be hadde for perfecte shootinge at the prickes; whiche marke, bycause it is certayne, and moste certaine rules may be gyven of it, shall serve for our communication, at this time. A good bowe is knowen, much what as good counsayle is knowen, by the ende and proofe of it, and yet bothe a bowe and good counsell maye be made bothe better and worse, by well or ill handlynge of them: as oftentymes chaunceth. And as a man both muste and wyll take counsell, of a wyse and honeste man, though he se not the ende of it, so must a shooter of necessitie, truste an honest and good bowyer for a bowe, afore he knowe the proofe of it. And as a wise man wyll take plentye of counsel afore hand what soever need, so a shooter shulde have alwayes. iii. or. iiii. bowes, in store, what so ever chaunce.

Phi. But if I truste bowyers alwayes, sometyme I am lyke to be deceyved.

Tox. Therefore shall I tell you some tokens in a bowe, that you shal be the seeldomer deceyved. If you come into a shoppe, and fynde a bowe that is small, long, heavy and strong, lyinge st[r]eyght, not windyng, not marred with knot, gaule, wyndeshake, wem, freate or pynche, bye that bowe of my warrant. The beste colour of a bowe yat I fynde, is whan the backe and the bellye in woorkynge, be muche what after one maner, for such oftentymes in wearyng, do prove lyke virgin wax or golde, havynge a fine longe grayne, even from the one ende of the bowe, to the other: the short graine although suche prove well somtyme, are for ye most parte, very brittle. Of the makynge of the bowe, I wyll not greatly meddle, leste I shoulde seeme to enter into an other mannes occupation, whyche I can no skyll of. Yet I woulde desyre all bowyers to season theyr staves well,to woorke them and synke them well, to give them heetes convenient, and tyllerynges plentye. For thereby they shoulde bothe get them selves a good name, (And a good name encreaseth a mannes profyte muche) and also do greate commodite to the hole Realme. If any men do offend in this poynte, I am afrayde they be those journy men whiche labour more spedily to make manye bowes for theyr owne monye sake, than they woorke diligently to make good bowes, for the common welth sake, not layinge before theyr eyes, thys wyfe proverbe.

Soone ynough, if wel ynough.

Wherwyth evere honest handye craftes man shuld measure, as it were wyth a rule, his worke withal. He that is a journey man, and rydeth upon an other mannes horse, yf he ryde an honest pace, no manne wyll dysalowe hym: But yf he make Poste haste, bothe he that owneth the horse, and he peradventure also that afterwarde shal bye the horse, may chaunce to curse hym.

Suche hastinesse I am afrayde, maye also be found amonges some of them, whych through out ye Realme in diverse places worke ye kinges Artillarie for war, thinkynge yf they get a bowe or a sheafe of arrowes to some fashion, they be good ynough for bearynge gere. And thus that weapon whiche is the chiefe defence of the Realme, verye

ofte doth lytle servyce to hym that shoulde use it, bycause it is so negligentlye wrought of him that shuld make it, when trewlye I suppose that nether ye bowe can be to good and chefe woode, nor yet to well seasoned or truly made, wyth hetynges and tillerynges, nether that shafte to good wood or to thorowely wrought, with the best pinion fedders that can be gotten, wherwith a man shal serve his prince, defende his countrie, and save hym selfe frome his enemye. And I trust no man wyll be angrye wyth me for spekynge thus, but those which finde them selfe touched therin: which ought rather to be angrye wyth them selfe for doynge so, than to be miscontent wyth me for saynge so. And in no case they ought to be displeased wyth me, seeinge this is spoken also after that forte, not for the notynge of anye person severallye, but for the amendynge of everye one generallye. But turne we agayne to knowe a good shootynge bowe for oure purpose.

Everye bowe is made eyther of a boughe, of a plante or of the boole of the tree. The boughe commonlye is verye knotty, and full of pinnes, weake, of small pithe, and sone wyll folowe the stringe, and seldome werith to any fayre coloure, yet for chyldren and yonge beginners it maye serve well ynoughe. The plante proveth many times wel, yf it be of a good and clene groweth, and for the pith of it is quicke ynoughe of cast, it wyll plye and bow far afore it breake, as al other yonge thinges do. The boole of ye tree is clenest without knot or pin, havinge a faste and harde woode by reasonne of hys full groweth, stronge and myghtye of cast, and best for a bow, yf the staves be even cloven, and be afterwarde wroughte not over[t]wharte the woode, but as the graine and streyght growyng of the woode leadethe a man, or elles by all reason it must sone breake, and that in many shivers. This must be considered in the roughe woode, and when the bow staves be overwrought and facioned. For in dressing and pikynge it up for a bow, it is to late to loke for it. But yet in these poyntes as I sayd before you muste truste an honest bowyer, to put a good bow in youre hand, somewhat lookinge your selfe to those tokens whyche I shewed you. And you muste not sticke for a grote or. xii. d. more than a nother man would give yf

it be a good bowe. For a good bow twise paide for is better than an ill bowe once broken.

Thus a shooter muste begyn not at the makynge of hys bowe lyke a bower, but at the byinge of hys bow lyke an Archere. And when his bow is bought and brought home, afore he truste muche upon it, let hym trye and trym it after thys sorte.

Take your bow in to the feeld, shote in hym, sinke hym wyth deade heavye shaftes, looke where he commethe moost, provyde for that place betymes, leste it pinche and so freate; when you have thus shot in him, and perceyved good shootynge woode in hym, you must have hym agayne to a good cunnynge, and trustie woorkeman, whyche shall cut hym shorter, and pike hym and dresse hym fytter, make hym comme rounde compace every where, and whippyng at the endes, but with discretion, lest he whyp in sunder or els freete, soner than he is ware of, he must also lay hym streght, if he be caste or otherwise nede require, and if he be flatte made, gather hym rounde, and so shall he bothe shoote the faster, for farre shootynge, and also the surer for nere pryckynge.

Phi. What yf I come into a shoppe, and spye oute a bow, which shal both than please me very wel whan I by him, and be also very fit and meete for me whan I shoote in hym: so that he be both weake ynoughe for easye shootynge, and also quycke and spedye ynoughe for farre castynge, than I woulde thynke I shall nede no more businesse wyth him, but be contente wyth hym, and use hym well ynoughe, and so by that meanes, avoyde bothe greate trouble, and also some cost whiche you cunnynge archers very often put your selves unto, beynge verye Englyshe men, never ceasynge piddelynge about your bowe and shaftes whan they be well, but eyther with shortyng and pikynge your bowes, or els with newe fetheryng, peecynge and headinge your shaftes, can never have done untyll they be starke nought.

Tox. Wel *Philologe*, surelye if I have any judgement at all in shootyng, it is no very great good token in a bowe, whereof nothyng whan it is newe and fresshe, nede be cutte away, even as Cicero sayeth of a yonge mannes wit and style,

which you knowe better than I. For everye newe thynge muste alwayes have more than it neadeth, or elles it wyll not waxe better and better, but ever decaye, and be worse and worse. Newe ale if it runne not over the barrell whan it is newe tunned, wil sone lease his pith, and his head afore he be longe drawen on.

And lyke wyse as that colte whyche at the fyrste takynge yp, nedeth lytle breakyng and handlyng, but is fitte and gentle ynoughe for the saddle, seeldome or never proveth well, even so that bowe whyche at the fyrste byinge, wythout any more proofe and trimmynge, is fit and easie to shoote in, shall neyther be profitable to laste longe nor yet pleasant to shoote well. And therfore as a younge horse full of corage, wyth handlynge and breakinge, is brought unto a sure pace and goynge, so shall a newe bowe fresshe and quicke of caste, by sinkyng and cuttyng, be brought to a stedfast shootyng. And an easie and gentle bow whan it is newe, is not much unlyke a softe spirited boye when he is younge. But yet as of an unrulie boye with right handlyng, proveth oftenest of al a well ordered man; so of an unfit and staffysh bow with good trimming, muste nedes folowe alwayes a stedfast shotynge bowe.

And suche a perfite bowe, whiche never wyll deceyve a man, excepte a man deceyve it, must be had for that perfecte ende, whyche you looke for in shootinge.

Phi. Well Toxophile, I see wel you be cunninger in this gere than I: but put case that I have thre or fower suche good bowes, pyked and dressed, as you now speke of, yet I do remembre yat manye learned men do saye, that it is easier to gette a good thynge, than to save and keepe a good thyng, wherfore if you can teache me as concernyng that poynte, you have satisfyed me plentifullye as concernynge a bowe.

Tox. Trulye it was the nexte thyng that I woulde have come unto, for so the matter laye.

Whan you have broughte youre bowe to suche a poynte, as I spake of, than you must have an herden or wullen cloth waxed, wherwith every day you must rubbe and chafe your bowe, tyll it shyne and glytter withall. Whyche thynge shall cause it bothe to be cleane, well favoured, goodlye of

coloure, and shall also bryng as it were a cruste, over it, that is to say, shall make it every where on the outsyde, so slyppery and harde, that neyther any weete or wether can enter to hurte it, nor yet any freat or pynche, be able to byte upon it: but that you shal do it great wrong before you breake it. This must be done oftentimes but specially when you come from shootynge.

Beware also whan you shoote, of youre shaft hedes, dagger, knyves, or agglettes, lest they race your bowe, a thing as I sayde before, bothe unsemely to looke on, and also daungerous for freates. Take hede also of mistie and dankyshe dayes, whiche shal hurte a bowe, more than any rayne. For then you muste eyther alway rub it, or els leave shootynge.

Your bowecase (this I dyd not promise to speake of, bycause it is without the nature of shootynge, or els I shoulde truble me wyth other thinges infinite more: yet seing it is a savegarde for the bowe, somethynge I wyll saye of it) youre bowecase I saye, yf you ryde forth, muste neyther be to wyde for youre bowes, for so shall one clap upon an other, and hurt them, nor yet so strayte that scarse they can be thrust in, for that would laye them on syde and wynde them. A bowecase of ledder, is not the best, for that is ofttymes moyste which hurteth the bowes very much. Therfore I have sene good shooters which would have for everye bowe, a sere case made of wollen clothe, and than you maye putte. iii. or. iiii. of them so cased, into a ledder case if you wyll. This wollen case shall bothe kepe them in sunder, and also wylle kepe a bowe in his full strengthe, that it never gyve for any wether. At home these wood cases be verye good for bowes to stand in. But take hede yat youre bowe stande not to nere a stone wall, for that wyll make hym moyste and weke, nor yet to nere any fier for that wyll make him shorte and brittle. And thus muche as concernyng the savyng and keping of our bowe; nowe you shall heare what thynges ye must avoyde, for feare of breakyng your bowe.

A shooter chaunseth to break his bowe commonly. iiii. wayes, by the strynge, by the shafte, by drawyng to far, and by freates; By the stryng as I sayde afore, whan the strynge is eyther to shorte, to long, not surely put on, wyth

one wap, or put croked on, or shorne in sundre wyth an evell nocke, or suffered to tarye over longe on. Whan the stryng fayles the bowe muste nedes breake, and specially in the myddes; because bothe the endes have nothyng to stop them; but whippes so far backe, that the belly must nedes violentlye rise up, the whyche you shall well perceyve in bendyng of a bowe backward. Therfore a bowe that foloweth the strynge is least hurt with breakyng of strynges. By the shafte a bowe is broken ether when it is to short, and so you set it in your bow or when the nocke breakes for lytlenesse, or when the strynge slyppes wythoute the nocke for wydenesse, than you poule it to your eare and lettes it go, which must nedes breake the shafte at the leaste, and putte stringe and bowe and al in jeopardy, by cause the strength of the bowe hath nothynge in it to stop the violence of it.

Thys kynde of breakynge is mooste perilouse for the standers by, for in such a case you shall se sometyme the ende of a bow flye a hoole score from a man, and that moost commonly, as I have marked oft the upper ende of the bowe. The bowe is drawne to far. ii. ways. Eyther when you take a longer shafte then your owne, or els when you shyfte your hand to low or to hye for shootynge far. Thys waye pouleth the backe in sunder, and then the bowe fleethe in manye peces.

So when you se a bowe broken, havynge the bellye risen up both wayes or tone, the stringe brake it. When it is broken in twoo peces in a maner even of and specyallye in the upper ende, the shafte nocke brake it.

When the backe is pouled a sunder in manye peeces to farre drawynge, brake it.

These tokens eyther alwayes be trewe or els verye seldome mysse.

The fourthe thyng that breketh a bow is fretes, whych make a bowe redye and apte to breake by any of the. iii. wayes afore sayde. Freetes be in a shaft as well as in a bowe, and they be muche lyke a Canker, crepynge and encreasynge in those places in a bowe, whyche be weaker then other. And for thys purpose must your bowe be well trymmed and piked of a conning man that it may come rounde in trew compasse every where. For freetes you

must beware, yf youre bow have a knot in the backe, lest the places whyche be nexte it, be not alowed strong ynoughe to bere with the knotte, or elles the stronge knotte shall freate the weake places nexte it. Freates be fyrst litle pinchese, the whych when you perceave, pike the places about the pinches, to make them somewhat weker, and as well commynge as where it pinched, and so the pinches shall dye, and never encrease farther in to great freates.

Freates begynne many tymes in a pin, for there the good woode is corrupted, that it muste nedes be weke, and bycause it is weake, therfore it freates.

Good bowyers therfore do rayse every pyn and alowe it moore woode for feare of freatynge.

Agayne bowes moost commonlye freate under the hande, not so much as some men suppose for the moistnesse of the hande, as for the heete of the hand: the nature of heate sayeth Aristotle is to lowse, and not to knyt fast, and the more lowser the more weaker, the weaker, the redier to freate.

A bowe is not well made, whych hath not wood plentye in the hande. For yf the endes of the bowe be staffyshe, or a mans hande any thynge hoote the bellye must nedes sone frete. Remedie for fretes to any purpose I never hard tell of any, but onelye to make the freated place as stronge or stronger then any other. To fill up the freate with lytle shevers of a quill and glewe (as some say wyll do wel) by reason must be starke nought.

For, put case the freete dyd cease then, yet the cause which made it freate a fore (and that is weakenesse of the place) bicause it is not taken away must nedes make it freate agayne. As for cuttyng out of freates wythe all maner of pecynge of bowes I wyll cleane exclude from perfite shootynge. For peced bowes be muche lyke owlde housen, whyche be more chargeable to repayre, than commodiouse to dwell in. Agayne to swadle a bowe much about wyth bandes, verye seldome dothe anye good, excepte it be to kepe downe a spel in the backe, otherwyse bandes eyther nede not when the bow is any thinge worthe, or els boote not when it is marde and past best. And although I knowe meane and poore shooters, wyll use peced and banded bowes sometyme bycause they are not able to get better when they

woulde, yet I am sure yf they consyder it well, they shall fynde it, bothe lesse charge and more pleasure to ware at any tyme a couple of shyllynges of a new bowe than to bestowe. x. d. of peacynge an olde bowe. For better is coste upon somewhat worth, than spence upon nothing worth. And thys I speke also bycause you woulde have me referred all to perfitnesse in shootynge.

Moreover there is an other thynge, whyche wyl sone cause a bowe be broken by one of the. iii. wayes whych be first spoken of, and that is shotyng in winter, when there is any froste. Froste is wheresoever is any waterish humour, as is in al woodes, eyther more or lesse, and you knowe that all thynges frosen and Isie, wyl rather breke than bende. Yet if a man must nedes shoote at any such tyme, lette hym take hys bowe, and brynge it to the fyer, and there by litle and litle, rubbe and chafe it with a waxed clothe, which shall bring it to that poynt, yat he maye shote safelye ynough in it. This rubbyng with waxe, as I sayde before, is a great succour, agaynst all wete and moystnesse.

In the fyeldes also, in goyng betwyxt the pricks eyther wyth your hande, or elles wyth a clothe you muste keepe your bowe in such a temper. And thus muche as concernynge youre bowe, howe fyrste to knowe what wood is best for a bowe, then to chose a bowe, after to trim a bowe, agayne to keepe it in goodnesse, laste of al, how to save it from al harm and evylnesse.

And although many men can saye more of a bow yet I trust these thynges be true, and almost sufficient for the knowlege of a perfecte bowe.

Phi. Surelye I beleve so, and yet I coulde have hearde you talke longer on it: althogh I can not se, what maye be sayd more of it. Therfore excepte you wyll pause a whyle, you may go forwarde to a shafte.

Tox. What shaftes were made of, in oulde tyme authours do not so manifestlye shewe, as of bowes. Herodotus doth tel, that in the flood of Nilus, ther was a beast, called a water horse, of whose skinne after it was dried, the Egyptians made shaftes, and dartes on. The tree called *Cornus* was so common to make shaftes of, that in good authours of ye latyn tongue, *Cornus* is taken for a shafte.

Yet of all thynges that ever I warked of olde authours, either greke or latin, for shaftes to be made of, there is nothing so common as reedes. Herodotus in describynge the mightie hoost of Xerxes doth tell that thre great contries used shaftes made of a rede, the Aethiopians, the Lycians (whose shaftes lacked fethers, where at I marvayle moste of all) and the men of Inde. The shaftes in Inde were verye longe, a yarde and an halfe, as Arrianus doth saye, or at the least a yarde. as Q. Curtius doth saye, and therfore they gave ye greater strype, but yet bycause they were so long, they were the more unhansome, and lesse profitable to the men of Inde, as Curtius doeth tell.

In Crete and Italie, they used to have their shaftes of rede also. The best reede for shaftes grewe in Inde, and in Rhenus a flood of Italy.

But bycause suche shaftes be neyther easie for Englishe men to get, and yf they were gotten scarse profitable for them to use, I wyll lette them passe, and speake of those shaftes whyche Englysh men at this daye moste commonly do approve and allowe.

A shaft hath three principall partes, the stele, the fethers, and the head: whereof everye one muste be severallye spoken of.

¶ Steles be made of dyverse woodes. as.

Brasell.
Turkie wood.
Fusticke.
Sugercheste.
Hardbeame.
Byrche.
Asshe.
Ooke.
Servis tree.
Hulder.
Blackthorne.
Beche.
Elder.
Aspe.
Salow.

These wooddes as they be most commonly used, so they

be mooste fit to be used: yet some one fytter then an other for divers mennes shotinge, as shalbe toulde afterwarde. As in this pointe as in a bowe you muste truste an honest fletcher. Neverthelesse al thoughe I can not teache you to make a bowe or a shafte, whiche belongeth to a bowyer and a fletcher to comme to theyr lyvyng, yet wyll I shewe you some tokens to knowe a bowe and a shafte, whiche pertayneth to an Archer to come to good shootynge.

A stele muste be well seasoned for Castinge, and it must be made as the grayne lieth and as it groweth or els it wyl never flye clene, as clothe cut overtwhart and agaynste the wulle, can never hoose a manne cleane. A knottye stele maye be suffered in a bygge shafte, but for a lytle shafte it is nothynge fit, bothe bycause it wyll never flye far, and besydes that it is ever in danger of breakynge, it flieth not far bycause the strengthe of the shoote is hindred and stopped at the knotte, even as a stone cast in to a plaine even stil water, wyll make the water move a greate space, yet yf there be any whirlynge plat in the water, the movynge ceasethe when it commethe at the whyrlynge plat, whyche is not muche unlyke a knotte in a shafte yf it be considered wel. So every thyng as it is plaine and streight of hys owne nature so is it fittest for far movynge. Therfore a stele whyche is harde to stande in a bowe, without knotte, and streighte (I meane not artificiallye streyghte as the fletcher dothe make it, but naturally streight as it groweth in the wood) is best to make a shaft of, eyther to go cleane, fly far or stand surely in any wedder. Now howe big, how small, how hevye, how lyght, how longe, how short, a shafte shoulde be particularlye for everye man (seynge we must taulke of the generall nature of shootyng) can not be toulde no more than you Rhethoricians can appoynt any one kynde of wordes, of sentences, of fygures fyt for every matter, but even as the man and the matter requyreth so the fyttest to be used. Therfore as concernynge those contraryes in a shafte, every man muste avoyde them and draw to the meane of them, whyche meane is best in al thynges. Yet yf a man happen to offende in any of the extremes it is better to offend in want and scantnesse, than in to muche and outragiouse exceedynge. As it is

better to have a shafte a lytle to shorte than over longe, somewhat to lyght, than over lumpysshe, a lytle to small, than a greate deale to big, whiche thyng is not onely trewlye sayde in shootynge, but in all other thynges that ever man goeth aboute, as in eatynge, taulkynge, and all other thynges lyke, whych matter was onse excellentlye disputed upon, in the Scooles, you knowe when.

And to offend, in these contraryes commeth much yf men take not hede, throughe the kynd of wood, wherof the shaft is made: Ffor some wood belonges to ye excedyng part, some to ye scant part, some to ye meane, as Brasell, Turkiewood, Fusticke, Sugar cheste, and such lyke, made deade, hevy lumpish, hobblyng shaftes. Againe Hulder, black thorne, Serves tree, Beche, Elder, Aspe, and Salowe, eyther for theyr wekenes or lyghtenesse, make holow, starting, studding, gaddynge shaftes. But Birche, Hardbeme, some Ooke, and some Asshe, beynge bothe stronge ynoughe to stande in a bowe, and also lyght ynoughe to flye far, are best for a meane, whiche is to be foughte oute in every thinge. And althoughe I knowe that some men shoote so stronge, that the deade woodes be lyghte ynoughe for them, and other some so weeke, that the lowse woodes be lykewyse for them bigge ynoughe yet generally for the moost parte of men, the meane is the best. And so to conclude that, is alwayes beste for a man, whiche is metest for him. Thus no wood of his owne nature, is eyther to lyght or to hevy, but as the shooter is him selfe whyche dothe use it. For that shafte whiche one yeare for a man is to lyghte and scuddinge, for the same selfe man the next yeare may chaunce be to hevy and hobblynge. Therfore can not I expresse, excepte generally, what is best wood for a shaft, but let every man when he knoweth his owne strength and the nature of every wood, provyde and fyt himselfe thereafter. Yet as concerning sheaffe Arrouse for war (as I suppose) it were better to make them of good Asshe, and not of Aspe, as they be now a dayes. For of all other woodes that ever I proved Asshe being big is swiftest and agayne hevy to give a greate stripe with all, whyche Aspe shall not doo. What hevynes doth in a stripe every man by experience can tell, therfore Asshe being both swyfter and hevier is more

fit for sheafe Arroes than Aspe, and thus much for the best wood for shaftes.

Agayne lykewyse as no one wood can be greatlye meet for all kynde of shaftes, no more can one facion of the stele be fit for every shooter. For those that be lytle brested and big toward the hede called by theyr lykenesse taperfashion, reshe growne, and of some merrye fellowes bobtayles, be fit for them whiche shote under hande bycause they shoote wyth a softe lowse, and stresses not a shaft much in the breste where the weyghte of the bowe lyethe as you maye perceyve by the werynge of every shafte.

Agayne the bygge brested shafte is fytte for hym, which shoteth right afore him, or els the brest being weke, shoulde never wythstande that strong piththy kynde of shootynge, thus the underhande must have a small breste, to go cleane awaye oute of the bowe, the forehande muste have a bigge breste to bere the great myghte of the bowe. The shafte must be made rounde nothynge flat wyth out gal or wemme, for thys purpose. For bycause roundnesse (whether you take example in heaven or in earthe) is fittes shappe and forme both for fast moving and also for sone percynge of any thynge. And therfore Aristotle saythe that nature hath made the raine to be round, bycause it shoulde the easelyer enter throughe the ayre.

The nocke of the shafte is dyversly made, for some be greate and full, some hansome and lytle, some wyde, some narow, some depe, some shalowe, some round, some longe, some wyth one nocke, some wyth a double nocke, wherof every one hathe hys propertye.

The greate and full nocke, maye be well felte, and many wayes they save a shafte from brekynge. The hansome and lytle nocke wyll go clene awaye fromc the hand, the wyde nocke is noughte, both for breakyng of the shafte and also for soden slyppynge oute of the strynge when the narrowe nocke doth avoyde both those harmes. The depe and longe nocke is good in warre for sure kepyng in of the strynge. The shalow, and rownde nocke is best for our purpose in prickyng for cleane delyveraunce of a shoote. And double nockyng is used for double suerty of the shaft. And thus far as concernynge a hoole stele.

Peecynge of a shafte with brasell and holie, or other heavy woodes, is to make the ende compasse heavy with the fethers in flying, for the stedfaster shotyng. For if the ende were plumpe heavy wyth lead and the wood nexte it lyghte, the head ende woulde ever be downwardes, and never flye strayght.

Two poyntes in peecing be ynough, lest the moystnes of the earthe enter to moche into the peecinge, and so leuse the glue. Therefore many poyntes be more pleasaunt to the eye, than profitable for the use.

Summe use to peece theyr shaftes in the nocke wyth brasel, or holye, to counterwey, with the head, and I have sene summe for the same purpose, bore an hole a lytle bineth the nocke, and put leade in it. But yet none of these wayes be anye thing needful at al, for ye nature of a fether in flying, if a man marke it well, is able to bear up a wonderful weyght: and I thinke suche peecing came up first, thus: whan a good Archer hath broken a good shafte, in the fethers, and for the fantasie he hath had to it, he is lothe to leese it, and therfore doeth he peece it. And than by and by other eyther bycause it is gaye, or elles because they wyll have a shafte lyke a good archer, cutteth theyre hole shaftes, and peeceth them agayne: A thynge by my judgement, more costlye than nedefull.

And thus have you heard what wood, what fasshion, what nockynge, what peecynge a stele muste have. Nowe followeth the fetherynge.

Phi. I woulde never have thought you could have sayd halfe so muche of a stele, and I thynke as concernyng the litle fether and the playne head, there is but lytle to saye.

Tox. Lytle, yes trulye: for there is no one thing, in al shoting, so moche to be loked on as the fether. For fyrste a question maye be asked, whether any other thing besyde a fether, be fit for a shaft or no? if a fether onelye be fit, whether a goofe fether onely, or no? yf a goofe fether be best, then whether there be any difference, as concernynge the fether of an oulde goose, and a yonge goose: a gander, or a goose: a fennye goose, or a uplandish goose. Againe which is best fether in any goose, the ryght wing or the left wing, the pinion fether, or any other fether: a whyte, blacke,

or greye fether? Thirdly, in settyng on of your fether, whether it be pared or drawen with a thicke rybbe, or a thinne rybbe (the rybbe is ye hard quill whiche devydeth the fether) a long fether better or a shorte, set on nere the nocke, or farre from the nocke, set on streight, or some what bowyng? and whether one or two fethers runne on the bowe. Fourthly in couling or sheryng, whether high or lowe, whether somewhat swine backed (I muste use shoters wordes) or sadle backed, whether rounde, or square shorne? And whether a shaft at any tyme ought to be plucked, and how to be plucked.

Phi. Surely Toxophile, I thynke manye fletchers (although daylye they have these thinges in use) if they were asked sodeynly, what they coulde saye of a fether, they could not saye so moch. But I praye you let me heare you more at large, expresse those thynges in a fether, the whiche you packed up in so narrowe a rowme. And fyrst whether any other thyng may be used for a fether or not.

Tox. That was ye fyrste poynte in dede, and bycause there foloweth many after, I wyll hye apace over them, as one that had manye a myle to ride. Shaftes to have had alwayes fethers Plinius in Latin, and Julius Pollux in Greke, do playnlye shewe, yet onely the Lycians I reade in Herodotus to have used shaftes without fedders. Onelye a fedder is fit for a shafte for. ii. causes, fyrste bycause it is leathe weake to give place to the bowe, then bycause it is of that nature, that it wyll starte up after ye bow. So, Plate, wood or horne can not serve, bycause the[y] wil not gyve place. Againe, Cloth, Paper, or Parchment can not serve, bycause they wyll not ryse after the bowe, therfore a fedder is onely mete, bycause it onelye wyl do bothe. Nowe to looke on the fedders of all maner of birdes, you shal se some so lowe weke and shorte, some so course, stoore and harde, and the rib so brickle, thin and narrow, that it can nether be drawen, pared, nor yet well set on, that except it be a swan for a dead shafte (as I knowe some good Archers have used) or a ducke for a flyghte which lastes but one shoote, there is no fether but onelye of a goose that hath all commodities in it. And trewelye at a short but, which some man doth use, ye Pecock fether doth seldome kepe up ye shaft eyther ryght

or level, it is so roughe and hevy, so that many men which have taken them up for gayenesse, hathe layde them downe agayne for profyte, thus for our purpose, the Goose is best fether, for the best shoter.

Phi. No that is not so, for the best shoter that ever was used other fethers.

Tox. Ye are so cunninge in shootynge I praye you who was that.

Phi. Hercules whyche had hys shaftes fethered with Egles fethers as Hesiodus doth saye.

Tox. Well as for Hercules, seynge nether water nor lande, heaven nor hell, coulde scarse contente hym to abyde in, it was no mervell thoughe a sely poore goose fether could not plese him to shoote wythal, and agayne as for Egles they flye so hye and builde so far of, that they be very hard to come by. Yet welfare the gentle goose which bringeth to a man even to hys doore so manye excedynge commodities. For the goose is mans comforte in war and in peace slepynge and wakynge. What prayse so ever is gyven to shootynge the goose may chalenge the beste parte in it. How well dothe she make a man fare at his table? Howe easelye dothe she make a man lye in hys bed? How fit even as her fethers be onelye for shootynge, so be her quylles fytte onelye for wrytyng.

Philo. In deade Toxophyle that is the beste prayse you gave to a goose yet, and surelye I would have sayde you had bene to blame yf you had overskypt it.

Tox. The Romaynes I trowe Philologe not so muche bycause a goose wyth cryinge saved theyr Capitolium and head toure wyth their golden Jupiter as Propertius doth say very pretely in thys verse.

Theves on a night had stolne Iupiter had a goose not a kekede.

Dyd make a golden goose and set hir in the top of ye Capitolium, and appoynted also the Censores to alow out of ye common hutche yearly stipendes for ye findinge of certayne Geese, ye Romaynes did not I saye give al thys honor to a goose for that good dede onely, but for other infinit mo which comme dayly to a man byn Geese, and surely yf I should declame in ye prayse of any maner of beste lyvyng, I would chose a goose, But the goose hath made us flee to farre from

oure matter. Nowe sir ye have hearde howe a fether must be had, and that a goose fether onely. It foloweth of a yong goose and an oulde, and the residue belonging to a fether: which thing I wyll shortlye course over: wherof, when you knowe the properties, you maye fitte your shaftes accordyng to your shotyng, which rule you must observe in all other thynges too, bycause no one fashion or quantitie can be fitte for every man, no more than a shooe or a cote can be. The oulde goose fether is styffe and stronge, good for a wynde, and fy' test for a dead shaft: the yonge goose fether is weake and fyne, best for a swyfte shaft, and it must be couled at the first shering, somewhat hye, for with shoting, it wyll sattle and faule very moche. The same thing (although not so moche) is to be consydered in a goose and a gander. A fenny goose, even as her flesh is blacker, stoorer, unholsomer, so is her fether for the same cause courser stoorer and rougher, and therfore I have heard very good fletchers saye, that the seconde fether in some place is better then the pinion in other some. Betwixt the winges is lytle difference, but that you must have diverse shaftes of one flight, fethered with diverse winges, for diverse windes: for if the wynde and the fether go both one way the shaft wyll be caryed to moche. The pinion fethers as it hath the firste place in the winge, so it hath the fyrst place in good fetheringe. You maye knowe it afore it be pared, by a bought whiche is in it, and agayne when it is colde, by the thinnesse above, and the thicknesse at the grounde, and also by the stifness and finesse which wyll cary a shaft better, faster and further, even as a fine sayle cloth doth a shyppe.

The coulour of the fether is leste to be regarded, yet sommewhat to be looked on: for a good whyte, you have sometyme an yll greye. Yet surelye it standeth with good reason to have the cocke fether black or greye, as it were to gyve a man warning to nocke ryght. The cocke fether is called that which standeth above in ryght nocking, which if you do not observe the other fethers must nedes run on the bowe, and so marre your shote. And thus farre of the goodnesse and choyse of your fether: now foloweth the setting on. Wherin you must looke that your fethers be not drawen for hastinesse, but pared even and streyghte with

diligence. The fletcher draweth a fether when he hath but one swappe at it with his knyfe, and then playneth it a lytle, with rubbynge it over his knyfe. He pareth it when he taketh leysure and hede to make every parte of the ryb apt to stand streight, and even on upon the stele. This thing if a man take not heede on, he maye chaunce have cause to saye so of his fletcher, as in dressinge of meate is communelye spoken of Cookes: and that is, that God sendeth us good fethers, but the devyll noughtie Fletchers. Yf any fletchers heard me saye thus, they wolde not be angrye with me, excepte they were yll fletchers: and yet by reason, those fletchers too, ought rather to amend them selves for doing yll, then be angry with me for saying truth. The ribbe in a styffe fether may be thinner, for so it wyll stande cleaner on: but in a weake fether you must leave a thicker ribbe, or els yf the ryb which is the foundacion and grounde, wherin nature hath set everye clefte of the fether, be taken to nere the fether, it muste nedes folowe, that the fether shall faule, and droupe downe, even as any herbe doeth whyche hath his roote to nere taken on with a spade. The lengthe and shortnesse of the fether, serveth for divers shaftes, as a long fether for a long heavy, or byg shafte, the shorte fether for the contrary. Agayne the shorte may stande farther, the longe nerer the nocke. Your fether muste stande almooste streyght on, but yet after that sorte, that it maye turne rounde in flyinge. And here I consider the wonderfull nature of shootynge, whiche standeth all togyther by that fashion, which is moste apte for quicke movynge, and that is by roundenesse. For firste the bowe must be gathered rounde, in drawyng it must come rounde compasse, the strynge must be rounde, the stele rounde, the best nocke rounde, the feather shorne somwhat rounde, the shafte in flyenge, must turne rounde, and if it flye far, it flyeth a rounde compace. For eyther above or benethe a rounde compace, hyndereth the flyinge. Moreover both the fletcher in makynge your shafte, and you in nockynge your shafte, muste take heede that two fethers equallye runne on the bowe. For yf one fether runne alone on the bowe, it shal quickely be worne, and shall not be able to matche with the other fethers, and agayne at the lowse, yf the shafte be

lyght, it wyl starte, if it be heavye, it wil hoble. And thus as concernyng settyng on of your fether. Nowe of coulynge.

To shere a shafte hyghe or lowe, must be as the shafte is, heavy or lyght, great or lytle, long or short. The swyne backed fashion, maketh the shaft deader, for it gathereth more ayer than the saddle backed, and therfore the saddle backe is surer for daunger of wether, and fitter for smothe fliing. Agyn to shere a shaft rounde, as they were wount somtime to do, or after the triangle fashion, whyche is muche used nowe a dayes, bothe be good. For roundnesse is apte for flyinge of his owne nature, and al maner of triangle fashion, (the sharpe poynte goyng before) is also naturally apte for quycke entrynge, and therfore sayth Cicero, that cranes taught by nature, observe in flyinge a triangle fashion alwayes, bycause it is so apte to perce and go thorowe the ayer wythall. Laste of all pluckynge of fethers is noughte, for there is no suerty in it, therfore let every archer have such shaftes, that he maye bothe knowe them and trust them at every chaunge of wether. Yet if they must nedes be plucked, plucke them as litle as can be, for so shal they be the lesse unconstante. And thus I have knit up in as shorte a roume as I coulde, the best fethers fetheringe and coulinge of a shafte.

Phi. I thynke surelye you have so taken up the matter wyth you, that you have left nothynge behinde you. Nowe you have brought a shafte to the head, whiche if it were on, we had done as concernyng all instrumentes belongyng to shootynge.

Tox. Necessitie, the inventour of all goodnesse (as all authours in a maner, doo saye) amonges all other thinges invented a shaft heed, firste to save the ende from breakyng, then it made it sharpe to stycke better, after it made it of strong matter, to last better: Last of all experience and wysedome of men, hathe brought it to suche a perfitnesse, that there is no one thing so profitable, belongyng to artillarie, either to stryke a mannes enemye sorer in warre, or to shoote nerer the marke at home, then is a fitte heed for both purposes. For if a shaft lacke a heed, it is worth nothynge for neither use. Therfore seinge heedes be so necessary, they must of necessitie, be wel looked upon.

Heedes for warre, of longe tyme have ben made, not onely of divers matters, but also of divers fashions. The Trojans had heedes of yron, as this verse spoken of Pandarus, sheweth:

> Up to the pappe his string did he pull, his shaft to the harde yron.
> Iliados. 4.

The Grecians had heedes of brasse, as Ulysses shaftes were heeded, when he slewe Antinous, and the other wowers of Penelope.

> Quite through a dore, flewe a shafte with a brasse head.
> Odysse. 21.

It is playne in Homer, where Menelaus was wounded of Pandarus shafte, that the heedes were not glewed on, but tyed on with a string, as the commentaries in Greke playnelye tell. And therfore shoters at that tyme to carry their shaftes withoute heedes, untill they occupyed them, and than set on an heade as it apereth in Homer the. xxi. booke *Odyssei*, where Penelope brought Ulixes bowe downe amonges the gentlemen, whiche came on wowing to her, that he whiche was able to bende it and drawe it, might injoye her, and after her folowed a mayde sayth Homer, carienge a bagge full of heades, bothe of iron and brasse.

The men of Scythia, used heades of brasse. The men of Inde used heades of yron. The Ethiopians used heades of a harde sharpe stone, as both Herodotus and Pollux do tel. The Germanes as Cornelius Tacitus doeth saye, had theyr shaftes headed with bone, and many countryes both of olde tyme and nowe, use heades of horne, but of all other yron and style muste nedes be the fittest for heades.

Julius Pollux calleth otherwyse than we doe, where the fethers be the head, and that whyche we call the head, he calleth the poynte.

Fashion of heades is divers and that of olde tyme: two maner of arrowe heades sayeth Pollux, was used in olde tyme. The one he called ὄγκινος describynge it thus, havyng two poyntes or barbes, lookyng backewarde to the stele and the fethers, which surely we call in Englishe a brode arrowe head or a swalowe tayle. The other he calleth γλωχὶς, having. ii. poyntes stretchyng forwarde, and this Englysh men

do call a forke-head: bothe these two kyndes of heades, were used in Homers dayes, for Teucer used forked heades, sayinge thus to Agamemnon.

Eighte good shaftes have I shot sithe I came, eche one wyth a forke heade. Iliad. 8.

Pandarus heades and Ulysses heades were broode arrow heades, as a man maye learne in Homer that would be curiouse in knowyng that matter. Hercules used forked heades, but yet they had thre pointes or forkes, when other mennes had but twoo. The Parthyans at that great battell where they slewe ritche Crassus and his sonne used brode Arrowe heades, whyche stacke so sore that the Romaynes could not poule them out agayne. Commodus the Emperoure used forked heades, whose facion Herodiane doeth lyvely and naturally describe, sayinge that they were lyke the shap of a new mone wherwyth he would smite of the heade of a birde and never misse, other facion of heades have not I red on. Our Englyshe heades be better in war than eyther forked heades, or brode arrowe heades. For firste the ende beynge lyghter they flee a great deele the faster, and by the same reason gyveth a far sorer stripe. Yea and I suppose if ye same lytle barbes which they have, were clene put away, they shuld be far better. For thys every man doth graunt, that a shaft as long as it flyeth, turnes, and whan it leveth turnyng it leveth goyng any farther. And every thynge that enters by a turnynge and boring facion, the more flatter it is, the worse it enters, as a knife thoughe it be sharpe yet because of the edges, wil not bore so wel as a bodkin, for every rounde thynge enters beste and therefore nature, sayeth Aristotle, made the rayne droppes rounde for quicke percynge the ayer. Thus, eyther shaftes turne not in flyeng, or els our flatte arrowe heades stoppe the shafte in entrynge.

Phi. But yet Toxophile to holde your communication a lytle I suppose the flat heade is better, bothe bycause it maketh a greter hoole, and also bycause it sticks faster in.

Tox. These two reasons as they be bothe trewe, so they be both nought. For fyrst the lesse hoole, yf it be depe, is the worst to heale agayn: when a man shoteth at hys enemy,

he desyreth rather that it should enter far, than stick fast. For what remedye is it I praye you for hym whych is smitten with a depe wounde to poull out the shaft quickely, except it be to haste his death spedely? thus heades whyche make a lytle hole and depe, be better in war, than those which make a great hole and sticke fast in.

Julius Pollux maketh mencion of certayne kindes of heades for war which beare fyre in them, and scripture also speaketh somwhat of the same. Herodotus doth tell a wonderfull pollicy to be done by Xerxes what tyme be beseged the great Toure in Athenes: He made his Archers binde there shafte heades aboute wyth towe, and than set it on fyre and shoote them, whych thyng done by many Archers set all the places on fyre, whych were of matter to burne; and besydes that dased the men wythin, so that they knewe not whyther to turne them. But to make an ende of all heades for warre I woulde wyshe that the head makers of Englande should make their sheafe arrowe heades more harder poynted then they be: for I my selfe have sene of late such heades set upon sheafe Arrowes, as ye officers yf they had sene them woulde not have bene content wyth all.

Now as concernyng heades for pryckyng, which is oure purpose, there be dyverse kyndes, some be blonte heades, some sharpe, some both blonte and sharpe. The blont heades men use bycause they perceave them to be good, to kepe a lengthe wyth all, they kepe a good lengthe, bycause a man poulethe them no ferder at one tyme than at another. For in felynge the plompe ende alwayes equallye he may lowse them. Yet in a winde, and agaynste the wynd the wether hath so much power on the brode end, that no man can kepe no sure lengthe, wyth such a heade. Therfore a blont hede in a caulme or downe a wind is very good, otherwyse none worse.

Sharpe heades at the ende wythout anye shoulders (I call that the shoulder in a heade whyche a mans finger shall feele afore it come to the poynte) wyll perche quycklye through a wynde, but yet it hath. ii. discommodities, the one that it wyll kepe no lengthe, it kepeth no lengthe, bycause no manne can poule it certaynly as far one tyme as at an other: it is not drawen certaynlye so far one tyme as

at an other, bycause it lackethe shouldrynge wherwyth as wyth a sure token a man myghte be warned when to lowse, and also bycause menne are afrayde of the sharpe poynt for settyng it in ye bow. The second incommoditie is when it is lyghted on ye ground, ye smal poynte shall at every tyme be in jeopardye of hurtynge, whyche thynge of all other wyll sonest make the shafte lese the lengthe. Now when blonte heades be good to kepe a lengthe wythall, yet noughte for a wynde, sharpe heades good to perche the wether wyth al, yet nought for a length, certayne heademakers dwellyng in London perceyvynge the commoditie of both kynde of heades joyned wyth a discommoditie, invented newe files and other instrumentes where wyth [t]he[y] broughte heades for pryckynge to such a perfitnesse, that all the commodities of the twoo other heades should be put in one heade wyth out anye discommoditie at all. They made a certayne kynde of heades whyche men call hie rigged, creased, or shouldred heades, or sylver spone heades, for a certayne lykenesse that suche heades have wyth the knob ende of some sylver spones.

These heades be good both to kepe a length withal and also to perche a wynde wythal, to kepe a length wythall bycause a man maye certaynly poule it to the shouldrynge every shoote and no farther, to perche a wynde wythall bycause the pointe from the shoulder forwarde, breketh the wether as al other sharpe thynges doo. So the blonte shoulder servethe for a sure lengthe kepynge, the poynte also is ever fit, for a roughe and greate wether percyng. And thus much as shortlye as I could, as concernyng heades both for war and peace.

Phi. But is there no cunning as concerning setting on of ye head?

Tox. Wel remembred. But that poynt belongeth to fletchers, yet you may desyre hym to set youre heade, full on, and close on. Ful on is whan the wood is be[n]t hard up to the ende or stoppynge of the heade, close on, is when there is lefte wood on every syde the shafte, ynoughe to fyll the head withall, or when it is neyther to little nor yet to greate. If there be any faulte in any of these poyntes, ye head whan it lyghteth on any hard stone or grounde wil be

in jeoperdy, eyther of breakynge, or els otherwyse hurtynge. Stoppynge of heades eyther wyth leade, or any thynge els, shall not nede now, bycause every silver spone, or showldred head is stopped of it selfe. Shorte heades be better than longe: For firste the longe head is worse for the maker, to fyle strayght compace every waye: agayne it is worse for the fletcher to set strayght on: thyrdlye it is alwayes in more jeoperdie of breakinge, whan it is on. And nowe I trowe Philologe, we have done as concernynge all Instrumentes belongyng to shootynge, whiche every sere archer ought, to provyde for hym selfe. And there remayneth. ii. thynges behinde, whiche be generall or common, to every man the Wether and the Marke, but bicause they be so knit wyth shootynge strayght, or kepynge of a lengthe, I wyll deferre them to that place, and now we will come, (God wyllyng) to handle oure instrumentes, the thing that every man desireth to do wel.

Phi. If you can teache me so well to handle these instrumentes as you have described them, I suppose I shalbe an archer good ynough.

Tox. To learne any thing (as you knowe better than I Philologe) and speciallye to do a thing with a mannes handes, must be done if a man woulde be excellent, in his youthe. Yonge trees in gardens, which lacke al senses, and beastes without reason, when they be yong, may with handling and teaching, be brought to wonderfull thynges. And this is not onely true in natural thinges, but in artificiall thinges to, as the potter most connyngly doth cast his pottes whan his claye is softe and workable, and waxe taketh printe whan it is warme, and leathie weke, not whan claye and waxe be hard and oulde: and even so, everye man in his youthe, bothe with witte and body is moste apte and pliable to receyve any cunnyng that shulde be taught hym.

This communication of teaching youthe, maketh me to remember the right worshipfull and my singuler good mayster, Sir Humfrey Wingfelde, to whom nexte God, I ought to refer for his manifolde benefites bestowed on me, the poore talent of learnyng, whiche God hath lent me: and for his sake do I owe my service to all other of the name and noble house of the Wyngfeldes, bothe in woord and dede.

Thys worshypfull man hath ever loved and used, to have many children brought up in learnynge in his house amonges whome I my selfe was one. For whom at terme tymes he woulde bryng downe from London bothe bowe and shaftes. And when they shuld playe he woulde go with them him selfe in to the fyelde, and se them shoote, and he that shot fayrest, shulde have the best bowe and shaftes, and he that shot ilfavouredlye, shulde be mocked of his felowes, til he shot better.

Woulde to God all Englande had used or wolde use to lay the foundacion of youth, after the example of this worshipful man in bringyng up chyldren in the Booke and the Bowe: by whiche two thynges, the hole common welth both in peace and warre is chefelye ruled and defended wythall.

But to our purpose, he that muste come to this high perfectnes in shootyng which we speake of, muste nedes begin to learne it in hys youthe, the omitting of whiche thinge in Englande, both maketh fewer shooters, and also every man that is a shoter, shote warse than he myght, if he were taught.

Phi. Even as I knowe that this is true, whiche you saye, even so Toxophile, have you quyte discouraged me, and drawen my minde cleane from shootynge, seinge by this reason, no man that hath not used it in his youthe can be excellent in it. And I suppose the same reson woulde discourage many other mo, yf they hearde you talke after this sorte.

Tox. This thyng Philologe, shall discourage no man that is wyse. For I wyll prove that wisdome may worke the same thinge in a man, that nature doth in a chylde.

A chylde by thre thinges, is brought to excellencie. By Aptnesse, Desire, and Feare: Aptnesse maketh hym pliable lyke waxe to be formed and fashioned, even as a man woulde have hym. Desyre to be as good or better, than his felowes: and Feare of them whome he is under, wyl cause hym take great labour and payne with diligent hede, in learnynge any thinge, wherof procedeth at the laste excellency and perfectnesse.

A man maye by wisdome in learnyng any thing, and specially to shoote, have thre lyke commodities also, wherby

he maye, as it were become younge agayne, and so attayne to excellencie. For as a childe is apte by naturall youth, so a man by usyng at the firste weake bowes, far underneth his strength, shal be as pliable and readye to be taught fayre shotyng as any chylde: and daylye use of the same, shall both kepe hym in fayer shotyng, and also at ye last bryng hym to stronge shootynge.

And in stede of the fervente desyre, which provoketh a chylde to be better than hys felowe, lette a man be as muche stirred up with shamefastnes to be worse than all other. And the same place that feare hathe in a chylde, to compell him to take peyne, the same hath love of shotyng in a man, to cause hym forsake no labour, withoute whiche no man nor chylde can be excellent. And thus whatsoever a chylde may be taught by Aptnesse, Desire, and Feare, the same thing in shootynge, maye a man be taughte by weake bowes, Shamefastnesse and Love.

And hereby you may se that that is true whiche Cicero sayeth, that a man by use, may be broughte to a newe nature. And this I dare be bould to saye, that any man whiche will wisely begynne, and constantlye persever in this trade of learnyng to shote, shall attayne to perfectnesse therein.

Phi. This communication Toxophile, doeth please me verye well, and nowe I perceyve that moste generally and chefly youthe muste be taughte to shoote, and secondarilye no man is debarred therfrom excepte it be more thorough his owne negligence for bicause he wyll not learne, than any disabilitie, bicause he can not lerne.

Therfore seyng I wyll be glad to folowe your counsell in chosynge my bowe and other instrumentes, and also am ashamed that I can shote no better than I can, moreover havynge suche a love toward shotynge by your good reasons to day, that I wyll forsake no labour in the exercise of the same, I beseche you imagyn that we had bothe bowe and shaftes here, and teache me howe I should handle them, and one thynge I desyre you, make me as fayre an Archer as you can.

For thys I am sure in learnynge all other matters, nothynge is broughte to the moost profytable use, which is not

handled after the moost cumlye fashion. As masters of fence have no stroke fit ether to hit an other or else to defende hym selfe, whyche is not joyned wyth a wonderfull cumlinesse. A Cooke can not chop hys herbes neither quickelye nor hansomlye excepte he keepe suche a mesure with hys choppynge knives as woulde delyte a manne both to se hym and heare hym.

Everye hand craft man that workes best for hys owne profyte, workes most semelye to other mens sight. Agayne in buyldynge a house, in makynge a shyppe, every parte the more hansomely, they be joyned for profyt and laste, the more cumlye they be fashioned to every mans syght and eye. Nature it selfe taught men to joyne alwayes welfavourednesse with profytablenesse. As in man, that joynt or pece which is by anye chaunce deprived of hys cumlynesse the same is also debarred of hys use and profytablenesse.

As he that is gogle eyde and lokes a squinte hath both hys countenaunce clene marred, and hys sight sore blemmyshed, and so in all other members lyke. Moreover what tyme of the yeare bryngeth mooste profyte wyth it for mans use, the same also covereth and dekketh bothe earthe and trees wyth moost cumlynesse for mans pleasure. And that tyme whych takethe awaye the pleasure of the grounde, carieth wyth hym also the profyt of the grounde, as every man by experience knoweth in harde and roughe winters. Some thynges there be whych have no other ende, but onely cumlynesse, as payntyng, and Daunsing. And vertue it selfe is nothynge eles but cumlynesse, as al Philosophers do agree in opinion, therfore seynge that whych is best done in anye matters, is alwayes moost cumlye done as both Plato and Cicero in manye places do prove, and daylye experience dothe teache in other thynges, I praye you as I sayde before teatche me to shoote as fayre, and welfavouredly as you can imagen.

Tox. Trewlye Philologe as you prove verye well in other matters, the best shootynge, is alwayes the moost cumlye shootynge but thys you know as well as I that Crassus shewethe in Cicero that as cumlinesse is the chefe poynt, and most to be fought for in all thynges, so cumlynesse onlye,

can never be taught by any Arte or craft. But maye be perceyved well when it is done, not described wel how it should be done.

Yet neverthelesse to comme to it there be manye waye whych wayes men have assayde in other matters, as yf a man would folowe in learnynge to shoote faire, the noble paynter Zeuxes in payntyng Helena, whyche to make his Image bewtifull dyd chose out. v. of the fayrest maydes in al the countrie aboute, and in beholdynge them conceyved and drewe out suche an Image that it far exceded all other, bycause the comelinesse of them al was broughte in to one moost perfyte comelinesse: So lykewyse in shotynge yf a man woulde set before hys eyes v. or. vi. of the fayrest Archers that ever he saw shoote, and of one learne to stande, of an other to drawe, of an other to lowse, and so take of every man, what every man coulde do best, I dare saye he shoulde come to such a comlynesse as never man came to yet. As for an example, if the moost comely poynte in shootynge that Hewe Prophete the Kynges servaunte hath and as my frendes Thomas and Raufe Cantrell doth use with the moost semelye facyons that. iii. or iiii. excellent Archers have beside, were al joyned in one, I am sure all men woulde wonder at ye excellencie of it. And this is one waye to learne to shoote fayre.

Phi. This is very wel truly, but I praye you teache me somewhat of shootyng fayre youre selfe.

Tox. I can teache you to shoote fayre, even as Socrates taught a man ones to knowe God, for when he axed hym what was God: naye, sayeth he, I can tell you better what God is not, as God is not yll, God is unspeakable, unsearchable and so forth: Even lykewyse can I saye of fayre shootyng, it hath not this discommodite with it nor that discommoditie, and at last a man maye so shifte all the discommodities from shootynge that there shall be left no thynge behynde but fayre shootynge. And to do this the better you must remember howe that I toulde you when I descrybed generally the hole nature of shootyng that fayre shotyng came of these thynges, of standynge, nockynge, drawynge, howldynge and lowsynge, the whych I wyll go over as shortly as I can, describynge the discommodities that men commonly

use in all partes of theyr bodies, that you yf you faulte in any such maye knowe it and so go about to amend it. Faultes in Archers do excede the number of Archers, whyche come wyth use of shootynge wythoute teachynge. Use and custome separated from knowledge and learnynge, doth not onely hurt shootynge, but the moost weyghtye thynges in the worlde beside: And therfore I marvayle moche at those people whyche be the mayneteners of uses withoute knowlege havynge no other worde in theyr mouthe but thys use, use, custome, custome. Suche men more wylful than wyse, beside other discommodities, take all place and occasion from al amendment. And thys I speake generally of use and custome.

Whych thynge yf a learned man had it in hande that woulde applye it to anye one matter, he myght handle it wonderfullye. But as for shootyng, use is the onely cause of all fautes in it and therfore chylderne more easly and soner maye be taught to shote excellentlye then men, bycause chylderne may be taught to shoote well at the fyrste, men have more payne to unlearne theyr yll uses, than they have laboure afterwarde to come to good shootynge.

All the discommodities whiche ill custome hath graffed in archers, can neyther be quycklye poulled out, nor yet sone reckened of me, they be so manye.

Some shooteth his head forwarde as though he woulde byte the marke: an other stareth wyth hys eyes, as though they shulde flye out: An other winketh with one eye, and loketh with the other: Some make a face with writhing thyr mouthe and countenaunce so, as though they were doyng you wotte what: An other blereth out his tonge: An other byteth his lyppes: An other holdeth his necke a wrye. In drawyng some set suche a compasse, as thoughe they woulde tourne about, and blysse all the feelde: Other heave theyr hand now up nowe downe, that a man can not decerne wherat they wolde shote, an other waggeth the upper ende of his bow one way, the neyther ende an other waye. An other wil stand poyntinge his shafte at the marke a good whyle and by and by he wyll gyve hym a whip, and awaye he lets flie. An other maketh suche a wrestling with his gere, as thoughe he were able to shoote no more as longe

as he lyved. An other draweth softly to ye middes, and by and by it is gon, you can not knowe howe.

An other draweth his shafte lowe at the breaste, as thoughe he woulde shoote at a rovynge marke, and by and by he lifteth his arme up pricke heyghte. An other maketh a wrynchinge with hys backe, as though a manne pynched hym behynde.

An other coureth downe, and layeth out his buttockes, as though he shoulde shoote at crowes.

An other setteth forwarde hys lefte legge, and draweth backe wyth head and showlders, as thoughe he pouled at a rope, or els were afrayed of ye marke. An other draweth his shafte well, untyll wythin. ii. fyngers of the head, and than he stayeth a lyttle, to looke at hys marke, and that done, pouleth it up to the head, and lowseth: whych waye although summe excellent shoters do use, yet surely it is a faulte, and good mennes faultes are not to be folowed.

Summe men drawe to farre, summe to shorte, summe to slowlye, summe to quickely, summe holde over longe, summe let go over sone.

Summe sette theyr shafte on the grounde, and fetcheth him upwarde. An other poynteth up towarde the skye, and so bryngeth hym downewardes.

Ones I sawe a manne whyche used a brasar on his cheke, or elles he had scratched all the skynne of the one syde, of his face, with his drawynge hand.

An other I sawe, whiche at everye shoote, after the loose, lyfted up his ryght legge so far, that he was ever in jeoperdye of faulyng.

Summe stampe forwarde, and summe leape backwarde. All these faultes be eyther in the drawynge, or at the loose: with many other mo whiche you may easelye perceyve, and so go about to avoyde them.

Now afterwarde whan the shafte is gone, men have manye faultes, whyche evell Custome hath broughte them to, and specially in cryinge after the shafte, and speakynge woordes scarce honest for suche an honest pastyme.

Suche woordes be verye tokens of an ill mynde, and manifeste signes of a man that is subjecte to inmeasurable affections. Good mennes eares do abhor them, and an honest

man therfore wyl avoyde them. And besydes those which muste nedes have theyr tongue thus walkynge, other men use other fautes as some will take theyr bowe and writhe and wrinche it, to poule in his shafte, when it flyeth wyde, as yf he drave a carte. Some wyll gyve two or. iii. strydes forwarde, daunsing and hoppynge after his shafte, as long as it flyeth, as though he were a madman. Some which feare to be to farre gone, runne backewarde as it were to poule his shafte backe. Another runneth forwarde, when he feareth to be short, heavynge after his armes, as though he woulde helpe his shafte to flye. An other writhes or runneth a syde, to poule in his shafte strayght. One lifteth up his heele, and so holdeth his foote still, as longe as his shafte flyeth. An other casteth his arme backewarde after the lowse. And an other swynges hys bowe aboute hym, as it were a man with a staffe to make roume in a game place. And manye other faultes there be, whiche nowe come not to my remembraunce. Thus as you have hearde, manye archers wyth marrynge theyr face and countenaunce, wyth other partes of theyr bodye, as it were menne that shoulde daunce antiques, be farre from the comelye porte in shootynge, which he that woulde be excellent muste looke for.

Of these faultes I have verie many my selfe, but I talke not of my shootynge, but of the generall nature of shootynge. Nowe ymagin an Archer that is cleane wythout al these faultes and I am sure everye man would be delyted to se hym shoote.

And althoughe suche a perfyte cumlynesse can not be expressed wyth any precepte of teachyng, as Cicero and other learned menne do saye, yet I wyll speake (accordyng to my lytle knowlege) that thing in it, whych yf you folowe, althoughe you shall not be wythout fault, yet your fault shal neyther quickly be perceved, nor yet greatly rebuked of them that stande by. Standyng, nockyng, drawyng, holdyng, loosyng, done as they shoulde be done, make fayre shootynge.

The fyrste poynte is when a man shoulde shote, to take suche footyng and standyng as shal be both cumlye to the eye and profytable to hys use, settyng hys countenaunce and al the other partes of hys bodye after suche a behaviour

and porte, that bothe al hys strengthe may be employed to hys owne moost a[d]vantage, and hys shoot made and handled to other mens pleasure and delyte. A man must not go to hastely to it, for that is rashnesse, nor yet make to much to do about it, for that is curiositie, ye one fote must not stande to far from the other, leste he stoupe to muche whyche is unsemelye, nor yet to nere together, leste he stande to streyght up, for so a man shall neyther use hys strengthe well, nor yet stande stedfastlye.

The meane betwyxt both must be kept, a thing more pleasaunte to behoulde when it is done, than easie to be taught howe it shoulde be done.

To nocke well is the easiest poynte of all, and there in is no cunninge, but onelye dylygente hede gyvyng, to set hys shafte neyther to hye nor to lowe, but even streyght overtwharte hys bowe. Unconstante nockynge maketh a man leese hys lengthe.

And besydes that, yf the shafte hande be hye and the bowe hande lowe, or contrarie, bothe the bowe is in jeopardye of brekynge, and the shafte, yf it be lytle, wyll start: yf it be great it wyll hobble. Nocke the cocke fether upward alwayes as I toulde you when I described the fether. And be sure alwayes that your stringe slip not out of the nocke, for then al is in jeopardye of breakynge.

Drawynge well is the best parte of shootyng. Men in oulde tyme used other maner of drawynge than we do. They used to drawe low at the brest, to the ryght pap and no farther, and this to be trew is playne in Homer, where he descrybeth Pandarus shootynge.

> Up to the pap his strynge dyd he pul, his shafte to the hard heed.

The noble women of Scythia used the same fashion of shootyng low at the brest, and bicause there lefte pap hindred theyr shootynge at the loose they cut it of when they were yonge, and therfore be they called in lackynge theyr pap Amazones. Nowe a dayes contrarye wyse we drawe to the ryghte eare and not to the pap. Whether the olde waye in drawynge low to the pap, or the new way to draw a loft to the eare be better, an excellente wryter in Greke called Procopius doth saye hys mynde, shewyng that the oulde

fashyon in drawing to ye pap was nought of no pithe, and therfore saith Procopius: is Artylarrye dispraysed in Homer whych calleth it οὐτίδανον. I. Weake and able to do no good. Drawyng to the eare he prayseth greatly, whereby men shoote bothe stronger and longer: drawnyge therfore to the eare is better than to drawe at the breste. And one thyng commeth into my remembraunce nowe Philologe when I speake of drawyng, that I never red of other kynde of shootyng, than drawing wyth a mans hand ether to the breste or eare: This thyng have I sought for in Homer Herodotus and Plutarch, and therfore I mervayle how crosbowes came fyrst up, of the which I am sure a man shall finde lytle mention made on in any good Authour. Leo the Emperoure woulde have hys souldyers drawe quycklye in warre, for that maketh a shaft flie a pace. In shootynge at the pryckes, hasty and quicke drawing is neyther sure nor yet cumlye. Therfore to drawe easely and uniformely, that is for to saye not waggyng your hand, now upwarde, now downewarde, but alwayes after one fashion until you come to the rig or shouldring of ye head, is best both for profit and semelinesse. Holdynge must not be longe, for it both putteth a bowe in jeopardy, and also marreth a mans shoote, it must be so lytle that it may be perceyved better in a mans mynde when it is done, than seene with a mans eyes when it is in doyng.

Loosynge muste be muche lyke. So quycke and hard that it be wyth oute all girdes, so softe and gentle that the shafte flye not as it were sente out of a bow case. The meane betwixte bothe, whcyhe is perfyte loosynge is not so hard to be folowed in shootynge as it is to be descrybed in teachyng. For cleane loosynge you must take hede of hyttynge any thynge aboute you. And for the same purpose Leo the Emperour would have al Archers in war to have both theyr heades polled, and there berdes shaven leste the heare of theyr heades shuld stop the syght of the eye, the heere of theyr berdes hinder the course of the strynge.

And these preceptes I am sure Philologe yf you folowe in standyng, nockyng, drawynge, holdynge, and loosynge, shal bryng you at the last to excellent fayre shootynge.

Phi. All these thynges Toxophile althoughe I bothe nowe perceyve them thorowlye, and also wyll remember them dilligently: yet to morowe or some other day when you have leasure we wyll go to the pryckes, and put them by lytle and lytle in experience. For teachynge not folowed, doeth even as muche good as bookes never looked upon. But nowe seing you have taught me to shote fayre, I praye you tel me somwhat, how I should shoote nere leste that proverbe myght be sayd justlye of me sometyme, He shootes lyke a gentle man fayre and far of.

Tox. He that can shoote fayre, lacketh nothyng but shootyng streyght and kepyng of a length wherof commeth hyttynge of the marke, the ende both of shootyng and also of thys our communication. The handlyng of ye wether and the mark bicause they belong to shootyng streyghte, and kepynge of a lengthe, I wyll joyne them togyther, shewinge what things belonge to kepynge of a lengthe, and what to shootynge streyght.

The greatest enemy of shootyng is the wynde and the wether, wherby true kepyng a lengthe is chefely hindred. If this thing were not, men by teaching might be brought to wonderful neare shootynge. It is no marvayle if the litle poore shafte being sent alone, so high in to the ayer, into a great rage of wether, one wynde tossinge it that waye, an other thys waye, it is no marvayle I saye, thoughe it leese the lengthe, and misse that place, where the shooter had thought to have founde it. Greter matters than shotynge are under the rule and wyll of the wether, as saylynge on the sea. And lykewise as in sayling, the chefe poynt of a good master, is to knowe the tokens of chaunge of wether, the course of the wyndes, that therby he maye the better come to the Haven: even so the best propertie of a good shooter, is to knowe the nature of the wyndes, with hym and agaynste hym, that thereby he maye the nerer shote at hys marke. Wyse maysters whan they canne not winne the best haven, they are gladde of the nexte: Good shooters also, that can not whan they would hit the marke, wil labour to come as nigh as they can. All thinges in this worlde be unperfite and unconstant, therfore let every man acknowlege hys owne weakenesse, in all matters great and smal, weygh-

tye and merye, and glorifie him, in whome only perfyte perfitnesse is. But nowe sir, he that wyll at all adventures use the seas knowinge no more what is to be done in a tempest than in a caulme, shall soone becumme a marchaunt of Eele skinnes: so that shoter whiche putteth no difference, but shooteth in all lyke, in rough wether and fayre, shall alwayes put his wynninges in his eyes.

Lytle botes and thinne boordes, can not endure the rage of a tempest. Weake bowes, and lyght shaftes can not stande in a rough wynde. And lykewyse as a blynde man which shoulde go to a place where he had never ben afore, that hath but one strayghte waye to it, and of eyther syde hooles and pyttes to faule into, nowe falleth in to this hole and than into that hole, and never commeth to his journey ende, but wandereth alwaies here and there, farther and farther of: So that archer which ignorauntly shoteth considering neyther fayer nor foule, standynge nor nockynge, fether nor head, drawynge nor loosyng, nor yet any compace, shall alwayes shote shorte and gone, wyde and farre of, and never comme nere, excepte perchaunce he stumble sumtyme on the marke. For ignoraunce is nothynge elles but mere blyndenesse.

A mayster of a shippe first learneth to knowe the cummyng of a tempest, the nature of it, and how to behave hym selfe in it, eyther with chaungynge his course, or poullynge downe his hye toppes and brode sayles, beyng glad to eschue as muche of the wether as he can: Even so a good archer wyl fyrst wyth diligent use and markynge the wether, learne to knowe the nature of the wynde, and wyth wysedome, wyll measure in hys mynde, howe muche it wyll alter his shoote, eyther in lengthe kepynge, or els in streyght shootynge, and so with chaunging his standynge, or takynge an other shafte, the whiche he knoweth perfytlye to be fitter for his pourpose, eyther bycause it is lower fethered, or els bycause it is of a better wyng, wyll so handle wyth discretion hys shoote, that he shall seeme rather to have the wether under hys rule, by good hede gyvynge, than the wether to rule hys shafte by any sodayne chaungyng.

Therefore in shootynge there is as muche difference betwixt an archer that is a good wether man, and an other that

knoweth and marketh nothynge, as is betwixte a blynde man and he that can se.

Thus, as concernynge the wether, a perfyte archer muste firste learne to knowe the sure flyghte of his shaftes, that he may be boulde alwayes, to trust them, than muste he learne by daylye experience all maner of kyndes of wether, the tokens of it, whan it wyl cumme, the nature of it when it is cumme, the diversitie and alteryng of it, whan it chaungeth, the decrease and diminishing of it, whan it ceaseth. Thirdly, these thinges knowen, and every shoote diligentlye marked, than must a man compare alwayes, the wether and his footyng togyther, and with discretion measure them so, that what so ever the roughe wether shall take awaye from hys shoote the same shall juste footynge restore agayne to hys shoote.

Thys thynge well knowen, and discretelye handeled in shootynge, bryngeth more profite and commendation and prayse to an Archer, than any other thynge besydes.

He that woulde knowe perfectly the winde and wether, muste put differences betwixte tymes. For diversitie of tyme causeth diversitie of wether, as in the whole yeare, Sprynge tyme, Somer, Faule of the leafe, and Winter; Lykewyse in one day Mornynge, Noonetyme, After noone, and Eventyde, bothe alter the wether, and chaunge a mannes bowe wyth the strength of man also. And to knowe that this is so, is ynough for a shoter and artillerie, and not to serche the cause, why it shoulde be so: whiche belongeth to a learned man and Philosophie.

In consydering the tyme of the yeare, a wyse Archer wyll folowe a good Shipman. In Winter and rough wether, small bootes and lytle pinkes forsake the seas: And at one tyme of the yeare, no Gallies come abrode; So lykewyse weake Archers, usyng small and holowe shaftes, with bowes of litle pith, muste be content to gyve place for a tyme.

And this I do not saye, eyther to discommende or discourage any weake shooter: For lykewyse, as there is no shippe better than Gallies be, in a softe and a caulme sea, so no man shooteth cumlier or nerer hys marke, than some weake archers doo, in a fayre and cleare daye.

Thus every archer must knowe, not onelye what bowe and

shafte is fittest for him to shoote withall, but also what tyme and season is best for hym to shote in. And surely, in al other matters to, amonge al degrees of men, there is no man which doth any thing eyther more discretely for his commendation, or yet more profitable for his advauntage, than he which wyll knowe perfitly for what matter and for what tyme he is moost apte and fit. Yf men woulde go aboute matters whych they should do and be fit for, and not suche thynges whyche wylfullye they desyre and yet be unfit for, verely greater matters in the common welthe than shootyng shoulde be in better case than they be. This ignorauncie in men whyche know not for what tyme, and to what thynge they be fit, causeth some wyshe to be riche, for whome it were better a greate deale to be poore: other to be medlynge in every mans matter, for whome it were more honestie to be quiete and styll. Some to desire to be in the Courte, whiche be borne and be fitter rather for the carte. Somme to be maysters and rule other, whiche never yet began to rule them selfe: some alwayes to jangle and taulke, whych rather shoulde heare and kepe silence. Some to teache, which rather should learne. Some to be prestes, whiche were fytter to be clerkes. And thys perverse judgement of ye worlde, when men mesure them selfe a misse, bringeth muche mysorder and greate unsemelynesse to the hole body of the common wealth, as yf a manne should were his hoose upon his head, or a woman go wyth a sworde and a buckeler every man would take it as a greate uncumlynesse although it be but a tryfle in respecte of the other.

Thys perverse judgement of men hindreth no thynge so much as learnynge, bycause commonlye those whych be unfittest for learnyng, be cheyfly set to learnynge.

As yf a man nowe a dayes have two sonnes, the one impotent, weke, sickly, lispynge, stuttynge, and stamerynge, or havynge any misshape in hys bodye: what doth the father of suche one commonly saye? This boye is fit for nothynge els, but to set to lernyng and make a prest of, as who would say, that outcastes of the worlde, havyng neyther countenaunce tounge nor wit (for of a perverse bodye cummeth commonly a perverse mynde) be good ynough to make those men of, whiche shall be appoynted to preache Goddes

holye woorde, and minister hys blessed sacramentes, besydes other moost weyghtye matters in the common welthe put ofte tymes, and worthelye to learned mennes discretion and charge: whan rather suche an offyce so hygh in dignitie, so godlye in administration, shulde be committed to no man, whiche shulde not have a countenaunce full of cumlynesse to allure good menne, a bodye full of manlye authoritie to feare ill men, a witte apte for al learnynge with tongue and voyce, able to perswade all men. And although fewe suche men as these can be founde in a common wealthe, yet surelye a godly disposed man, will bothe in his mynde thyncke fit, and with al his studie labour to get such men as I speke of, or rather better, if better can be gotten for suche an hie administration, whiche is most properlye appoynted to Goddes owne matters and businesses.

This perverse jugement of fathers as concernynge the fitnesse and unfitnesse of theyr chyldren causeth the common wealthe have many unfit ministers: And seyng that ministers be, as a man woulde say, instrumentes wherwith the common wealthe doeth worke all her matters withall, I marvayle howe it chaunceth that a pore shomaker hath so much wit, that he will prepare no instrument for his science neither knyfe nor aule, nor nothing els whiche is not very fitte for him: the common wealthe can be content to take at a fonde fathers hande, the rifraffe of the worlde, to make those instrumentes of, wherwithal she shoulde worke ye hiest matters under heaven. And surely an aule of lead is not so unprofitable in a shomakers shop, as an unfit minister, made of grosse metal, is unsemely in ye common welth. Fathers in olde time among ye noble Persians might not do with theyr children as they thought good, but as the jugement of the common wealth al wayes thought best. This fault of fathers bringeth many a blot with it, to the great deformitie of the common wealthe: and here surely I can prayse gentlewomen which have alwayes at hande theyr glasses, to se if any thinge be amisse, and so will amende it, yet the common wealth having ye glasse of knowlege in every mans hand, doth se such uncumlines in it: and yet winketh at it. This faulte and many suche lyke, myght be sone wyped awaye, yf fathers woulde bestow their children

on that thing alwayes, wherunto nature hath ordeined them moste apte and fit. For if youth be grafted streyght, and not a wrye, the hole common welth wil florish therafter. Whan this is done, than muste every man beginne to be more ready to amende hym selfe, than to checke an other, measuryng their matters with that wise proverbe of Apollo, *Knowe thy selfe*: that is to saye, learne to knowe what thou arte able, fitte, and apt unto, and folowe that.

This thinge shulde be bothe cumlie to the common wealthe, and most profitable for every one, as doth appere very well in all wise mennes deades, and specially to turne to our communication agayne in shootynge, where wise archers have alwayes theyr instrumentes fit for theyr strength, and wayte evermore such tyme and wether, as is most agreable to their gere. Therfore if the wether be to sore, and unfit for your shootynge, leave of for that daye, and wayte a better season. For he is a foole that wyl not go, whome necessitie driveth.

Phi. This communication of yours pleased me so well Toxophile, that surelye I was not hastie to calle you, to descrybe forthe the wether but with all my harte woulde have suffered you yet to have stande longer in this matter. For these thinges touched of you by chaunse, and by the waye, be farre above the matter it selfe, by whose occasion ye other were broughte in.

Tox. Weyghtye matters they be in dede, and fit bothe in an other place to be spoken: and of an other man than I am, to be handled. And bycause meane men must meddle wyth meane matters, I wyl go forwarde in descrybing the wether, as concernynge shooting: and as I toulde you before, In the hole yere, Spring tyme, Somer, Fal of the leafe, and Winter: and in one day, Morning, Noone tyme, After noone, and Eventyde, altereth the course of the wether, the pith of the bowe, the strength of the man. And in every one of these times the wether altereth, as sumtyme wyndie, sumtyme caulme, sumtyme cloudie, sumtyme clere, sumtyme hote, sumtyme coulde, the wynde sumtyme moistye and thicke, sumtyme drye and smothe. A litle winde in a moystie day, stoppeth a shafte more than a good whiskynge wynde in a clere daye. Yea, and I have sene whan there hath bene no

winde at all, the ayer so mistie and thicke, that both the markes have ben wonderfull great. And ones, whan the Plage was in Cambrige, the downe winde twelve score marke for the space of. iii. weekes, was. xiii. score, and an halfe, and into the wynde, beynge not very great, a great deale above. xiiii. score.

The winde is sumtyme playne up and downe, whiche is commonly moste certayne, and requireth least knowlege, wherin a meane shoter with meane geare, if he can shoote home, maye make best shifte. A syde wynde tryeth an archer and good gere verye muche. Sumtyme it bloweth a lofte, sumtyme hard by the grounde: Sumtyme it bloweth by blastes, and sumtyme it continueth al in one: Sumtyme ful side wynde, sumtyme quarter with hym and more, and lykewyse agaynst hym, as a man with castynge up lyght grasse, or els if he take good hede, shall sensibly learne by experience. To se the wynde, with a man his eyes, it is unpossible, the nature of it is so fyne, and subtile, yet this experience of the wynde had I ones my selfe, and that was in the great snowe that fell. iiii. yeares agoo: I rode in the hye waye betwixt Topcliffe upon Swale, and Borowe bridge, the waye beyng sumwhat trodden afore, by waye fayrynge men. The feeldes on bothe sides were playne and laye almost yearde depe with snowe, the nyght afore had ben a litle froste, so that the snowe was hard and crusted above. That morning the sun shone bright and clere, the winde was whistelinge a lofte, and sharpe accordynge to the tyme of the yeare. The snowe in the hye waye laye loose and troden wyth horse feete: so as the wynde blewe, it toke the loose snow with it, and made it so slide upon the snowe in the felde whyche was harde and crusted by reason of the frost over nyght, that therby I myght se verye wel, the hole nature of the wynde as it blewe that daye. And I had a great delyte and pleasure to marke it, whyche maketh me now far better to remember it. Sometyme the wynd would be not past. ii. yeardes brode, and so it would carie the snowe as far as I could se. An other tyme the snow woulde blowe over halfe the felde at ones. Sometyme the snowe woulde tomble softly, by and by it would flye wonderfull fast. And thys I perceyved also that ye wind goeth by

streames and not hole togither. For I should se one streame wyth in a Score on me, than the space of. ii. score no snow would stirre, but after so muche quantitie of grounde, an other streame of snow at the same very tyme should be caryed lykewyse, but not equally. For the one would stande styll when the other flew a pace, and so contynewe somtyme swiftlyer sometime slowlyer, sometime broder, sometime narrower, as far as I coulde se. Nor it flewe not streight, but sometyme it crooked thys waye sometyme that waye, and somtyme it ran round aboute in a compase. And somtyme the snowe wold be lyft clene from the ground up in to the ayre, and by and by it would be al clapt to the grounde as though there had bene no winde at all, streightway it woulde rise and flye agayne.

And that whych was the moost mervayle of al, at one tyme. ii. driftes of snowe flewe, the one out of the West into ye East, the other out of the North in to ye East: And I saw. ii. windes by reason of ye snow the one crosse over the other, as it had bene two hye wayes. And agayne I shoulde here the wynd blow in the ayre, when nothing was stirred at the ground. And when all was still where I rode, not verye far from me the snow should be lifted wonderfully. This experience made me more mervaile at ye nature of the wynde, than it made me conning in ye knowlege of ye wynd: but yet therby I learned perfitly that it is no mervayle at al thoughe men in a wynde lease theyr length in shooting, seying so many wayes the wynde is so variable in blowynge.

But seynge that a Mayster of a shyp, be he never so cunnynge, by the uncertayntye of the wynde leeseth many tymes both lyfe and goodes, surelye it is no wonder, though a ryght good Archer, by the self same wynde so variable in hys owne nature, so unsensyble to oure nature, leese manye a shoote and game.

The more uncertaine and disceyvable the wynd is, the more hede must a wyse Archer gyve to know the gyles of it.

He that doth mistrust is seldome begiled. For although therby he shall not attayne to that which is best, yet by these meanes he shall at leaste avoyde that whyche is worst.

Besyde al these kindes of windes you must take hede yf you se anye cloude apere and gather by lytle and litle agaynst you, or els yf a showre of raine be lyke to come upon you: for than both the dryving of the wether and the thyckynge of the ayre increaseth the marke, and when after ye showre al thynges are contrary clere and caulme, and the marke for the most parte new to begyn agayne. You must take hede also yf ever you shote where one of the markes or both stondes a lytle short of a hye wall, and there you may be easlye begyled. Yf you take grasse and caste it up to se howe the wynde standes, manye tymes you shal suppose to shoote downe the wynde, when you shote cleane agaynst the wynde. And a good reason why. For the wynd whych commeth in dede against you, redoundeth bake agayne at the wal, and whyrleth backe to the prycke and a lytle farther and than turneth agayne, even as a vehement water doeth agaynste a rocke or an hye braye whyche example of water as it is more sensible to a mans eyes, so it is never a whyt the trewer than this of the wynde. So that the grasse caste up shall flee that waye whyche in dede is the longer marke and deceyve quycklye a shooter that is not ware of it.

This experience had I ones my selfe at Norwytch in the chapel felde wythin the waulles. And thys waye I used in shootynge at those markes.

When I was in the myd way betwixt the markes whyche was an open place, there I toke a fether or a lytle lyght grasse and so as well as I coulde, learned how the wynd stoode, that done I wente to the prycke as faste as I coulde, and according as I had founde ye wynde when I was in the mid waye, so I was fayne than to be content to make the best of my shoote that I coulde. Even suche an other experience had I in a maner at Yorke, at the prickes, lying betwixte the castell and Ouse syde. And although you smile Philologe, to heare me tell myne owne fondenes: yet seing you wil nedes have me teach you somwhat in shotyng, I must nedes somtyme tel you of myne owne experience, and the better I may do so, bycause Hippocrates in teachynge physike, useth very muche the same waye. Take heede also when you shoote nere the sea cost, although you be. ii. or. iii. miles from the sea, for there diligent markinge

shall espie in the most clere daye wonderfull chaunginge. The same is to be considered lykewyse by a river side speciallie if it ebbe and flowe, where he that taketh diligent hede of ye tide and wether, shal lightly take away al that he shooteth for. And thus of ye nature of windes and wether according to my marking you have hearde Philologe: and hereafter you shal marke farre mo your selfe, if you take hede. And the wether thus marked as I tolde you afore, you muste take hede, of youre standing, that therby you may win as much as you shal loose by the wether.

Phi. I se well it is no marvell though a man misse many tymes in shootyng, seing ye wether is so unconstant in blowing, but yet there is one thing whiche many archers use, that shall cause a man have lesse nede to marke the wether, and that is Ame gyving.

Tox. Of gyvyng Ame, can not tel wel, what I shuld say. For in a straunge place it taketh away al occasion of foule game, which is ye only prayse of it, yet by my judgement, it hindreth ye knowlege of shotyng, and maketh men more negligente: ye which is a disprayse. Though Ame be given, yet take hede, for at an other mans shote you can not wel take Ame, nor at your owne neither, bycause the wether wil alter, even in a minute; and at the one marke and not at the other, and trouble your shafte in the ayer, when you shal perceyve no wynde at the ground, as I my selfe have sene shaftes tumble a lofte, in a very fayer daye. There may be a fault also, in drawing or loosynge, and many thynges mo, whiche al togyther, are required to kepe a just length. But to go forward the nexte poynte after the markyng of your wether, is the takyng of your standyng. And in a side winde you must stand sumwhat crosse in to the wynde, for so shall you shoote the surer. Whan you have taken good footing, than must you looke at your shafte, that no earthe, nor weete be lefte upon it, for so should it leese the lengthe. You must loke at the head also, lest it have had any strype, at the last shoote. A stripe upon a stone, many tymes will bothe marre the head, croke the shafte, and hurte the fether, wherof the lest of them all, wyll cause a man lease his lengthe. For suche thinges which chaunce every shoote, many archers use to have summe place made

in theyr cote, fitte for a lytle fyle, a stone, a Hunfyshskin, and a cloth to dresse the shaft fit agayne at all nedes. Thys must a man looke to ever when he taketh up his shaft. And the heade may be made to smothe, which wil cause it flye to far: when youre shafte is fit, than must you take your bow even in the middes or elles you shall both lease your lengthe, and put youre bowe in jeopardye of breakynge. Nockynge juste is next, which is muche of the same nature. Than drawe equallye, loose equallye, wyth houldynge your hande ever of one heighte to kepe trew compasse. To looke at your shafte hede at the loose, is the greatest helpe to kepe a lengthe that can be, whych thyng yet hindreth excellent shotyng, bicause a man can not shote streight perfitlye excepte he looke at his marke: yf I should shoote at a line and not at the marke, I would alwayes loke at my shaft ende, but of thys thyng some what afterwarde. Nowe if you marke the wether diligentlye, kepe your standynge justely, houlde and nocke trewlye, drawe and loose equallye, and, kepe your compace certaynelye, you shall never misse of your lengthe.

Phi. Then there is nothyng behinde to make me hit ye marke but onely shooting streight.

Tox. No trewlye. And fyrste I wyll tell you what shyftes Archers have founde to shoote streyght, than what is the best waye to shoote streyght. As the wether belongeth specially to kepe a lengthe (yet a side winde belongeth also to shote streight) even so the nature of the pricke is to shote streight. The lengthe or shortnesse of the marke is alwayes under the rule of the wether, yet sumwhat there is in ye marke, worthye to be marked of an Archer. Yf the prickes stand of a streyght plane ground they be ye best to shote at. Yf ye marke stand on a hyl syde or ye ground be unequal with pittes and turninge wayes betwyxte the markes, a mans eye shall thynke that to be streight whyche is croked: The experience of this thing is sene in paynt-ynge, the cause of it is knowen by learnynge.

And it is ynoughe for an archer to marke it and take hede of it. The cheife cause why men can not shoote streight, is bicause they loke at theyr shaft: and this fault commeth bycause a man is not taught to shote when he is yong. Yf

he learne to shoote by himselfe he is a frayde to pull the shafte throughe the bowe, and therfore looketh alwayes at hys shafte: yll use confirmeth thys faulte as it doth many mo.

And men continewe the longer in thys faulte bycause it is so good to kepe a lengthe wyth al, and yet to shote streight, they have invented some waies, to espie a tree or a hill beyonde the marke, or elles to have summe notable thing betwixt ye markes: and ones I sawe a good archer whiche did caste of his gere, and layd his quiver with it, even in the midway betwixt ye prickes. Summe thought he dyd so, for savegarde of his gere: I suppose he did it, to shoote streyght withall. Other men use to espie summe marke almoost a bow wide of ye pricke, and than go about to kepe him selfe on that hande that the prycke is on, which thing howe much good it doth, a man wil not beleve, that doth not prove it. Other and those very good archers in drawyng, loke at the marke untill they come almost to ye head, than they looke at theyr shafte, but at ye very loose, with a seconde sight they fynde theyr marke agayne. This way and al other afore of me rehersed are but shiftes and not to be folowed in shotyng streyght. For havyng a mans eye alwaye on his marke, is the only waye to shote streght, yea and I suppose so redye and easy a way yf it be learned in youth and confirmed with use, that a man shall never misse therin. Men doubt yet in loking at ye mark what way is best whether betwixt the bowe and the stringe, above or beneth hys hand, and many wayes moo: yet it maketh no great matter which way a man looke at his marke yf it be joyned with comly shotynge. The diversitie of mens standyng and drawing causeth diverse men [to] loke at theyr marke diverse wayes: yet they al lede a mans hand to shoote streight yf nothyng els stoppe. So that cumlynesse is the only judge of best lokyng at the marke. Some men wonder why in casting a mans eye at ye marke, the hand should go streyght. Surely yf he consydered the nature of a mans eye, he wolde not wonder at it: For this I am certayne of, that no servaunt to hys mayster, no chylde to hys father is so obedient, as everye joynte and pece of the body is to do what soever the eye biddes. The eye is the guide, the ruler

and the succourer of al the other partes. The hande, the foote and other members dare do nothynge without the eye, as doth appere on the night and darke corners. The eye is the very tonge wherwith wyt and reason doth speke to every parte of the body, and the wyt doth not so sone signifye a thynge by the eye, as every parte is redye to folow, or rather prevent the byddyng of the eye. Thys is playne in many thinges, but most evident in fence and feyghtynge, as I have heard men saye. There every parte standynge in feare to have a blowe, runnes to the eye for helpe, as yonge chyldren do to ye mother: the foote, the hand, and al wayteth upon the eye. Yf the eye byd ye hand either beare of, or smite, or the foote ether go forward, or backeward, it doth so: And that whyche is moost wonder of all the one man lookynge stedfastly at the other mans eye and not at his hand, wyl, even as it were, rede in his eye where he purposeth to smyte nexte, for the eye is nothyng els but a certayne wyndowe for wit to shote oute hir head at.

Thys wonderfull worke of God in makynge all the members so obedient to the eye, is a pleasaunte thynge to remember and loke upon: therfore an Archer maye be sure in learnyng to looke at hys marke when he is yong, alwayes to shoote streyght. The thynges that hynder a man whyche looketh at hys marke, to shote streyght, be these: A syde wynde, a bowe either to stronge, or els to weake, an ill arme, whan the fether runneth on the bowe to much, a byg brested shafte, for hym that shoteth under hande, bycause it wyll hobble: a little brested shafte for hym that shoteth above ye hande, because it wyl starte: a payre of windynge prickes, and many other thinges mo, which you shal marke your selfe, and as ye knowe them, so learne to amend them. If a man woulde leave to looke at his shafte, and learne to loke at his marke, he maye use this waye, which a good shooter tolde me ones that he did. Let him take his bowe on the nyght, and shoote at. ii. lightes, and there he shall be compelled to looke alwayes at his marke, and never at his shafte: This thing ones or twyse used wyl cause hym forsake lokynge at hys shafte. Yet let hym take hede of settynge his shafte in the bowe.

Thus, Philologe, to shoote streyght is the leaste maysterie

of all, yf a manne order hym selfe thereafter, in hys youthe. And as for keypynge a lengthe, I am sure the rules whiche I gave you, will never disceyve you, so that there shal lacke nothynge, eyther of hittinge the marke alwayes, or elles verye nere shotynge, excepte the faulte be onely in youre owne selfe, whiche maye come. ii. wayes, eyther in having a faynt harte or courage, or elles in sufferynge your selfe over much to be led with affection: yf a mans mynde fayle hym, the bodye whiche is ruled by the mynde, can never do his duetie, yf lacke of courage were not, men myght do mo mastries than they do, as doeth appere in leapynge and vaultinge.

All affections and specially anger, hurteth bothe mynde and bodye. The mynde is blynde therby: and yf the mynde be blynde, it can not rule the bodye aright. The body both blood and bone, as they say, is brought out of his ryght course by anger: Wherby a man lacketh his right strengthe, and therfore can not shoote wel. Yf these thynges be avoyded (wherof I wyll speake no more, both bycause they belong not properly to shoting, and also you can teache me better, in them, than I you) and al the preceptes which I have gyven you, dilligently marked, no doubt ye shal shoote as well as ever man dyd yet, by the grace of God. Thys communication handled by me Philologe, as I knowe wel not perfytly, yet as I suppose truelye you must take in good worthe, wherin if divers thinges do not all togyther please you, thanke youre selfe, whiche woulde have me rather faulte in mere follye, to take that thynge in hande whyche I was not able for to perfourme, than by any honeste shamefastnes withsay your request and minde, which I knowe well I have not satisfied. But yet I wyl thinke this labour of mine the better bestowed, if tomorow or some other daye when you have leysour, you wyl spende as much tyme with me here in this same place, in entreatinge the question *De origine animæ.* and the joynyng of it with the bodye, that I maye knowe howe far Plato, Aristotle, and the Stoicians have waded in it.

Phi. How you have handeled this matter, Toxophile, I may not well tel you my selfe nowe, but for your gentlenesse and good wyll towarde learnyng and shotyng, I wyll

be content to shewe you any pleasure whensoever you wyll: and nowe the sunne is doune therfore if it please you, we wil go home and drynke in my chambre, and there I wyll tell you playnelye what I thinke of this communication and also, what daye we will appoynt at your request for the other matter, to mete here agayne.

THE STEEL GLASS

A SATIRE

BY

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

THERE is something zestful in finding an aristocrat and courtier scolding his class in a stinging satire, which happens to be the first of its kind in English literature. Gascoigne was an esquire, the son of an esquire, born in 1535. There was a spirit-stirring quality in the air in those early Elizabethan days that told in restless lives, that found joy in adventure and solace in singing the sweetest carols we possess. This young fellow embarked in the law, but was disinherited as a spendthrift. Then he went to Holland as a soldier of fortune under the Prince of Orange. After capture and imprisonment he settled for a while in England and began his brilliant career as poet, dramatist, and in satirical pamphleteering.

His book of "Posies" came out in 1574, made up of poetical "Floures, Herbes, and Weedes." Another book was in praise of hunting and hawking. His "Complaint of Philomene" was followed by "A Delicate Diet for Daintie Mouthde Droonkards."

The Queen took him into favor, and he wrote some of the Masques performed at the Kenilworth festivities and at other great houses. His dramas are not accessible in a collected form.

The "Steel Glass" is one of the most powerful and admirable satires ever penned. There is the true ring of patriotism in every line. It is also poetry. The steel mirror he prefers to the glass kind because it gives a truer reflection, and he is determined that kings and nobles, country squires, traders and producers, priests, magistrates, lawyers, and other folks shall see themselves as he sees them. His poem makes excellent tonic reading for us of to-day. It has the merit of hitting fair blows with the best intent, and is a fine example of sturdy English in its early strength.

THE STEEL GLASS

THE Nightingale, (whose happy noble heart,
No dole can daunt, nor feareful force affright,
Whose chereful voice, doth comfort saddest wights,
When she hir-self, hath little cause to sing).
This worthy bird, hath taught my weary Muze,
To sing a song, in spight of their despight,
Which worke my woe, withouten cause or crime,
And make my backe, a ladder for their feete,
By slandrous steppes, and stairs of tickle talke,
To clyme the throne, wherein my selfe shoulde sitte.
O Philomene, then helpe me now to chaunt:
And if dead beastes, or living byrdes have ghosts,
Which can conceive the cause of carefull moan,
When wrong triumphes, and right is overtrodde,
Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle blood,
In barrayne verse, to tell a frutefull tale,
A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes
Of learned men, and grave Philosophers.

And you my Lord, (whose happe hath heretofore
Been, lovingly to reade my reckless rimes,
And yet have deigned, with favor to forget
The faults of youth, which past my hasty pen:
And therwithall, have graciously vouchsafed
To yield the rest, much more than they deserved)
Vouchsafe (lo now) to reade and to peruse,
This rimeless verse, which flowes from troubled mind.

For thus (my Lord) I live a weary life,
Not as I seemd, a man sometimes of might,
But womanlike, whose teares must venge her harms.

And yet, even as the mighty gods did daine
For *Philomene*, that thoughe her tong were cutte,
Yet should she sing a pleasant note sometimes:
So have they deignd, by their divine decrees,
That with the stumps of my reproved tong,
I may sometimes, *Reprovers* deedes reprove,
And sing a verse, to make them see themselves.

Then thus I sing, this simple song by night,
Like *Philomene*, since that the shining Sunne
Is now eclypst, which wont to lend me light.

And thus I sing, in corner closely cowcht
Like *Philomene*, since that the stately courts,
Are now no place for such poore byrds as I.

And thus I sing, with pricke against my brest,
Like *Philomene*, since that the privy worme,
Which makes me see my reckless youth misspent,
May well suffice, to keepe me waking still.

For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world,
Wherein I see, howe every kind of man
Can flatter still, and yet deceives himselfe.
I seeme to muse, from whence such errour springs,
Such grosse conceits, such mistes of darke mistake,
Such *Surcuydry*, such weening over well,
And yet in dede, such dealings too too badde.
And as I stretch my weary wittes, to weighe
The cause thereof, and whence it should proceede,
My battred braynes, (which now be shrewdly bruised,
With cannon shot, of much misgovernment)
Can spye no cause, but onely one conceite,
Which makes me thinke, the world goeth still awry.

I see and sigh, (because it makes me sadde)
That peevish pryde, doth al the world possess,
And every wight, will have a looking glasse
To see himselfe, yet so he seeth him not:
Yea shal I say? a glasse of common glasse,
Which glistreth bright, and shewes a seemely shew,

Is not enough, the days are past and gone
That Berral glasse, with foyles of lovely brown,
Might serve to shew, a seemely savored face.
That age is deade, and vanisht long ago,
Which thought that steele both trusty was and true,
And needed not a foyle of contraries,
But shewde all things, even as they were in deede.
In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
The christal glas, which glimseth brave and bright,
And shewes the thing much better than it is,
Beguylde with foyles, of sundry subtil sights,
So that they seeme, and covet not to be.

This is the cause (beleve me now my Lorde)
That Realmes do rewe from high prosperity,
That kings decline from princely government,
That Lords do lacke their auncestors good wil,
That knights consume their patrimonie still,
That gentlemen do make the merchant rise,
That plowmen begge and craftesmen cannot thrive,
That clergie quayles and hath small reverence,
That laymen live by moving mischiefe still,
That courtiers thrive at latter Lammas day,
That officers can scarce enrich their heyres,
That Souldiours starve, or preach at Tiborne crosse,
That lawyers buye, and purchase deadly hate,
That merchants clyme, and fall againe as fast,
That roysters brag, above their betters rome,
That sycophants, are counted jolly guests,
That *Lais* leades a Lady's life alofte,
And *Lucrece* lurkes, with sobre bashful grace.

This is the cause (or else my Muze mistakes)
That things are thought, which never yet were wrought,
And castels built, above in lofty skies,
Which never yet, had good foundation,
And that the same may seme no feined dreame,
But words of worth and worthy to be weighed,
I have presumed, my Lord, for to present
With this poore Glasse, which is of trustie Steele,

And came to me by will and testament
Of one that was a Glassemaker in deede.

Lucylius, this worthy man was named,
Who at his death bequeathd the christal glasse,
To such as love to seme but not to be,
And unto those that love to see themselves,
How foule or fayre soever that they are,
He gan bequeath, a glasse of trustie Steele,
Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
Bycause it shewes all things in their degree.
And since myselfe (now pride of youth is past)
Do love to be, and let all seeming passe,
Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,
Not what I would, but what I am or should,
Therfore I like this trustie glasse of Steele.

Wherein I see, a frolik favor frounst
With foule abuse of lawlesse lust in youth:
Wherein I see a Sampson's grim regarde
Disgraced yet with Alexander's bearde:
Wherein I see a corps of comely shape
(And such as might beseeme the courte full wel)
Is cast at heele by courting all too soone:
Wherein I see a quicke capacitye,
Berayde with blots of light Inconstancie:
An age suspect, bycause of youthe's misdeedes.
A poet's brayne possest with layes of love:
A Cæsar's minde, and yet a Codrus' might,
A Souldiour's heart, supprest with feareful doomes:
A Philosopher foolishly fordone.
And to be playne, I see my selfe so playne,
And yet so much unlike that most I seemde,
As were it not that Reason ruleth me,
I should in rage this face of mine deface,
And cast this corps downe headlong in dispaire,
Bycause it is so farre unlike it selfe.

And therwithal, to comfort me againe,
I see a world of worthy government,

A common-welth, with policy so ruled
As neither lawes are sold nor justice bought,
Nor riches sought, unlesse it be by right.
No crueltie nor tyrannie can raigne,
No right revenge doth raise rebellion,
No spoyles are ta'en, although the sword prevaile,
No ryot spends the coyne of common-welth,
No rulers hoard the countrie's treasure up,
No man growes riche by subtilty nor sleight:
All people dreade the magistrate's decree,
And al men feare the scourge of mighty Jove.
Lo this (my lord) may wel deserve the name,
Of such a lande, as milke and hony flowes.
And this I see, within my glasse of Steel,
Set forth even so, by Solon (worthy wight)
Who taught king Crœsus, what it is to seme,
And what to be, by proofe of happie end.
The like Lycurgus, Lacedemon king,
Did set to shew, by viewe of this my glasse,
And left the same a mirour to behold,
To every prince of his posterity.

But now (aye me) the glasing christal glasse,
Doth make us thinke that realmes and townes are rych
Where favor sways the sentence of the law,
Where al is fish that cometh to the net,
Where mighty power doth over-rule the right,
Where injuries do foster secret grudge,
Where bloudy sword maks every booty prize,
Where banquetting is compted comly cost,
Where officers grow rich by prince's pens,
Where purchase commes by cunning and deceit,
And no man dreads but he that cannot shift,
Nor none serve God, but only tongtied men.

Againe I see, within my glasse of Steele,
But foure estates, to serve eche country soyle,
The King, the Knight, the Peasant, and the Priest.
The King should care for all the subjectes still,
The Knight should fight for to defende the same,

The Peasant he should labor for their ease,
And Priests shuld pray for them and for themselves.

But out alas, such mists do bleare our eyes,
And christal glosse doth glister so therwith,
That Kings conceive their care is wonderous great.
When as they beat their busie restless braines,
To maintaine pompe and high triumphant sights,
To fede their fil of daintie delicates,
To glad their harts with sight of pleasant sports,
To fill their eares, with sound of instruments,
To breake with bit the hot couragious horse,
To deck their haules with sumptuous cloth of gold,
To clothe themselves with silkes of straunge device,
To search the rocks for pearles and pretious stones,
To delve the ground for mines of glistering gold:
And never care, to maynteine peace and rest,
To yeld reliefe where needy lacke appears,
To stop one eare until the poore man speake,
To seme to sleepe when Justice still doth wake,
To ard their lands from sodaine sword and fier,
To feare the cries of giltless suckling babes,
Whose ghosts may call for vengeance on their blood,
And stirre the wrath of mightie thundring Jove.

I speake not this by any English king,
Nor by our Queene, whose high forsight provides
That dyre debate is fledde to foraine Realmes,
Whiles we enjoy the golden fleece of peace.
But there to turne my tale, from whence it came,
In olden dayes good kings and worthy dukes,
(Who sawe themselves in glasse of trusty Steele)
Contented were with pompes of little pryce,
And set their thoughtes on regal government.

An order was, when Rome did flourish most,
That no man might triumph in stately wise,
But such as had, with blowes of bloudy blade,
Five thousand foes in foughten field foredone.
Now he that likes to loke in Christal glasse,

May see proud popms, in high triumphant wise,
Where never blowe was delt with enemie.

When *Sergius* devised first the means
To pen up fishe within the swelling floud,
And so content his mouth with daintie fare,
Then followed fast excesse on Prince's boards,
And every dish was charged with new conceits,
To please the taste of uncontented mindes.
But had he seene the streine of strange devise,
Which *Epicures* do now adayes invent,
To yeld good smacke unto their daintie tongues:
Could he conceive, how princes paunch is filled
With secret cause of sickenesse (oft) unseene,
Whiles lust desires much more than nature craves,
Then would he say, that all the Romane coast
Was common trash, compar'd to sundrie Sauce
Which princes use to pamper Appetite.

O Christal Glasse, thou settest things to shew,
Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.
All eyes behold, with eagre deepe desire,
The Faulcon flye, the grehounde runne his course,
The bayted Bull and Beare at stately stake,
These Enterluds, these newe Italian sportes,
And every gawde that glads the minde of man:
But fewe regard their needy neighbours lacke,
And fewe beholde, by contemplation,
The joyes of heaven nor yet the paines of hel;
Fewe looke to lawe, but al men gaze on lust.

A swete consent of Musicks sacred sound,
Doth rayse our mindes, (as rapt) all up on high,
But sweeter soundes of concorde, peace, and love,
Are out of tune, and jarre in every stoppe.

To tosse and turne, the sturdie trampling stede,
To bridle him, and make him meete to serve,
Deserves (no doubt) great commendation.
But such as have their stables full yfraught,
With pampred Jades ought therwithal to wey,

What great excesse upon them may be spent,
How many poor, (which nede nor brake nor bit)
Might therwith all in godly wise be fedde,
And kings ought not so many horse to have.

The sumpteous house declares the princes state,
But vaine excesse bewrayes a princes faults.

Our bumbast hose, our treble double ruffes,
Our suites of Silke, our comely garded capes,
Our knit silke stockes, and Spanish lether shoes,
(Yea velvet serves ofttimes to trample in)
Our plumes, our spangs, and all our queint aray,
Are pricking spurres, provoking filthy pride,
And snares (unseen) which leade a man to hell.

How live the Mores, which spurne at glistring perle,
And scorne the costs, which we do holde so deare?
How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle
Of peerlesse truth amongst them published,
(Which we enjoy, and never wey the worth.)
They would not then the same (like us) despise,
Which (though they lacke) they live in better wise
Than we, which holde the worthles pearle so deare.
But glittring gold, which many yeares lay hidde,
Till gredy mindes gan search the very guts
Of earth and clay to finde out sundrie moulds
(As redde and white, which are by melting made
Bright gold and silver, mettals of mischiefe)
Hath now enflamde the noblest Princes harts
With foulest fire of filthy Avarice,
And seldome seene that kings can be content
To kepe their bounds, which their forefathers left·
What causeth this but greedy golde to get?
Even gold, which is, the very cause of warres,
The nest of strife, and nourice of debate,
The barre of heaven, and open way to hell.

But is this strange: when Lords when Knightes and Squires
(Which ought defende the state of common welth)
Are not afrayd to covet like a King?
O blinde desire: oh high aspiring harts.

The country Squire, doth covet to be Knight,
The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke.
The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,
And none content with that which is his own.
Yet none of these, can see in Christal glasse
(Which glistereth bright, and bleares their gazing eyes)
How every life beares with him his disease.
But in my glass, which is of trustie steele,
I can perceive how kingdomes breede but care,
How Lordship lives with lots of lesse delight,
(Though cappe and knee do seeme a reverence,
And courtlike life is thought an other heaven)
Than common people finde in every coast.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe
A plenteous boarde, and feede the fatherlesse,
With pig and goose, with mutton, beefe and veale,
(Yea now and then, a capon and a chicke)
Wil breake up house, and dwel in market townes,
A loytring life, and like an *Epicure.*

But who (meane while) defends the common welth?
Who rules the flocke, when sheperds so are fled?
Who stayes the staff, which shuld uphold the state?
Forsooth good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
Nay rather leapes both over hedge and ditch,
And rules the roost, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,
You were not borne all onely for your selves:
Your countrie claymes some part of all your paines.
There should you live, and therein should you toyle,
To hold up right and banish cruel wrong,
To helpe the pore, to bridle back the riche,
To punish vice, and vertue to advaunce,
To see God servde, and *Belzebub* supprest.
You should not trust, lieftenaunts in your roome,
And let they sway the scepter of your charge,
Whiles you (meane while) know scarcely what is don,
Nor yet can yeld accompt if you were callde.

The stately lord, which woonted was to kepe
A court at home, is now come up to courte,
And leaves the country for a common prey,
To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit:
(All which his presence might have pacified,
Or else have made offenders smel the smoke.)
And now the youth which might have served him,
In comely wise, with countrey clothes yclad,
And yet therby bin able to preferre
Unto the prince, and there to seke advance:
Is faine to fell his landes for courtly cloutes,
Or else sits still, and liveth like a loute,
(Yet of these two, the last fault is the lesse:)
And so those imps which might in time have sprung
Alofte (good lord) and servde to shielde the state,
Are either nipt with such untimely frosts,
Or else growe crookt bycause they be not proynd.

These be the Knights which shold defend the land,
And these be they which leave the land at large.
Yet here percase, it wil be thought I rove
And runne astray, besides the kings high way,
Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell
(And such as shew most perfect in my glasse)
Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours
Whose skill in armes, and long experience
Should still uphold the pillers of the worlde.
Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,
May comprehend, both Duke, Erle, lorde, Knight, Squire,
Yea gentlemen, and every gentle borne.

But if you will constraine me for to speak
What souldiours are, or what they ought to be
(And I my selfe, of that profession)
I see a crew, which glister in my glasse,
The bravest bande that ever yet was sene:
Behold behold, where *Pompey* commes before,
Where *Manlius*, and *Marius* insue,
Æmilius, and *Curius* I see,
Palamedes, and *Fabius maximus*,

And eke their mate, *Epaminondas* loe,
Protesilaus and *Phocyan* are not farre,
Pericles stands in rancke amongst the rest,
Aristomenes, may not be forgot,
Unlesse the list of good men be disgrast.

Behold (my lord) these souldiours can I spie
Within my glasse, within my true Steele glasse.

I see not one therin, which seekes to heape
A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes,
And so beguiles the prince in time of nede,
When muster day and foughten fielde are odde.
Since Pompey *did enrich the common heaps,*
And Paulus *he* (Æmilus *surnamed*)
Returnde to Rome *no richer than he went,*
Although he had so many lands subdued,
And brought such treasure to the common chests,
That fourscore yeres the state was (*after*) *free*
From grevous taske, and imposition.
Yea since againe good Marcus Curius,
Thought sacriledge himselfe for to advance,
And see his souldiours poor or live in lacke.

I see not one within this glass of mine,
Whose fethers flaunt and flicker in the winde,
As though he were all onely to me markt,
When simple snakes, which go not halfe so gay,
Can leave him yet a furlong in the field:
And when the pride of all his peacockes plumes,
Is daunted downe with dastard dreadfulnesse.
And yet in towne he jetted every streete,
As though the god of warres (even *Mars* himself)
Might wel (by him) be lively counterfayte,
Though much more like, the coward *Constantine.*
I see none such, (my Lorde) I see none such,
Since Phocion, *which was in deede a* Mars
And one which did, much more than he wold vaunt,
Contented was to be but homely clad.
And Marius, (*whose constant hart could bide*
The very vaines of his forwearied legges

To be both cut, and carved from his corps)
Could never yet contented be to spend
One idle groate in clothing nor in cates.

I see not one, (my Lord) I see not one
Which stands so much upon his paynted sheath
(Bycause he hath, perchance at *Bolleyn* bene
And loytered since then in idlenesse)
That he accompts no Soldiour but himselfe,
Nor one that can despise the learned brayne,
Which joyneth reading with experience.
Since Palamedes, *and* Ulysses *both*
Were much esteemed for their pollicies
Although they were not thought long trained men.
Epamynondas, *eke was much esteemde*
Whose Eloquence, was such in all respects,
As gave no place unto his manly hart.
And Fabius, *surnamed* Maximus,
Could joyne such learning with experience,
As made his name more famous than the rest.

These bloudy beasts apeare not in my glasse,
Which cannot rule their sword in furious rage,
Nor have respecte to age nor yet to kinde:
But downe goeth all, where they get upper hand
Whose greedy harts so hungrie are to spoyle,
That few regard the very wrath of God,
Which greeved is at cries of giltlesse bloud.
Pericles *was a famous man of warre,*
And victor eke in nine great foughten fields,
Whereof he was the general in charge.
Yet at his death he rather did rejoyce
In clemencie, than bloudy victorie.
Be still (*quoth he*) *you grave* Athenians,
(*Who whispered, and tolde his valiant facts*)
You have forgot my greatest glorie got.
For yet by me, nor mine occasion
Was never sene a mourning garment worne.
O noble words, wel worthy golden writ.
Beleve me (Lord) a souldiour cannot have
Too great regarde whereon his knife should cut

Nor yet the men which wonder at their wounds,
And shewe their scarres to every commer by,
Dare once be seene within my glasse of Steele,
For so the faults of *Thraso* and his trayne,
(Whom *Terence* told to be but bragging brutes)
Might soone appeare to every skilful eye.
Bolde Manlius *could close and wel convey*
Full thirtie wounds, (and three) upon his head,
Yet never made nor bones nor bragges thereof.

What should I speake of drunken Soldiours?
Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy lust?
Of whom that one can sit and bybbe his fill,
Consume his coyne, (which might good corage yeld,
To such as march and move at his commaunde)
And makes himselfe a worthy mocking stocke
Which might deserve, (by sobre life) great laude.
That other dotes, and driveth forth his dayes
In vaine delight and foule concupiscence,
When works of weight, might occupie his hedde.
Yea therwithal he puts his owne fonde heade
Under the belt of such as should him serve,
And so becoms example of much evil,
Which should have servde as lanterne of good life
And is controlde, whereas he should commaund.
Augustus Cæsar, he which might have made
Both feasts and banquets bravely as the best,
Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,
And seldome dranke his wine unwatered.
Aristomenes dayned to defende
His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,
And rather chose to die in their defence,
Then filthy men shoulde soyle their chastitie.
This was a wight wel worthy fame and prayse.

O Captayns come, and Souldiours come apace,
Behold my glasse, and you shall see therin,
Proud *Crassus* bagges, consumde by covetise,
Great *Alexander*, drounde in drunkennesse,
Cæsar and *Pompey*, split with privy grudge,

Brennus beguild with lightnesse of beliefe,
Cleômenes, by ryot not regarded,
Vespasian, disdayned for deceit,
Demetrius, light set by for his lust,
Whereby at last he dyed in prison pent.

Hereto, percase, some one man will alledge,
That Princes pence, are pursed up so close,
And faires do fall so seldome in a yeare,
That when they come, provision must be made
To sende the frost in hardest winter nights.

Indeede I finde within this glasse of mine,
Justinian, that proude ungrateful prince,
Which made to begge bold *Belisarius*,
His trustie man, which had so stoutly fought
In his defence, with evry enimy.
And *Scypio* condemnes the Romaine rule,
Which suffred him (that had so truely served)
To leade poore life at his (*Lynternum*) ferme,
Which did deserve such worthy recompence.
Yea herewithal, most Souldiours of our time,
Beleeve for truth that proude *Justinian*
Did never die without good store of heyres.
And *Romanes* race cannot be rooted out,
Such issew springs, of such unpleasant budds.

But shal I say? this lesson learne of me,
When drums are dumb, and sound not dub a dub.
Then be thou eke as mewt as a mayde
(I preach this sermon but to souldiours)
And learne to live within thy bravries bounds.
Let not the Mercer pul thee by the sleeve
For sutes of silke when cloth may serve thy turne,
Let not thy scores come robbe thy needy purse,
Make not the catchpol rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a Gentle? live with gentle friendes,
Which wil be glad thy companie to have,
If manhoode may with manners well agree.

Art thou a serving man? then serve againe,
And stint to steale as common souldiours do.

Art thou a craftsman? take thee to thine arte,
And cast off slouth, which loytreth in the Campes.

Art thou a plowman pressed for a shift?
Then learne to clout thine old cast cobled shoes,
And rather bide at home with barly bread,
Than learne to spoyle, as thou hast seene some do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions eke)
Who lust by warres to gather lawful welth,
And so to get a right renouned name,
Must cast aside, all common trades of warre,
And learne to live, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me all too long.
Bycause he bare such compasse in my glasse.
High time were then to turne my wery pen,
Unto the Peasant comming next in place,
And here to write, the summe of my conceit,
I do not meane, alonely husbandmen,
Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow and sowe,
Which swinke and sweate whiles we do sleepe and snort
And serch the guts of earth, for greedy gain,
But he that labors any kind of way.
To gather gaines, and to enrich himselfe,
By King, by Knight, by holy helping Priests.
And all the rest, that live in common welth,
(So that his gaines, by greedy guyles be got)
Him can I compt a Peasant in his place.
All officers, all advocates at lawe,
All men of arte, which get goodes greedily,
Must be content, to take a Peasants roome.

A strange devise, and sure my Lord will laugh,
To see it so, desgested in degrees.
But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,
And crave of all (although even now a dayes,
Most officers, commaund that shuld be craved)

He that can share from every pension payde
A Peeter peny weying halfe a pounde,
He that can plucke Sir *Bennet* by the sleeve,
And finde a fee in his pluralitie,
He that can winke at any foule abuse,
As long as gaines come trouling in therwith,
Shal such come see themselves in this my glasse?
Or shal they gaze, as godly good men do?
Yea let them come: but shal I tell you one thing?
How ere their gownes be gathered in the backe,
With organe pipes of old king *Henries* clampe,
How ere their cappes be folded with a flappe,
How ere their beards be clipped by the chinne,
How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,
I compt them worse than harmeles homely hindes,
Which toyle in dede, to serve our common use.

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,
And yet their one eye sharpe as *Linceus* sight,
That one eye winks as though it were but blynd,
That other pries and peekes in every place.
Come naked neede? and chance to do amisse?
He shal be sure to drinke upon the whippe.
But privie gaine, (that bribing busie wretch)
Can finde the meanes, to creepe and cowch so low,
As officers can never see him slyde,
Nor heare the trampling of his stealing steppes.
He comes (I thinke,) upon the blinde side stil.

These things (my Lord) my glasse now sets to shew,
Whereas long since all officers were seene
To be men made out of another moulde.
Epamynond, of whom I spake before
(Which was long time an officer in *Thebes*)
And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,
Would never take a bribe, or rich reward.
And thus he spake to such as sought his helpe:
If it be good, (quoth he) that you desire,
Then wil I do it for the vertues sake:
If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte.

If so it be, for this my common weale,
Then am I borne and bound by duetie both
To see it done withouten furder words.
But if it be unprofitable thing,
And might empaire, offende, or yeld anoy
Unto the state, which I pretende to stay,
Then al the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth
Shal never tempt my free consent thereto.

How many now wil treade *Zeleucus* steps?
Or who can byde *Cambyses* cruel dome?
Cruel? nay just, (yea softe and peace good sir)
For Justice sleepes, and Troth is jested out.

O that all kings, would (*Alexander* like)
Hold evermore one finger streight stretcht out,
To thrust in eyes, of all their master theeves.

But *Brutus* died, without posteritie,
And *Marcus Crassus* had none issue male,
Cicero slipt unsene out of this world,
With many mo, which pleaded Romaine pleas,
And were content to use their eloquence,
In maintenance, of matters that were good.
Demosthenes, in *Athens* used his arte,
(Not for to heape himselfe great hourds of gold,
But) stil to stay the towne from deepe deceite
Of *Philips* wyles, which had besieged it.
Where shal we reade that any of these foure
Did ever pleade as carelesse of the trial?
Or who can say they builded sumpteously?
Or wroong the weake out of his own by wyles?
They were (I trowe) of noble houses borne,
And yet content to use their best devoire,
In furdering eche honest harmelesse cause.
They did not rowte (like rude unringed swine,)
To roote nobilitie from heritage.
They stoode content with gaine of glorious fame,
(Bycause they had respect to equitie)
To leade a life like true Philosophers.
Of all the bristle bearded Advocates

That ever lovde their fees above the cause,
I cannot see, (scarce one) that is so bolde
To shewe his face, and fayned Phisnomie
In this my glasse: but if he do (my Lorde)
He shewes himselfe to be by very kinde
A man which meanes at every time and tide,
To do smal right but sure to take no wrong.

And master Merchant he whose travaile ought
Commodiously to doe his countrie good,
And by his toyle the same for to enriche,
Can finde the meane to make *Monopolyes*
Of every ware that is accompted strange.
And feeds the vaine of courtiers vaine desires
Until the court have courtiers cast at heele,
Quia non habent vestes Nuptiales.

O painted fooles, whose harebrainde heads must have
More clothes attones than might become a king:
For whom the rocks, in forain Realmes must spin,
For whom they card, for whom they weave their webbes,
For whom no wool appeareth fine enough,
(I speake not this by English courtiers
Since English wool, was ever thought most worth)
For whom al seas are tossed to and fro,
For whom these purples come from *Persia*,
The crimosine, and lively red from *Inde*:
For whom soft silks do sayle from *Sericane*,
And all queint costs do come from fardest coasts:
Whiles in meanewhile, that worthy Emperour,
Which rulde the world, and had all welth at wil,
Could be content to tire his wearie wife,
His daughters and his nieces everyone,
To spin and worke the clothes that he shuld weare,
And never cared for silks or sumpteous cost,
For cloth of gold, or tinsel figurie,
For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworks, nor conceits.
He set the shippes of merchantmen on worke,
With bringing home, oyle, graine, and savrie salt
And such like wares as served common use.

Yea for my life, those merchants were not woont
To lend their wares at reasonable rate,
(To gaine no more, but *Cento por cento*,)
To teach yong men the trade to sell browne paper,
Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too sometimes,
To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.
To binde such babes in father Derbies bands,
To stay their steps by statute Staples staffe,
To rule yong roysters with *Recognisance*,
To read *Arithmeticke* once every day,
In Wood street, Bred street, and in Poultery
(Where such schoolmaisters keepe their counting house)
To fede on bones when flesh and fell is gon,
To keepe their byrds ful close in caytiffes cage,
(Who being brought to libertie at large,
Might sing perchaunce, abroade, when sunne doth shine
Of their mishaps, and how their fethers fel)
Untill the canker may their corpse consume.

These knackes (my lord) I cannot call to minde,
Bycause they shewe not in my glasse of steele.
But holla: here, I see a wondrous sight,
I see a swarme of Saints within my glasse:
Beholde, behold, I see a swarme in deede
Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wise
Not deckt in robes nor garnished with gold,
But some unshod, yea some ful thinly clothde,
And yet they seme so heavenly for to see,
As if their eyes were all of Diamonds,
Their face of Rubies, Saphires, and Iacincts,
Their comly beards and hare of silver wiers.
And to be short, they seeme Angelycall.
What should they be, (my Lord) what shoulde they be?

O gratious God, I see now what they be.
These be my priests, which pray for evry state,
These be my priests, devorced from the world,
And wedded yet to heaven and holynesse,
Which are not proude, nor covet to be riche.
Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie foode,

Which envie not nor knowe what malice meanes,
Which loth all lust, disdayning drunkennesse,
Which cannot faine, which hate hypocrisie.
Which never sawe Sir *Simonies* deceits.
Which preach of peace, which carpe contentious
Which loyter not, but labour all the yeare,
Which thunder threts of gods most grevous wrath,
And yet do teach, that mercie is in store.

Lo these (my Lord) be my good praying priests,
Descended from *Melchysedec* by line
Cosens to Paule, to Peter, James, and John,
These be my priests, the seasning of the earth
Which wil not lose their Savrinesse, I trowe.

Not one of these (for twentie hundreth groats)
Wil teach the text that byddes him take a wife,
And yet be combred with a concubine.

Not one of these wil reade the holy writ
Which doth forbid all greedy usurie,
And yet receive a shilling for a pounde.

Not one of these wil preach of patience,
And yet be found as angry as a waspe,

Not one of these can be content to sit
In Taverns, Innes, or Alehouses all day,
But spends his time devoutly at his booke.

Not one of these will rayle at rulers wrongs,
And yet be blotted with extortion.

Not one of these will paint out worldly pride.
And he himselfe as gallaunt as he dare.

Not one of these rebuketh avarice,
And yet procureth proude pluralities.

Not one of these, reproveth vanitie
(Whiles he himselfe with hauke upon his fist
And houndes at heele,) doth quite forget his text.

Not one of these corrects contentions,
For trifling things and yet will sue for tythes.

Not one of these (not one of these my Lord)
Wil be ashamde to do even as he teacheth.

My priests have learnt to pray unto the Lord,
And yet they trust not in their lip labour.

My priests can fast, and use all abstinence,
From vice and sinne, and yet refuse no meats.

My priests can give in charitable wise,
And love also to do good almes dedes,
Although they trust not in their owne deserts.

My priestes can place all penaunce in the heart,
Without regard of outward ceremonies.

My priests can keepe their temples undefyled,
And yet defie all Superstition.

Lo now my Lorde, what thinke you by my priests?
Although they were the last that shewed themselves,
I saide at first their office was to pray,
And since the time is such even now a dayes,
As hath great nede of prayers truely prayde,
Come forth my priests, and I will bydde your beades.
I wil presume, (although I be no priest)
To bidde you pray as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my priests, yea pray to god himselfe,
That he vouchsafe, (even for his Christes sake)
To give his word free passage here on earth,
And that his church (which now is Militant)
May soone be sene triumphant over all,
And that he deigne to ende this wicked world,
Which walloweth stil in Sinks of filthy sinne.

Eke pray my priests for Princes and for Kings,
Emperours, Monarks, Dukes, and all estates,
Which sway the sworde of royal government,
(Of whom our Queene which lives without compare
Must be the chiefe in bydding of my beades,

Else I deserve to lese both beades and bones)
That God give light unto their noble mindes,
To maintaine truth and therwith stil to wey
That here they reigne not onely for themselves,
And that they be but slaves to common welth,
Since all their toyles, an all their broken sleeps
Shal scant suffize to hold it stil upright.

Tell some (in *Spaine*) how close they kepe their closets,
How selde the winde doth blow upon their cheeks,
While as (mene while) their sunburnt suitors starve
And pine before their processe be preferrde.
Then pray (my priests) that god wil give his grace,
To such a prince his fault in time to mende.

Tel some (in *France*) how much they love to dance,
While suitors daunce attendaunce at the dore.
Yet pray (my priests) for prayers princes mende.

Tel some (in *Portugale*,) how colde they be,
In setting forth of right religion:
Which more esteme the present pleasures here,
Then stablishing of God his holy worde.
And pray (my Priests) least god such princes spit,
And vomit them out of his angrie mouth.

Tel some (*Italian*) princes, how they winke
At stinking stewes, and say they are (forsooth)
A remedy, to quenche foule filthy luste:
When as (in dede they be the sinkes of sinne.
And pray (my priests) that God will not impute
Such wilful facts, unto such princes charge,
When he himselfe commaundeth every man
To do none ill that good may grow therby.

And pray likewise for all that rulers be
By kings commaundes, as their lieftenants here,
All magistrates, all councellours, and all
That sit in office or Authoritie.
Pray, pray, (my priests) that neither love nor mede
Do sway their minds from furdering of right,

That they be not, too saintish nor too sowre,
But beare the bridle evenly betwene both,
That stil they stoppe one eare to heare him speake,
Which is accused absent as he is:
That evermore they mark what moode doth move
The mouth which makes the information,
That faults forpaste (so that they be not huge,
Nor do exceed the bonds of loyaltie)
Do never quench ther charitable minde,
When as they see repentance hold the reines
Of heady youth, which wont to runne astray.
That malice make no mansion in their minds,
Nor envy frete, to see how vertue clymes.
The greater Birth, the greater glory sure,
If deeds mainteine their auncestors degree.

Eke pray (my Priests) for them and for yourselves,
For Bishops, Prelats, Archdeanes, deanes, and Priests
And all that preach or otherwise professe
Gods holy word, and take the cure of soules.
Pary pray that you, and every one of you,
Maye walke upright in your vocation.
And that you shine like lamps of perfect life,
To lende a light and lanterne to our feete.

Say therwithal, that some, (I see them, I,
Whereas they fling, in *Flaunders* all afarre,
For why my glasse wil shew them as they be)
Do neither care, for God nor yet for devill,
So libertie may launch about at large.

And some again (I see them well enough
And note their names in *Liegelande* where they lurke)
Under pretence, of holy humble harts
Would plucke adowne all princely *Dyademe.*
Pray, pray (my priests) for these, they touch you neere.

Shrinke not to say, that some do (Romainelike)
Esteme their pall and habyte overmuche.
And therfore pray (my priests) lest pride prevaile.

Pray that the soules of sundrie damned ghosts
Do not come in and bring good evidence
Before the God which judgeth al mens thoughts,
Of some whose welth made them neglect their charge
Til secret sinnes (untoucht) infecte their flocks
And bredde a scab which brought the sheep to bane.

Some other ranne before the greedy woolfe,
And left the folde, unfended from the fox
Which durst not barke nor bawle for both theyr eares.
Then pray (my priests) that such no more do so.

Pray for the nources of our noble Realme,
I meane the worthy Universities,
(And *Cantabridge*,shal have the dignitie,
Wherof I was unworthy member once)
That they bring up their babes in decent wise:
That *Philosophy* smel no secret smoke,
Which *Magike* makes in wicked mysteries:
That *Logike* leape not over every stile,
Before he come a furlong neare the hedge,
With curious *Quids*, to maintain argument.
That *Sophistrie*, do not deceive it selfe,
That *Cosmography* keepe his compasse wel,
And such as be *Historiographers*,
Trust not too much in every tatlying tong,
Nor blynded be by partialitie.
That *Phisicke* thrive not over fast by murder:
That *Numbring* men in all their evens and odds
Do not forget, that only *Unitie*
Unmeasurable, infinite, and one.
That *Geometrie*, measure not so long,
Till all their measures out of measure be:
That *Musike* with his heavenly harmonie,
Do not allure a heavenly minde from heaven,
Nor set mens thoughts in worldly melodie,
Til heavenly *Hierarchies* be quite forgot:
That *Rhetorick* learne not to overreache:
That *Poetrie* presume not for to preache,
And bite mens faults with *Satyres* corosives,

Yet pamper up her own with poultesses:
Or that she dote not uppon *Erato*,
Which should invoke the good *Caliope:*
That *Astrologie* looke not over high,
And light (meane while) in every pudled pit:
That *Grammer* grudge not at our English tong,
Bycause it stands by *Monosyllables*
And cannot be declined as others are.
Pray thus (my priests) for universities.
And if I have forgotten any Arte,
Which hath bene taught, or exercised there,
Pray you to God, the good be not abused,
With glorious shewe of overloding skill.
Now these be past, (my priests) yet shal you pray
For common people, eche in his degree,
That God vouchsafe to graunt them al his grace.
Where should I now beginne to bidde my beades?
Or who shal first be put in common place?
My wittes bewearie, and my eyes are dymme,
I cannot see who best deserves the roome,
Stand forth good *Pierce*, thou plowman by thy name,
Yet so the Sayler saith I do him wrong:
That one contends his paines are without peere,
That other saith, that none be like to his,
In dede they labour both exceedingly.
But since I see no shipman that can live
Without the plough, and yet I many see
(Which live by lande) that never sawe the seas:
Therefore I say, stand forth *Pierce* plowman first,
Thou winst the roome by verie worthinesse.

Behold him (priests) and though he stink of sweat
Disdaine him not: for shal I tel you what?
Such clime to heaven before the shaven crownes.
But how? forsooth, with true humilytie.
Not that they hoord their grain when it is cheape,
Nor that they kill the calfe to have the milke,
Nor that they set debate betwene their lords,
By earing up the balks that part their bounds:
Nor for because they can both crowche and creep

(The guilefulst men that ever God yet made)
When as they meane most mischiefe and deceite,
Nor that they can crie out on landelordes lowde,
And say they racke their rents an ace to high,
When they themselves do sell their landlords lambe
For greater price than ewe was wont be worth.
I see you *Pierce*, my glasse was lately scowrde.
But for they feed with frutes of their gret paines,
Both King and Knight, and priests in cloyster pent:
Therefore I say that sooner some of them
Shal scale the walles which leade us up to heaven,
Than cornfed beasts whose bellie is their God,
Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my priests) pray you to God for *Pierce*,
As *Pierce* can pinch it out for him and you.
And if you have a *Paternoster* spare
Then shal you pray, for Saylers (God them send
More mind of him when as they come to lande,
For towarde shipwracke many men can pray)
That they once learne to speake without a lye,
And meane good faith without blaspheming oathes:
That they forget to steale from every freight,
And for to forge false cockets, free to passe,
That manners make them give their betters place,
And use good words though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my priests begin to frowne,
And say that thus they shal be overchargde,
To pray for all which seme to do amisse:
And one I heare, more saucie than the rest,
Which asketh me, when shal our prayers end?
I tel thee (priest) when shoomakers make shoes,
That are wel sowed with never a stich amisse,
And use no crafte in uttring of the same:
When Taylours steale no stuffe from gentlemen,
When Tanners are, with Curriers well agreede,
And both so dresse their hydes that we go dry.
When Cutlers leave to sel olde rustie blades,
And hide no crackes with soder nor deceit:
When tinkers make no more holes than they founde,

When thatchers thinke their wages worth their worke,
When colliers put no dust into their sacks,
When maltemen make us drink no furmentye,
When Davie Diker diggs, and dallies not,
When smithes shoo horses as they would be shod,
When millers toll not with a golden thumbe,
When bakers make not barme beare price of wheat,
When brewers put no bagage in their beere,
When butchers blowe not over all their fleshe,
When horsecorsers beguile no friends with jades,
When weavers weight is found in huswives web.
(But why dwell I so long among these lowts?)

When mercers make more bones to swere and lye,
When vintners mix no water with their wine,
When printers passe no errours in their bookes,
When hatters use to bye no olde cast robes,
When goldsmithes get no gains by sodred crownes,
When upholsters sel fethers without dust,
When pewterers infect no Tin with leade,
When drapers draw no gaines by giving day,
When perchmentiers put in no ferret Silke,
When Surgeons heale all wounds without delay.
(Tush these are toys, but yet my glas sheweth al.)

When purveyours provide not for themselves,
When Takers take no brybes nor use no brags,
When customers conceale no covine used,
When Searchers see all corners in a shippe,
(And spie no pens by any sight they see)
When sheriffs do serve all processe as they ought,
When baylies strain none other thing but strays,
When auditours their counters cannot change,
When proude surveyours take no parting pens,
When silver sticks not on the Tellers fingers,
And when receivers pay as they receive,
When all these folke have quite forgotten fraude.

(Againe (my priests) a little by your leave)
When Sicophants can finde no place in courte,
But are espied for *Ecchoes* as they are,

When roysters ruffle not above their rule,
Nor colour crafte, by swearing precious coles:
When Fencers fees are like to apes rewards,
A peece of breade and therwithal a bobbe.
When Lais lives not like a ladys peer,
Nor useth art in dying of her hare.
When all these things are ordred as they ought,
And see themselves, within my glasse of steele,
Even then (my priests) may you make holyday,
And pray no more but ordinairie prayers.

And yet therin, I pray you (my good priests)
Pray stil for me, and for my Glasse of steele
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,
Bycause we shew all colours in their kinde.
And pray for me, that (since my hap is such
To see men so) I may perceive myselfe.
O worthy words, to ende my worthlesse verse,
Pray for me Priests, I pray you pray for me.

FINIS.

AN APOLOGIE FOR POETRIE

—

BY

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

A NOBLE life ending in the death of a Christian hero will keep Sidney's memory dear to lovers of a beautiful character, touched with the genius of poetry. The verse he penned is less attractive than inferior poems couched in more glittering phrases. Allowance must be made for the date at which he wrote, and the conditions in which poetry then struggled. His prose has the higher qualities of the best literature, a noble aim, a clear utterance, and sound judgment. The Defence of, or Apology for, Poetry, is a splendid vindication of the poet's claims, mission, and power.

Sidney's sonnets will always hold their own by virtue of the grace of sentiment and expression that marks them. His poetical romance, "Arcadia," occupies a place of its own in the history of English literature. The life of so great promise and actual achievement was cut short before its prime.

Sir Philip Sidney was born in Kent in 1554. His father was made Lord President of Wales, virtually Viceroy. At eighteen Philip went on the grand tour, and was in Paris, concealed, during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. In his twenty-third year Sidney was appointed on an embassy to the Emperor of Germany in the interests of Protestantism. His sister Mary, who shared his gifts, was the subject of Ben Jonson's famous epitaph on—

> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death, ere thou hast slain another,
> Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Sidney married and was knighted in 1583. In 1585 Queen Elizabeth made him Governor of Flushing during her expedition to the Netherlands. At the battle of Zutphen he was fatally wounded by a musket-ball. He died October 17, 1586. His nobility glows in his memorable words as he refused the drink of water his agony craved. Seeing the dying look of a soldier they were carrying past as he was about to drink, he gave him the water, saying, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."

AN APOLOGIE FOR POETRIE

When the right virtuous Edward Wotton and I were at the Emperor's court together, we gave ourselves to learn horsemanship of Gio. Pietro Pugliano; one that, with great commendation, had the place of an esquire in his stable; and he, according to the fertileness of the Italian wit, did not only afford us the demonstration of his practice, but sought to enrich our minds with the contemplation therein, which he thought most precious. But with none, I remember, mine ears were at any time more laden, than when (either angered with slow payment, or moved with our learner-like admiration) he exercised his speech in the praise of his faculty.

He said, soldiers were the noblest estate of mankind, and horsemen the noblest of soldiers. He said, they were the masters of war and ornaments of peace, speedy goers, and strong abiders, triumphers both in camps and courts; nay, to so unbelieved a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a prince, as to be a good horseman; skill of government was but a «pedanteria» in comparison. Then would he add certain praises by telling what a peerless beast the horse was, the only serviceable courtier, without flattery, the beast of most beauty, faithfulness, courage, and such more, that if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse. But thus much, at least, with his no few words, he drove into me, that self-love is better than any gilding, to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves be parties.

Wherein, if Pugliano's strong affection and weak arguments will not satisfy you, I will give you a nearer example of myself, who, I know not by what mischance, in these my

not old years and idlest times, having slipped into the title of a poet, am provoked to say something unto you in the defence of that my unelected vocation; which if I handle with more good will than good reasons, bear with me, since the scholar is to be pardoned that followeth the steps of his master.

And yet I must say, that as I have more just cause to make a pitiful defence of poor poetry, which, from almost the highest estimation of learning, is fallen to be the laughing-stock of children; so have I need to bring some more available proofs, since the former is by no man barred of his deserved credit, whereas the silly latter hath had even the names of philosophers used to the defacing of it, with great danger of civil war among the Muses.

At first, truly, to all them that, professing learning, inveigh against poetry, may justly be objected, that they go very near to ungratefulness to seek to deface that which, in the noblest nations and languages that are known, hath been the first light-giver to ignorance, and first nurse, whose milk by little and little enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will you play the hedgehog, that being received into the den, drove out his host? or rather the vipers, that with their birth kill their parents?

Let learned Greece, in any of her manifold sciences, be able to show me one book before Musæus, Homer, and Hesiod, all three nothing else but poets. Nay, let any history be brought that can say any writers were there before them, if they were not men of the same skill, as Orpheus, Linus, and some others are named, who having been the first of that country that made pens deliverers of their knowledge to posterity, may justly challenge to be called their fathers in learning. For not only in time they had this priority (although in itself antiquity be venerable), but went before them as causes to draw with their charming sweetness the wild untamed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as Amphion was said to move stones with his poetry to build Thebes, and Orpheus to be listened to by beasts, indeed, stony and beastly people, so among the Romans were Livius Andronicus, and Ennius; so in the Italian language, the first that made it to aspire to be a treasure-

house of science, were the poets Dante, Boccace, and Petrarch; so in our English were Gower and Chaucer; after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed to beautify our mother tongue, as well in the same kind as other arts.

This did so notably show itself that the philosophers of Greece durst not a long time appear to the world but under the mask of poets; so Thales, Empedocles, and Parmenides sang their natural philosophy in verses; so did Pythagoras and Phocylides their moral counsels; so did Tyrtæus in war matters; and Solon in matters of policy; or rather they, being poets, did exercise their delightful vein in those points of highest knowledge, which before them lay hidden to the world; for that wise Solon was directly a poet it is manifest, having written in verse the notable fable of the Atlantic Island, which was continued by Plato. And, truly, even Plato, whosoever well considereth shall find that in the body of his work, though the inside and strength were philosophy, the skin, as it were, and beauty depended most of poetry. For all stands upon dialogues; wherein he feigns many honest burgesses of Athens speaking of such matters that if they had been set on the rack they would never have confessed them; besides, his poetical describing the circumstances of their meetings, as the well-ordering of a banquet, the delicacy of a walk, with interlacing mere tales, as Gyges's Ring, and others; which, who knows not to be flowers of poetry, did never walk into Apollo's garden.

And even historiographers, although their lips sound of things done, and verity be written in their foreheads, have been glad to borrow both fashion and, perchance, weight of the poets; so Herodotus entitled the books of his history by the names of the Nine Muses; and both he, and all the rest that followed him, either stole or usurped, of poetry, their passionate describing of passions, the many particularities of battles which no man could affirm; or, if that be denied me, long orations, put in the mouths of great kings and captains, which it is certain they never pronounced.

So that, truly, neither philosopher nor historiographer could, at the first, have entered into the gates of popular judgments, if they had not taken a great disport of poetry;

which in all nations, at this day, where learning flourisheth not, is plain to be seen; in all which they have some feeling of poetry. In Turkey, besides their lawgiving divines they have no other writers but poets. In our neighbor country Ireland, where, too, learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in a devout reverence. Even among the most barbarous and simple Indians, where no writing is, yet have they their poets who make and sing songs, which they call «Arentos,» both of their ancestors' deeds and praises of their gods. A sufficient probability, that if ever learning comes among them, it must be by having their hard dull wits softened and sharpened with the sweet delight of poetry; for until they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge will little persuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In Wales, the true remnant of the ancient Britons, as there are good authorities to show the long time they had poets, which they called bards, so through all the conquests of Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, some of whom did seek to ruin all memory of learning from among them, yet do their poets, even to this day, last; so as it is not more notable in the soon beginning than in long-continuing.

But since the authors of most of our sciences were the Romans, and before them the Greeks, let us, a little, stand upon their authorities; but even so far, as to see what names they have given unto this now scorned skill. Among the Romans a poet was called «vates,» which is as much as a diviner, foreseer, or prophet, as by his conjoined words «vaticinium,» and «vaticinari,» is manifest; so heavenly a title did that excellent people bestow upon this heart-ravishing knowledge! And so far were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the changeable hitting upon any such verses, great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of sortes Virgilianæ; when, by sudden opening Virgil's book, they lighted upon some verse, as it is reported by many, whereof the histories of the Emperors' lives are full. As of Albinus, the governor of our island, who, in his childhood, met with this verse—

Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis

and in his age performed it. Although it were a very vain and godless superstition; as also it was, to think spirits were commanded by such verses; whereupon this word charms, derived of «carmina,» cometh, so yet serveth it to show the great reverence those wits were held in; and altogether not without ground, since both the oracles of Delphi and the Sibyl's prophecies were wholly delivered in verses; for that same exquisite observing of number and measure in the words, and that high-flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet, did seem to have some divine force in it.

And may not I presume a little farther to show the reasonableness of this word «vates,» and say, that the holy David's Psalms are a divine poem? If I do, I shall not do it without the testimony of great learned men, both ancient and modern. But even the name of Psalms will speak for me, which, being interpreted, is nothing but Songs; then, that is fully written in metre, as all learned Hebricians agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly, and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awaking his musical instruments; the often and free changing of persons; his notable prosopopœias, when he maketh you, as it were, see God coming in His majesty; his telling of the beasts' joyfulness, and hills leaping; but a heavenly poesy, wherein, almost, he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith? But truly, now, having named him, I fear I seem to profane that holy name, applying it to poetry, which is, among us, thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that, with quiet judgments, will look a little deeper into it, shall find the end and working of it such, as, being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the Church of God.

But now let us see how the Greeks have named it, and how they deemed of it. The Greeks named him ποιητὴν, which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages; it cometh of this word ποιεῖν, which is *to make;* wherein, I know not whether by luck or wisdom, we Englishmen have met with the Greeks in calling him «a maker,» which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had

rather were known by marking the scope of other sciences, than by any partial allegation. There is no art delivered unto mankind that hath not the works of nature for his principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. So doth the astronomer look upon the stars, and by that he seeth set down what order nature hath taken therein. So doth the geometrician and arithmetician, in their diverse sorts of quantities. So doth the musician, in times, tell you which by nature agree, which not. The natural philosopher thereon hath his name; and the moral philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or passions of man; and follow nature, saith he, therein, and thou shalt not err. The lawyer saith what men have determined. The historian, what men have done. The grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech; and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The physician weigheth the nature of a man's body, and the nature of things helpful and hurtful unto it. And the metaphysic, though it be in the second and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he, indeed, build upon the depth of nature. Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigor of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature; in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite anew; forms such as never were in nature, as the heroes, demi-gods, Cyclops, chimeras, furies, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with Nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-much-loved earth more lovely; her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden.

But let those things alone, and go to man; for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her uttermost

cunning is employed; and know, whether she have brought forth so true a lover as Theagenes; so constant a friend as Pylades; so valiant a man as Orlando; so right a prince as Xenophon's Cyrus; and so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Æneas? Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential, the other in imitation or fiction; for every understanding knoweth the skill of each artificer standeth in that idea, or fore-conceit of the work, and not in the work itself. And that the poet hath that idea is manifest by delivering them forth in such excellency as he had imagined them; which delivering forth, also, is not wholly imaginative, as we are wont to say by them that build castles in the air; but so far substantially it worketh not only to make a Cyrus, which had been but a particular excellency, as nature might have done; but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world to make many Cyruses; if they will learn aright, why, and how, that maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honor to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who having made man to His own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature; which in nothing he showeth so much as in poetry; when, with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings, with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam; since our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by fewer granted; thus much I hope will be given me, that the Greeks, with some probability of reason, gave him the name above all names of learning.

Now let us go to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be the more palpable; and so, I hope, though we get not so unmatched a praise as the etymology of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will deny, shall not justly be barred from a principal commendation.

Poesy, therefore, is an art of imitation; for so Aristotle termeth it in the word μίμησις; that is to say, a representing,

counterfeiting, or figuring forth: to speak metaphorically, a speaking picture, with this end, to teach and delight.

Of this have been three general kinds: the *chief*, both in antiquity and excellency, where they that did imitate the inconceivable excellencies of God; such were David in the Psalms; Solomon in the Song of Songs, in his Ecclesiastes, and Proverbs; Moses and Deborah in their hymns; and the writer of Job; which, beside others, the learned Emanuel Tremellius and Fr. Junius do entitle the poetical part of the Scripture; against these none will speak that hath the Holy Ghost in due holy reverence. In this kind, though in a wrong divinity, were Orpheus, Amphion, Homer in his hymns, and many others, both Greeks and Romans. And this poesy must be used by whosoever will follow St. Paul's counsel, in singing psalms when they are merry; and I know is used with the fruit of comfort by some, when, in sorrowful pangs of their death-bringing sins, they find the consolation of the never-leaving goodness.

The *second* kind is of them that deal with matter philosophical; either moral, as Tyrtæus, Phocylides, Cato; or, natural, as Lucretius, Virgil's Georgics; or astronomical, as Manilius and Pontanus; or historical, as Lucan; which who mislike, the fault is in their judgment, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

But because this second sort is wrapped within the fold of the proposed subject, and takes not the free course of his own invention; whether they properly be poets or no, let grammarians dispute, and go to the *third*, indeed right poets, of whom chiefly this question ariseth; betwixt whom and these second is such a kind of difference, as betwixt the meaner sort of painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them; and the more excellent, who having no law but wit, bestow that in colors upon you which is fittest for the eye to see; as the constant, though lamenting look of Lucretia, when she punished in herself another's fault; wherein he painteth not Lucretia, whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a virtue. For these three be they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight; and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or shall be; but range only, reined with learned dis-

cretion, into the divine consideration of what may be, and should be. These be they, that, as the first and most noble sort, may justly be termed «vates»; so these are waited on in the excellentest languages and best understandings, with the fore-described name of poets. For these, indeed, do merely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to move men to take that goodness in hand, which, without delight they would fly as from a stranger; and teach to make them know that goodness whereunto they are moved; which being the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to bark at them.

These be subdivided into sundry more special denominations; the most notable be the heroic, lyric, tragic, comic, satyric, iambic, elegiac, pastoral, and certain others; some of these being termed according to the matter they deal with; some by the sort of verse they like best to write in; for, indeed, the greatest part of poets have apparelled their poetical inventions in that numerous kind of writing which is called verse. Indeed, but apparelled verse, being but an ornament, and no cause to poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets. For Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently as to give us *effigiem justi imperii*, the portraiture of a just empire, under the name of Cyrus, as Cicero saith of him, made therein an absolute heroical poem. So did Heliodorus, in his sugared invention of that picture of love in Theagenes and Chariclea; and yet both these wrote in prose; which I speak to show, that it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet (no more than a long gown maketh an advocate, who, though he pleaded in armor should be an advocate and no soldier); but it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by. Although, indeed, the senate of poets have chosen verse as their fittest raiment; meaning, as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to go beyond them; not speaking table talk fashion, or like men in a dream, words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but piecing each syllable of each

word by just proportion, according to the dignity of the subject.

Now, therefore, it shall not be amiss, first, to weight this latter sort of poetry by his *works*, and then by his *parts;* and if in neither of these anatomies he be commendable, I hope we shall receive a more favorable sentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end soever it be directed; the final end is, to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay lodgings, can be capable of. This, according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impressions; for some that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be so high or heavenly as to be acquainted with the stars, gave themselves to astronomy; others, persuading themselves to be demi-gods, if they knew the causes of things, became natural and supernatural philosophers. Some an admirable delight drew to music, and some the certainty of demonstrations to the mathematics; but all, one and other, having this scope to know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoying his own divine essence. But when, by the balance of experience, it was found that the astronomer, looking to the stars, might fall in a ditch; that the inquiring philosopher might be blind in himself; and the mathematician might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart; then lo! did proof, the over-ruler of opinions, make manifest that all these are but serving sciences, which, as they have a private end in themselves, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistress knowledge, by the Greeks called ἀρχιτεκτονική, which stands, as I think, in the knowledge of a man's self; in the ethic and politic consideration, with the end of well doing, and not of well knowing only; even as the saddler's next end is to make a good saddle, but his farther end to serve a nobler faculty, which is horsemanship; so the horseman's to soldiery; and the soldier not only to have the skill, but to perform the practice of a soldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that

most serve to bring forth that have a most just title to be princes over all the rest; wherein, if we can show it rightly, the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors.

Among whom principally to challenge it, step forth the moral philosophers; whom, methinks, I see coming toward me with a sullen gravity (as though they could not abide vice by daylight), rudely clothed, for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things, with books in their hands against glory, whereto they set their names; sophistically speaking against subtlety, and angry with any man in whom they see the foul fault of anger. These men, casting largesses as they go, of definitions, divisions, and distinctions, with a scornful interrogative do soberly ask: Whether it be possible to find any path so ready to lead a man to virtue, as that which teacheth what virtue is; and teacheth it not only by delivering forth his very being, his causes and effects; but also by making known his enemy, vice, which must be destroyed; and his cumbersome servant, passion, which must be mastered, by showing the generalities that contain it, and the specialities that are derived from it; lastly, by plain setting down how it extends itself out of the limits of a man's own little world, to the government of families, and maintaining of public societies?

The historian scarcely gives leisure to the moralist to say so much, but that he (laden with old mouse-eaten records, authorizing himself, for the most part, upon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built upon the notable foundation of hearsay, having much ado to accord differing writers, and to pick truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thousand years ago than with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goes than how his own wit runs; curious for antiquities, and inquisitive of novelties, a wonder to young folks, and a tyrant in table-talk) denieth, in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of virtue and virtuous actions, is comparable to him. I am « Testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuncia vetustatis.»[1] The philosopher, saith he, teacheth a disputative virtue, but I do an active; his virtue is excellent in the

[1] "Witness of the times, light of truth, life of memory, mistress of life, messenger of antiquity."—Cicero, "De Oratore."

dangerous academy of Plato, but mine showeth forth her honorable face in the battles of Marathon, Pharsalia, Poictiers, and Agincourt: he teacheth virtue by certain abstract considerations; but I only bid you follow the footing of them that have gone before you: old-aged experience goeth beyond the fine-witted philosopher; but I give the experience of many ages. Lastly, if he make the song book, I put the learner's hand to the lute; and if he be the guide, I am the light. Then would he allege you innumerable examples, confirming story by stories, how much the wisest senators and princes have been directed by the credit of history, as Brutus, Alphonsus of Aragon (and who not? if need be). At length, the long line of their disputation makes a point in this, that the one giveth the precept, and the other the example.

Now whom shall we find, since the question standeth for the highest form in the school of learning, to be moderator? Truly, as me seemeth, the poet; and if not a moderator, even the man that ought to carry the title from them both, and much more from all other serving sciences. Therefore compare we the poet with the historian, and with the moral philosopher; and if he go beyond them both, no other human skill can match him; for as for the Divine, with all reverence, he is ever to be excepted, not only for having his scope as far beyond any of these, as eternity exceedeth a moment, but even for passing each of these in themselves; and for the lawyer, though «Jus» be the daughter of Justice, the chief of virtues, yet because he seeks to make men good rather «formidine pœnæ» than «virtutis amore,» or, to say righter, doth not endeavor to make men good, but that their evil hurt not others, having no care, so he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be: therefore, as our wickedness maketh him necessary, and necessity maketh him honorable, so is he not in the deepest truth to stand in rank with these, who all endeavor to take naughtiness away, and plant goodness even in the secretest cabinet of our souls. And these four are all that any way deal in the consideration of men's manners, which being the supreme knowledge, they that best breed it deserve the best commendation.

The philosopher, therefore, and the historian are they

which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example; but both, not having both, do both halt. For the philosopher, setting down with thorny arguments the bare rule, is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him shall wade in him until he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and general, that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy that can apply what he doth understand. On the other side the historian, wanting the precept, is so tied, not to what should be, but to what is; to the particular truth of things, and not to the general reason of things; that his example draweth no necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine.

Now doth the peerless poet perform both; for whatsoever the philosopher saith should be done, he giveth a perfect picture of it, by some one by whom he pre-supposeth it was done, so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture, I say; for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul, so much as that other doth. For as, in outward things, to a man that had never seen an elephant, or a rhinoceros, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shape, color, bigness, and particular marks? or of a gorgeous palace, an architect, who, declaring the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeat, as it were, by rote, all he had heard, yet should never satisfy his inward conceit, with being witness to itself of a true living knowledge; but the same man, as soon as he might see those beasts well painted, or that house well in model, should straightway grow, without need of any description, to a judicial comprehending of them; so, no doubt, the philosopher, with his learned definitions, be it of virtue or vices, matters of public policy or private government, replenisheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which, notwithstanding, lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of poesy.

Tully taketh much pains, and many times not without

poetical help, to make us know the force love of our country hath in us. Let us but hear old Anchises, speaking in the midst of Troy's flames, or see Ulysses, in the fulness of all Calypso's delights, bewail his absence from barren and beggarly Ithaca. Anger, the Stoics said, was a short madness; let but Sophocles bring you Ajax on a stage, killing or whipping sheep and oxen, thinking them the army of Greeks, with their chieftains Agamemnon and Menelaus; and tell me, if you have not a more familiar insight into anger, than finding in the schoolmen his genus and difference? See whether wisdom and temperance in Ulysses and Diomedes, valor in Achilles, friendship in Nisus and Euryalus, even to an ignorant man, carry not an apparent shining; and, contrarily, the remorse of conscience in Œdipus; the soon-repenting pride in Agamemnon; the self-devouring cruelty in his father Atreus; the violence of ambition in the two Theban brothers; the sour sweetness of revenge in Medea; and, to fall lower, the Terentian Gnatho, and our Chaucer's Pandar, so expressed, that we now use their names to signify their trades; and finally, all virtues, vices, and passions so in their own natural states laid to the view, that we seem not to hear of them, but clearly to see through them?

But even in the most excellent determination of goodness, what philosopher's counsel can so readily direct a prince as the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon? Or a virtuous man in all fortunes, as Æneas in Virgil? Or a whole commonwealth, as the way of Sir Thomas More's Utopia? I say the way, because where Sir Thomas More erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the poet; for that way of patterning a commonwealth was most absolute, though he, perchance, hath not so absolutely performed it. For the question is, whether the feigned image of poetry, or the regular instruction of philosophy, hath the more force in teaching. Wherein, if the philosophers have more rightly showed themselves philosophers, than the poets have attained to the high top of their profession (as in truth,

"Mediocribus esse poëtis
Non Dî, non homines, non concessere columnæ," [1])

[1] Horace's "Ars Poetica," lines 372-3. But Horace wrote "Non homines, non Di"—"Neither men, gods, nor lettered columns have admitted mediocrity in poets."

it is, I say again, not the fault of the art, but that by few men that art can be accomplished. Certainly, even our Saviour Christ could as well have given the moral commonplaces of uncharitableness and humbleness, as the divine narration of Dives and Lazarus; or of disobedience and mercy, as the heavenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious father; but that his thorough searching wisdom knew the estate of Dives burning in hell, and of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, would more constantly, as it were, inhabit both the memory and judgment. Truly, for myself (me seems), I see before mine eyes the lost child's disdainful prodigality turned to envy a swine's dinner; which, by the learned divines, are thought not historical acts, but instructing parables.

For conclusion, I say the philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for the tenderest stomachs; the poet is, indeed, the right popular philosopher. Whereof Æsop's tales give good proof; whose pretty allegories, stealing under the formal tales of beasts, make many, more beastly than beasts, begin to hear the sound of virtue from those dumb speakers.

But now may it be alleged, that if this managing of matters be so fit for the imagination, then must the historian needs surpass, who brings you images of true matters, such as, indeed, were done, and not such as fantastically or falsely may be suggested to have been done. Truly, Aristotle himself, in his Discourse of Poesy, plainly determineth this question, saying, that poetry is φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ πσουδαιότερον, that is to say, it is more philosophical and more ingenious than history. His reason is, because poesy dealeth with καθόλου, that is to say, with the universal consideration, and the history καθ' ἕκαστον, the particular. «Now,» saith he, «the universal weighs what is fit to be said or done, either in likelihood or necessity; which the poesy considereth in his imposed names; and the particular only marks, whether Alcibiades did, or suffered, this or that:» thus far Aristotle.[1]

[1] *Thus far Aristotle.* The whole passage in the "Poetics" runs: "It is not by writing in verse or prose that the Historian and Poet are

Which reason of his, as all his, is most full of reason. For, indeed, if the question were, whether it were better to have a particular act truly or falsely set down? there is no doubt which is to be chosen, no more than whether you had rather have Vespasian's picture right as he was, or, at the painter's pleasure, nothing resembling? But if the question be, for your own use and learning, whether it be better to have it set down as it should be, or as it was? then, certainly, is more doctrinable the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon, than the true Cyrus in Justin; and the feigned Æneas in Virgil, than the right Æneas in Dares Phrygius; as to a lady that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a painter should more benefit her, to portrait a most sweet face, writing Canidia upon it, than to paint Canidia as she was, who Horace sweareth, was full ill-favored. If the poet do his part aright, he will show you in Tantalus, Atreus, and such like, nothing that is not to be shunned; in Cyrus, Æneas, Ulysses, each thing to be followed; where the historian, bound to tell things as things were, cannot be liberal, without he will be poetical, of a perfect pattern; but, as in Alexander, or Scipio himself, show doings, some to be liked, some to be misliked; and then how will you discern what to follow, but by your own discretion, which you had, without reading Q. Curtius? And whereas, a man may say, though in universal consideration of doctrine, the poet prevaileth, yet that the history, in his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that he shall follow; the answer is manifest: that if he stand upon that *was*, as if he should argue, because it rained yesterday therefore it should rain to-day; then, indeed, hath it some advantage to a gross conceit. But if he know an example only enforms a conjec-

distinguished. The work of Herodotus might be versified; but it would still be a species of History, no less with metre than without. They are distinguished by this, that the one relates what has been, the other what might be. On this account Poetry is more philosophical, and a more excellent thing than History, for Poetry is chiefly conversant about general truth; History about particular. In what manner, for example, any person of a certain character would speak or act, probably or necessarily, this is general; and this is the object of Poetry, even while it makes use of particular names. But what Alcibiades did, or what happened to him, this is particular truth."

tured likelihood, and so go by reason, the poet doth so far exceed him, as he is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable, be it in warlike, politic, or private matters; where the historian in his bare *was* hath many times that which we call fortune to overrule the best wisdom. Many times he must tell events whereof he can yield no cause; or if he do, it must be poetically.

For, that a feigned example hath as much force to teach as a true example (for as for to move, it is clear, since the feigned may be tuned to the highest key of passion), let us take one example wherein an historian and a poet did concur. Herodotus and Justin do both testify, that Zopyrus, King Darius's faithful servant, seeing his master long resisted by the rebellious Babylonians, feigned himself in extreme disgrace of his King; for verifying of which he caused his own nose and ears to be cut off, and so flying to the Babylonians, was received; and, for his known valor, so far credited, that he did find means to deliver them over to Darius. Much-like matters doth Livy record of Tarquinius and his son. Xenophon excellently feigned such another stratagem, performed by Abradatus in Cyrus's behalf. Now would I fain know, if occasion be presented unto you to serve your prince by such an honest dissimulation, why do you not as well learn it of Xenophon's fiction as of the other's verity? and, truly, so much the better, as you shall save your nose by the bargain; for Abradatus did not counterfeit so far. So, then, the best of the historians is subject to the poet; for, whatsoever action or faction, whatsoever counsel, policy, or war stratagem the historian is bound to recite, that may the poet, if he list, with his imitation, make his own, beautifying it both for farther teaching, and more delighting, as it please him: having all, from Dante's heaven to his hell, under the authority of his pen. Which if I be asked, What poets have done so? as I might well name some, so yet, say I, and say again, I speak of the art, and not of the artificer.

Now, to that which commonly is attributed to the praise of history, in respect of the notable learning which is got by marking the success, as though therein a man should see virtue exalted, and vice punished: truly, that commenda-

tion is peculiar to poetry, and far off from history; for, indeed, poetry ever sets virtue so out in her best colors, making fortune her well-waiting handmaid, that one must needs be enamoured of her. Well may you see Ulysses in a storm, and in other hard plights; but they are but exercises of patience and magnanimity, to make them shine the more in the near following prosperity. And, on the contrary part, if evil men come to the stage, they ever go out (as the tragedy writer answered to one that misliked the show of such persons), so manacled, as they little animate folks to follow them. But history being captive to the truth of a foolish world, in many times a terror from well-doing, and an encouragement to unbridled wickedness. For see we not valiant Miltiades rot in his fetters? the just Phocion and the accomplished Socrates put to death like traitors? the cruel Severus live prosperously? the excellent Severus miserably murdered? Sylla and Marius dying in their beds? Pompey and Cicero slain then when they would have thought exile a happiness? See we not virtuous Cato driven to kill himself, and rebel Cæsar so advanced, that his name yet, after sixteen hundred years, lasteth in the highest honor? And mark but even Cæsar's own words of the forenamed Sylla (who in that only did honestly, to put down his dishonest tyranny), «literas nescivit»: as if want of learning caused him to do well. He meant it not by poetry, which, not content with earthly plagues, deviseth new punishment in hell for tyrants: nor yet by philosophy, which teacheth «occidentes esse»; but, no doubt, by skill in history; for that, indeed, can afford you Cypselus, Periander, Phalaris, Dionysius, and I know not how many more of the same kennel, that speed well enough in their abominable injustice of usurpation.

I conclude, therefore, that he excelleth history, not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserves to be called and accounted good; which setting forward, and moving to well-doing, indeed, setteth the laurel crowns upon the poets as victorious; not only of the historian, but over the philosopher, howsoever, in teaching, it may be questionable. For suppose it be granted, that which I suppose, with great reason, may be denied, that the philosopher, in respect of his

methodical proceeding, teach more perfectly than the poet, yet do I think, that no man is so much φιλοφιλόσοφος, as to compare the philosopher in moving with the poet. And that moving is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appear, that it is well-nigh both the cause and effect of teaching; for who will be taught, if he be not moved with desire to be taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth (I speak still of moral doctrine) as that it moveth one to do that which it doth teach. For, as Aristotle saith, it is not γνῶσις but πράξις[1] must be the fruit; and how πράξις can be, without being moved to practise, it is no hard matter to consider. The philosopher showeth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way and of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man, but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive, studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholden to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much over-mastered passion, as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book: since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it; but to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, «hoc opus, hic labor est.»

Now, therein, of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit), is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it; nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubt-

[1] Not knowledge but practice.

fulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth; so it is in men (most of them are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves); glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valor, and justice; which, if they had been barely (that is to say, philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again. That imitation whereof poetry is, hath the most conveniency to nature of all other; insomuch that, as Aristotle saith, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monsters, are made, in poetical imitation, delightful. Truly, I have known men, that even with reading Amadis de Gaule, which, God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect poesy, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who readeth Æneas carrying old Anchises on his back, that wisheth not it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act? Whom doth not those words of Turnus move (the tale of Turnus having planted his image in the imagination)

"——fugientem hæc terra videbit?
Usque adeone mori miserum est"? [1]

Where the philosophers (as they think) scorn to delight, so much they be content little to move, saving wrangling whether «virtus» be the chief or the only good; whether

[1] Virgil's "Æneid," Book xii. :—

"And shall this ground fainthearted dastard
Turnus flying view?
Is it so vile a thing to die?"
(Phaer's Translation [1573].)

the contemplative or the active life do excel; which Plato and Boetius well knew; and therefore made mistress Philosophy very often borrow the masking raiment of poesy. For even those hard-hearted evil men, who think virtue a school-name, and know no other good but «indulgere genio,» and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon; yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good-fellow poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness, which seen, they cannot but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries.

Infinite proofs of the strange effects of this poetical invention might be alleged; only two shall serve, which are so often remembered, as, I think, all men know them. The one of Menenius Agrippa, who, when the whole people of Rome had resolutely divided themselves from the senate, with apparent show of utter ruin, though he were, for that time, an excellent orator, came not among them upon trust, either of figurative speeches, or cunning insinuations, and much less with far-fetched maxims of philosophy, which, especially if they were Platonic, they must have learned geometry before they could have conceived; but, forsooth, he behaveth himself like a homely and familiar poet. He telleth them a tale, that there was a time when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conspiracy against the belly, which they thought devoured the fruits of each other's labor; they concluded they would let so unprofitable a spender starve. In the end, to be short (for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale), with punishing the belly they plagued themselves. This, applied by him, wrought such effect in the people as I never read that only words brought forth; but then so sudden, and so good an alteration, for upon reasonable conditions a perfect reconcilement ensued.

The other is of Nathan the prophet, who, when the holy David had so far forsaken God, as to confirm adultery with murder, when he was to do the tenderest office of a friend, in laying his own shame before his eyes, being sent by God to call again so chosen a servant, how doth he it? but by telling of a man whose beloved lamb was ungratefully taken

from his bosom. The application most divinely true, but he to discourse itself feigned; which made David (I speak of the second and instrumental cause) as in a glass see his own filthiness, as that heavenly psalm of mercy well testifieth.

By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest that the poet, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth. And so a conclusion not unfitly ensues; that as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman.

But I am content not only to decipher him by his works (although works in commendation and dispraise must ever hold a high authority), but more narrowly will examine his parts; so that (as in a man) though all together may carry a presence full of majesty and beauty perchance in some one defectuous[1] piece we may find blemish.

Now, in his parts, kinds, or species, as you list to term them, it is to be noted that some poesies have coupled together two or three kinds; as the tragical and comical, whereupon is risen the tragi-comical; some, in the manner, have mingled prose and verse, as Sannazaro and Boetius; some have mingled matters heroical and pastoral; but that cometh all to one in this question; for, if severed they be good, the conjunction cannot be hurtful. Therefore, perchance, forgetting some, and leaving some as needless to be remembered, it shall not be amiss, in a word, to cite the special kinds, to see what faults may be found in the right use of them.

Is it, then, the pastoral poem which is misliked? For, perchance, where the hedge is lowest, they will soonest leap over. Is the poor pipe disdained, which sometimes, out of Melibæus's mouth, can show the misery of people under hard lords and ravening soldiers? And again, by Tityrus, what blessedness is derived to them that lie lowest from the goodness of them that sit highest? Sometimes under the pretty tales of wolves and sheep, can include the whole con-

[1] *Defectuous.* The word, from the French "defectueux," is used twice in the "Apologie for Poetrie."

siderations of wrongdoing and patience; sometimes show, that contentions for trifles can get but a trifling victory, where, perchance, a man may see that even Alexander and Darius, when they strove who should be cock of this world's dunghill, the benefit they got was, that the after-livers may say,

"Hæc memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsim.
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis."

Or is it the lamenting elegiac which, in a kind heart, would move rather pity than blame; who bewaileth, with the great philosopher Heraclitus, the weakness of mankind, and the wretchedness of the world; who, surely, is to be praised, either for compassionately accompanying just causes of lamentations, or for rightly pointing out how weak be the passions of wofulness?

Is it the bitter, but wholesome iambic, who rubs the galled mind, making shame the trumpet of villany, with bold and open crying out against naughtiness?

Or the satiric? who,

"Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit amico;"

who sportingly never leaveth, until he make a man laugh at folly, and, at length, ashamed to laugh at himself, which he cannot avoid without avoiding the folly; who, while «circum præcordia ludit,» giveth us to feel how many headaches a passionate life bringeth us to; who when all is done,

"Est Ulubris, animus si nos non deficit æquus."

No, perchance, it is the comic; whom naughty playmakers and stage-keepers have justly made odious. To the arguments of abuse I will after answer; only thus much now is to be said, that the comedy is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be; so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now, as in geometry, the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in arithmetic, the odd as well as the even; so in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthiness of evil, wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the comedy handle so, in our private and domestical matters, as, with hearing it, we get, as it were,

an experience of what is to be looked for, of a niggardly Demea, of a crafty Davus, of a flattering Gnatho, of a vainglorious Thraso; and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge given them by the comedian. And little reason hath any man to say, that men learn the evil by seeing it so set out; since, as I said before, there is no man living, but by the force truth hath in nature, no sooner seeth these men play their parts, but wisheth them in « pistrinum »; although, perchance, the sack of his own faults lie so behind his back, that he seeth not himself to dance in the same measure, whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes than to see his own actions contemptibly set forth; so that the right use of comedy will, I think, by nobody be blamed.

And much less of the high and excellent tragedy, that openeth the greatest wounds, and showeth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue; that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants to manifest their tyrannical humors; that with stirring the effects of admiration and commiseration, teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilded roofs are builded; that maketh us know, « qui sceptra sævus duro imperio regit, timet timentes, metus in authorem redit.» But how much it can move, Plutarch yielded a notable testimony of the abominable tyrant Alexander Pheræus; from whose eyes a tragedy, well made and represented, drew abundance of tears, who without all pity had murdered infinite numbers, and some of his own blood; so as he that was not ashamed to make matters for tragedies, yet could not resist the sweet violence of a tragedy. And if it wrought no farther good in him, it was that he, in despite of himself, withdrew himself from hearkening to that which might mollify his hardened heart. But it is not the tragedy they do dislike, for it were too absurd to cast out so excellent a representation of whatsoever is most worthy to be learned.

Is it the lyric that most displeaseth, who with his tuned lyre and well-accorded voice, giveth praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts? who giveth moral precepts and natural problems? who sometimes raiseth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the im-

mortal God? Certainly, I must confess mine own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? In Hungary I have seen it the manner at all feasts, and all other such-like meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valor, which that right soldier-like nation think one of the chiefest kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable Lacedæmonians did not only carry that kind of music ever with them to the field, but even at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be singers of them; when the lusty men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young what they would do. And where a man may say that Pindar many times praiseth highly victories of small moment, rather matters of sport than virtue; as it may be answered, it was the fault of the poet, and not of the poetry, so, indeed, the chief fault was in the time and custom of the Greeks, who set those toys at so high a price, that Philip of Macedon reckoned a horse-race won at Olympus among his three fearful felicities. But as the inimitable Pindar often did, so is that kind most capable, and most fit, to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honorable enterprises.

There rests the heroical, whose very name, I think, should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speak evil of that which draweth with him no less champions than Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas, Turnus, Tydeus, Rinaldo? who doth not only teach and move to truth, but teacheth and moveth to the most high and excellent truth; who maketh magnanimity and justice shine through all misty fearfulness and foggy desires? who, if the saying of Plato and Tully be true, that who could see virtue, would be wonderfully ravished with the love of her beauty; this man setteth her out to make her more lovely, in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign not to disdain until they understand. But if anything be already said in the defence of sweet poetry, all concurreth to the maintaining

the heroical, which is not only a kind, but the best and most accomplished kind, of poetry. For, as the image of each action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies most inflameth the mind with desire to be worthy, and informs with counsel how to be worthy. Only let Æneas be worn in the tablet of your memory, how he governeth himself in the ruin of his country; in the preserving his old father, and carrying away his religious ceremonies; in obeying God's commandments, to leave Dido, though not only passionate kindness, but even the human consideration of virtuous gratefulness, would have craved other of him; how in storms, how in sports, how in war, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to allies, how to enemies; how to his own, lastly, how in his inward self, and how in his outward government; and I think, in a mind most prejudiced with a prejudicating humor, he will be found in excellency fruitful. Yea, as Horace saith, « Melius Chrysippo et Crantore»; but, truly, I imagine it falleth out with these poet-whippers as with some good women who often are sick, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of poetry is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the sum that contains him, nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise.

Since, then, poetry is of all human learnings the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings; since it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, nor barbarous nation is without it; since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names unto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making, and that indeed that name of making is fit for him, considering that where all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the poet only, only bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of a matter, but maketh matter for a conceit; since neither his description nor end containeth any evil, the thing described cannot be evil; since his effects be so good as to teach goodness, and delight the learners of it; since therein (namely, in moral doctrine, the

chief of all knowledges) he doth not only far pass the historian, but, for instructing, is well-nigh comparable to the philosopher; for moving, leaveth him behind him; since the Holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it; since all his kinds are not only in their united forms, but in their severed dissections fully commendable; I think, and think I think rightly, the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains, doth worthily, of all other learnings, honor the poet's triumph.

But because we have ears as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may be, will seem to weigh greatly, if nothing be put in the counterbalance, let us hear, and, as well as we can, ponder what objections be made against this art, which may be worthy either of yielding or answering.

First, truly, I note, not only in these *μισομούσοι*, poet-haters, but in all that kind of people who seek a praise by dispraising others, that they do prodigally spend a great many wandering words in quips and scoffs, carping and taunting at each thing, which, by stirring the spleen, may stay the brain from a thorough beholding the worthiness of the subject. Those kind of objections, as they are full of a very idle uneasiness (since there is nothing of so sacred a majesty, but that an itching tongue may rub itself upon it), so deserve they no other answer, but, instead of laughing at the jest, to laugh at the jester. We know a playing wit can praise the discretion of an ass, the comfortableness of being in debt, and the jolly commodities of being sick of the plague; so, of the contrary side, if we will turn Ovid's verse,

"Ut lateat virtus proximitate mali,"

«That good lies hid in nearness of the evil,» Agrippa will be as merry in the showing the Vanity of Science, as Erasmus was in the commending of Folly;[1] neither shall any man or matter escape some touch of these smiling railers. But for Erasmus and Agrippa, they had another foundation

[1] Cornelius Agrippa's book, "De Incertitudine et Vanitate Scientiarum et Artium," was first published in 1532; Erasmus's "Moriæ Encomium" was written in a week, in 1510, and went in a few months through seven editions.

than the superficial part would promise. Marry, these other pleasant fault-finders, who will correct the verb before they understand the noun, and confute others' knowledge before they confirm their own; I would have them only remember, that scoffing cometh not of wisdom; so as the best title in true English they get with their merriments, is to be called good fools; for so have our grave forefathers ever termed that humorous kind of jesters.

But that which giveth greatest scope to their scorning humor, is rhyming and versing. It is already said, and, as I think, truly said, it is not rhyming and versing that maketh poesy; one may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry. But yet, presuppose it were inseparable, as indeed, it seemeth Scaliger judgeth truly, it were an inseparable commendation; for if « oratio » next to « ratio,» speech next to reason, be the greatest gift bestowed upon mortality, that cannot be praiseless which doth most polish that blessing of speech; which considereth each word, not only as a man may say by his forcible quality, but by his best measured quantity; carrying even in themselves a harmony; without, perchance, number, measure, order, proportion be in our time grown odious.

But lay aside the just praise it hath, by being the only fit speech for music—music, I say, the most divine striker of the senses; thus much is undoubtedly true, that if reading be foolish without remembering, memory being the only treasure of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memory are likewise most convenient for knowledge. Now, that verse far exceedeth prose in the knitting up of the memory, the reason is manifest: the words, besides their delight, which hath a great affinity to memory, being so set as one cannot be lost, but the whole work fails; which accusing itself, calleth the remembrance back to itself, and so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides, one word so, as it were, begetting another, as be it in rhyme or measured verse, by the former man shall have a near guess to the follower. Lastly, even they that have taught the art of memory, have showed nothing so apt for it as a certain room divided into many places well and thoroughly known; now that hath the verse in effect perfectly, every word having his

natural seat, which seat must needs make the word remembered. But what needs more in a thing so known to all men? Who is it that ever was a scholar that doth not carry away some verses of Virgil, Horace, or Cato, which in his youth he learned, and even to his old age serve him for hourly lessons? as,

"Percontatorem fugito: nam garrulus idem est.
Dum sibi quisque placet credula turba sumus."

But the fitness it hath for memory is notably proved by all delivery of arts, wherein, for the most part, from grammar to logic, mathematics, physic, and the rest, the rules chiefly necessary to be borne away are compiled in verses. So that verse being in itself sweet and orderly, and being best for memory, the only handle of knowledge, it must be in jest that any man can speak against it.

Now then go we to the most important imputations laid to the poor poets; for aught I can yet learn, they are these:

First, that there being many other more fruitful knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them than in this.

Secondly, that it is the mother of lies.

Thirdly, that it is the nurse of abuse, infecting us with many pestilent desires, with a syren sweetness, drawing the mind to the serpent's tail of sinful fancies; and herein, especially, comedies give the largest field to ear, as Chaucer saith; how, both in other nations and ours, before poets did soften us, we were full of courage, given to martial exercises, the pillars of manlike liberty, and not lulled asleep in shady idleness with poets' pastimes.

And lastly and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth, as if they had overshot Robin Hood, that Plato banished them out of his commonwealth. Truly this is much, if there be much truth in it.

First, to the first, that a man might better spend his time, is a reason indeed; but it doth, as they say, but «petere principium.» For if it be, as I affirm, that no learning is so good as that which teacheth and moveth to virtue, and that none can both teach and move thereto so much as poesy, then is the conclusion manifest, that ink and paper cannot be to a more profitable purpose employed. And certainly,

though a man should grant their first assumption, it should follow, methinks, very unwillingly, that good is not good because better is better. But I still and utterly deny that there is sprung out of earth a more fruitful knowledge.

To the second, therefore, that they should be the principal liars, I answer paradoxically, but truly, I think truly, that of all writers under the sun, the poet is the least liar; and though he would, as a poet, can scarcely be a liar. The astronomer, with his cousin the geometrician, can hardly escape when they take upon them to measure the height of the stars. How often, think you, do the physicians lie, when they aver things good for sicknesses, which afterwards send Charon a great number of souls drowned in a potion before they come to his ferry. And no less of the rest which take upon them to affirm. Now for the poet, he nothing affirmeth, and therefore never lieth; for, as I take it, to lie is to affirm that to be true which is false; so as the other artists, and especially the historian, affirmeth many things, can, in the cloudy knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from many lies; but the poet, as I said before, never affirmeth; the poet never maketh any circles about your imagination, to conjure you to believe for true what he writeth; he citeth not authorities of other histories, but even for his entry calleth the sweet Muses to inspire into him a good invention; in truth, not laboring to tell you what is or is not, but what should or should not be. And, therefore, though he recount things not true, yet because he telleth them not for true he lieth not; without we will say that Nathan lied in his speech, before alleged, to David; which, as a wicked man durst scarce say, so think I none so simple would say, that Æsop lied in the tales of his beasts; for who thinketh that Æsop wrote it for actually true, were well worthy to have his name chronicled among the beasts he writeth of. What child is there that cometh to a play, and seeing Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes? If then a man can arrive to the child's age, to know that the poet's persons and doings are but pictures what should be, and not stories what have been, they will never give the lie to things not affirmatively, but allegorically and figuratively written; and therefore, as in history,

looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falsehood, so in poesy, looking but for fiction, they shall use the narration but as an imaginative ground-plot of a profitable invention.

But hereto is replied, that the poets give names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actual truth, and so, not being true, proveth a falsehood. And doth the lawyer lie then, when, under the names of John of the Stile, and John of the Nokes, he putteth his case? But that is easily answered, their naming of men is but to make their picture the more lively, and not to build any history. Painting men, they cannot leave men nameless; we see we cannot play at chess, but that we must give names to our chessmen; and yet, methinks, he were a very partial champion of truth that would say we lied for giving a piece of wood the reverend title of a bishop. The poet nameth Cyrus and Æneas no other way than to show what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates should do.

Their third is, how much it abuseth men's wit, training it to a wanton sinfulness and lustful love. For, indeed, that is the principal if not only abuse I can hear alleged. They say the comedies rather teach, than reprehend, amorous conceits; they say the lyric is larded with passionate sonnets; the elegiac weeps the want of his mistress; and that even to the heroical Cupid hath ambitiously climbed. Alas! Love, I would thou couldst as well defend thyself, as thou canst offend others! I would those on whom thou dost attend, could either put thee away or yield good reason why they keep thee! But grant love of beauty to be a beastly fault, although it be very hard, since only man, and no beast, hath that gift to discern beauty; grant that lovely name of love to deserve all hateful reproaches, although even some of my masters the philosophers spent a good deal of their lamp-oil in setting forth the excellency of it; grant, I say, what they will have granted, that not only love, but lust, but vanity, but, if they list, scurrility, possess many leaves of the poets' books; yet, think I, when this is granted, they will find their sentence may, with good manners, put the last words foremost; and not say that poetry abuseth man's wit, but that man's wit abuseth poetry. For I will not deny

but that man's wit may make poesy, which should be φραστικὴ, which some learned have defined, figuring forth good things, to be φανταστικὴ, which doth contrariwise infect the fancy with unworthy objects; as the painter, who should give to the eye either some excellent perspective, or some fine picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it some notable example, as Abraham sacrificing his son Isaac, Judith killing Holofernes, David fighting with Goliath, may leave those and please an ill-pleased eye with wanton shows of better hidden matters.

But, what! shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious? Nay, truly, though I yield that poesy may not only be abused, but that being abused, by the reason of his sweet charming force, it can do more hurt than any other army of words, yet shall it be so far from concluding, that the abuse shall give reproach to the abused, that, contrariwise, it is a good reason, that whatsoever being abused, doth most harm, being rightly used (and upon the right use each thing receives his title) doth most good. Do we not see skill of physic, the best rampire[1] to our often assaulted bodies, being abused, teach poison, the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of law, whose end is to even and right all things, being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Doth not (to go in the heights) God's word abused breed heresy, and His name abused become blasphemy? Truly, a needle cannot do much hurt, and as truly (with leave of ladies be it spoken) it cannot do much good. With a sword thou mayest kill thy father, and with a sword thou mayest defend thy prince and country; so that, as in their calling poets fathers of lies, they said nothing, so in this their argument of abuse, they prove the commendation.

They allege herewith, that before poets began to be in price, our nation had set their heart's delight upon action, and not imagination; rather doing things worthy to be written, than writing things fit to be done. What that before time was, I think scarcely Sphynx can tell; since no memory is so ancient that gives not the precedence to poetry. And certain it is, that, in our plainest homeliness, yet never

[1] *Rampire*, rampart, the Old French form of "rampart," was "rampar," from "remparer," to fortify.

was the Albion nation without poetry. Marry, this argument, though it be levelled against poetry, yet it is indeed a chain-shot against all learning or bookishness, as they commonly term it. Of such mind were certain Goths, of whom it is written, that having in the spoil of a famous city taken a fair library, one hangman, belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murdered a great number of bodies, would have set fire in it. «No,» said another, very gravely, «take heed what you do, for while they are busy about those toys, we shall with more leisure conquer their countries.» This, indeed, is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many words sometimes I have heard spent in it; but because this reason is generally against all learning, as well as poetry, or rather all learning but poetry; because it were too large a digression to handle it, or at least too superfluous, since it is manifest that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge best by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I only say with Horace, to him that is of that opinion,

"Jubeo stultum esse libenter——"[1]

for as for poetry itself, it is the freest from this objection, for poetry is the companion of camps. I dare undertake, Orlando Furioso, or honest King Arthur, will never displease a soldier: but the quiddity of «ens» and «prima materia» will hardly agree with a corselet. And, therefore, as I said in the beginning, even Turks and Tartars are delighted with poets. Homer, a Greek, flourished before Greece flourished; and if to a slight conjecture a conjecture may be opposed, truly it may seem, that as by him their learned men took almost their first light of knowledge, so their active men receive their first notions of courage. Only Alexander's example may serve, who by Plutarch is accounted of such virtue that fortune was not his guide but his footstool; whose acts speak for him, though Plutarch did not; indeed, the phœnix of warlike princes. This Alexander left his schoolmaster, living Aristotle, behind him, but took dead Homer with him. He put the philosopher Callisthenes to death, for his seeming philosophical, indeed mutinous, stub-

[1] "I give him free leave to be foolish."

bornness; but the chief thing he was ever heard to wish for was that Homer had been alive. He well found he receive more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles, than by hearing the definition of fortitude. And, therefore, if Cato misliked Fulvius for carrying Ennius with him to the field, it may be answered that if Cato misliked it the noble Fulvius liked it, or else he had not done it; for it was not the excellent Cato Uticensis whose authority I would much more have reverenced, but it was the former, in truth a bitter punisher of faults, but else a man that had never sacrificed to the Graces. He misliked, and cried out against, all Greek learning, and yet, being fourscore years old, began to learn it, belike fearing that Pluto understood not Latin. Indeed, the Roman laws allowed no person to be carried to the wars but he that was in the soldiers' roll. And, therefore, though Cato misliked his unmustered person, he misliked not his work. And if he had, Scipio Nasica (judged by common consent the best Roman) loved him: both the other Scipio brothers, who had by their virtues no less surnames than of Asia and Africa, so loved him that they caused his body to be buried in their sepulture. So, as Cato's authority being but against his person, and that answered with so far greater than himself, is herein of no validity.

But now, indeed, my burthen is great, that Plato's name is laid upon me, whom, I must confess, of all philosophers I have ever esteemed most worthy of reverence; and with good reason, since of all philosophers he is the most poetical; yet if he will defile the fountain out of which his flowing streams have proceeded, let us boldly examine with what reason he did it.

First, truly, a man might maliciously object that Plato, being a philosopher, was a natural enemy of poets. For, indeed, after the philosophers had picked out of the sweet mysteries of poetry the right discerning of true points of knowledge, they forthwith, putting it in method, and making a school of art of that which the poets did only teach by a divine delightfulness, beginning to spurn at their guides, like ungrateful apprentices, were not content to set up shop for themselves, but sought by all means to discredit their masters; which, by the force of delight being barred them,

the less they could overthrow them, the more they hated them. For, indeed, they found for Homer seven cities strove who should have him for their citizen, where many cities banished philosophers as not fit members to live among them. For only repeating certain of Euripides' verses many Athenians had their lives saved of the Syracusans, where the Athenians themselves thought many of the philosophers unworthy to live. Certain poets, as Simonides and Pindar, had so prevailed with Hiero the First, that of a tyrant they made him a just king; where Plato could do so little with Dionysius that he himself, of a philosopher, was made a slave. But who should do thus, I confess, should requite the objections raised against poets with like cavillations against philosophers; as likewise one should do that should bid one read Phædrus or Symposium in Plato, or the discourse of Love in Plutarch, and see whether any poet do authorize abominable filthiness as they do.

Again, a man might ask, out of what Commonwealth Plato doth banish them? In sooth, thence where he himself alloweth community of women. So, as belike this banishment grew not for effeminate wantonness, since little should poetical sonnets be hurtful, when a man might have what woman he listed. But I honor philosophical instructions, and bless the wits which bred them, so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to poetry. Saint Paul himself sets a watchword upon philosophy, indeed upon the abuse. So doth Plato upon the abuse, not upon poetry. Plato found fault that the poets of his time filled the world with wrong opinions of the gods, making light tales of that unspotted essence, and therefore would not have the youth depraved with such opinions. Herein may much be said; let this suffice; the poets did not induce such opinions, but did imitate those opinions already induced. For all the Greek stories can well testify that the very religion of that time stood upon many and many-fashioned gods; not taught so by poets, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who list may read in Plutarch the discourses of Isis and Osiris, of the cause why oracles ceased, of the Divine providence, and see whether the theology of that nation stood not upon such dreams, which the poets indeed super-

stitiously observed; and truly, since they had not the light of Christ, did much better in it than the philosophers, who, shaking off superstition, brought in atheism.

Plato, therefore, whose authority I had much rather justly construe than unjustly resist, meant not in general of poets, in those words of which Julius Scaliger saith, «qua authoritate, barbari quidam atque insipidi, abuti velint ad poetas e republicâ exigendos»:[1] but only meant to drive out those wrong opinions of the Deity, whereof now, without farther law, Christianity hath taken away all the hurtful belief, perchance as he thought nourished by then esteemed poets. And a man need go no farther than to Plato himself to know his meaning; who, in his dialogue called «Ion,» giveth high, and rightly, divine commendation unto poetry. So as Plato, banishing the abuse, not the thing, not banishing it, but giving due honor to it, shall be our patron, and not our adversary. For, indeed, I had much rather, since truly I may do it, show their mistaking of Plato, under whose lion's skin they would make an ass-like braying against poesy, than go about to overthrow his authority; whom, the wiser a man is, the more just cause he shall find to have in admiration; especially since he attributeth unto poesy more than myself do, namely, to be a very inspiring of a divine force, far above man's wit, as in the fore-named dialogue is apparent.

Of the other side, who would show the honors have been by the best sort of judgments granted them, a whole sea of examples would present themselves; Alexanders, Cæsars, Scipios, all favorers of poets; Lælius, called the Roman Socrates himself a poet; so as part of Heautontimeroumenos, in Terence, was supposed to be made by him. And even the Greek Socrates, whom Apollo confirmed to be the only wise man, is said to have spent part of his old time in putting Æsop's Fables into verse; and, therefore, full evil should it become his scholar Plato to put such words in his master's mouth against poets. But what needs more? Aristotle writes the «Art of Poesy»; and why, if it should not be written? Plutarch teacheth the use to be gathered of them;

[1] Which authority certain barbarous and insipid writers would wrest into meaning that poets were to be thrust out of a state.

and how, if they should not be read? And who reads Plutarch's either history or philosophy, shall find he trimmeth both their garments with guards of poesy.

But I list not to defend poesy with the help of his underling historiographer. Let it suffice to have showed it is a fit soil for praise to dwell upon; and what dispraise may be set upon it is either easily overcome, or transformed into just commendation. So that since the excellences of it may be so easily and so justly confirmed, and the low creeping objections so soon trodden down; it not being an art of lies, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateness, but of not able stirring of courage; not of abusing man's wit, but of strengthening man's wit; not banished, but honored by Plato; let us rather plant more laurels for to in-garland the poets' heads (which honor of being laureate, as besides them only triumphant captains were, is a sufficient authority to show the price they ought to be held in) than suffer the ill-favored breath of such wrong speakers once to blow upon the clear springs of poesy.

But since I have run so long a career in this matter, methinks, before I give my pen a full stop, it shall be but a little more lost time to inquire, why England, the mother of excellent minds, should be grown so hard a step-mother to poets, who certainly in wit ought to pass all others, since all only proceeds from their wit, being, indeed, makers of themselves, not takers of others. How can I but exclaim,

"Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine læso"?[1]

Sweet poesy! that hath anciently had kings, emperors, senators, great captains, such as, besides a thousand others, David, Adrian, Sophocles, Germanicus, not only to favor poets, but to be poets; and of our nearer times can present for her patrons, a Robert, King of Sicily; the great King Francis of France; King James of Scotland; such cardinals as Bembus and Bibiena; such famous preachers and teachers as Beza and Melancthon; so learned philosophers as Fracastorius and Scaliger; so great orators as Pontanus and Muretus; so piercing wits as George Buchanan; so grave

[1] From the invocation at the opening of Virgil's *Æneid* (line 12), "Muse, bring to my mind the causes of these things: what divinity was injured . . . that one famous for piety should suffer thus."

councillors as, besides many, but before all, that Chancellor Hospital of France, than whom, I think, that realm never brought forth a more accomplished judgment more firmly builded upon virtue; I say these, with numbers of others, not only to read others' poesies, but to poetize for others' reading: that poesy, thus embraced in all other places, should only find in our time a hard welcome in England, I think the very earth laments it, and therefore decks our soil with fewer laurels than it was accustomed. For heretofore poets have in England also flourished; and, which is to be noted, even in those times when the trumpet of Mars did sound loudest. And now that an over-faint quietness should seem to strew the house for poets, they are almost in as good reputation as the mountebanks at Venice. Truly, even that, as of the one side it giveth great praise to poesy, which, like Venus (but to better purpose), had rather be troubled in the net with Mars, than enjoy the homely quiet of Vulcan; so serveth it for a piece of a reason why they are less grateful to idle England, which now can scarce endure the pain of a pen. Upon this necessarily followeth that base men with servile wits undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer; and so as Epaminondas is said, with the honor of his virtue, to have made an office by his exercising it, which before was contemptible, to become highly respected; so these men, no more but setting their names to it, by their own disgracefulness, disgrace the most graceful poesy. For now, as if all the Muses were got with child, to bring forth bastard poets, without any commission, they do post over the banks of Helicon, until they make their readers more weary than post-horses; while, in the meantime, they,

"Queis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan,"[1]

are better content to suppress the outflowings of their wit, than by publishing them to be accounted knights of the same order.

But I that, before ever I durst aspire unto the dignity, am admitted into the company of the paper-blurrers, do find

[1] Whose heart-strings the Titan (Prometheus) fastened with a better clay.

the very true cause of our wanting estimation is want of desert, taking upon us to be poets in despite of Pallas. Now, wherein we want desert, were a thankworthy labor to express. But if I knew, I should have mended myself; but as I never desired the title so have I neglected the means to come by it; only, overmastered by some thoughts, I yielded an inky tribute unto them. Marry, they that delight in poesy itself, should seek to know what they do, and how they do, especially look themselves in an unflattering glass of reason, if they be inclinable unto it.

For poesy must not be drawn by the ears, it must be gently led, or rather it must lead; which was partly the cause that made the ancient learned affirm it was a divine, and no human skill, since all other knowledges lie ready for any that have strength of wit; a poet no industry can make, if his own genius be not carried into it. And therefore is an old proverb, «Orator fit, poeta nascitur.» Yet confess I always, that as the fertilest ground must be manured, so must the highest flying wit have a Dædalus to guide him. That Dædalus, they say, both in this and in other, hath three wings to bear itself up into the air of due commendation; that is art, imitation, and exercise. But these, neither artificial rules, nor imitative patterns, we much cumber ourselves withal. Exercise, indeed, we do, but that very forebackwardly; for where we should exercise to know, we exercise as having known; and so is our brain delivered of much matter which never was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principal parts, matter to be expressed by words, and words to express the matter, in neither we use art or imitation rightly. Our matter is «quodlibet,»[1] indeed, although wrongly, performing Ovid's verse,

"Quicquid conabor dicere, versus erit;"[1]

never marshalling it into any assured rank, that almost the readers cannot tell where to find themselves.

Chaucer, undoubtedly, did excellently in his *Troilus and Cressida;* of whom, truly, I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that misty time could see so clearly,

[1] What you will; the first that comes.
[2] "Whatever I shall try to write will be verse."

or that we in this clear age go so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so reverend antiquity. I account the *Mirror of Magistrates* meetly furnished of beautiful parts. And in the Earl of Surrey's Lyrics, many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind. The «Shepherds' Kalendar» hath much poesy in his eclogues, indeed, worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustic language, I dare not allow; since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazaro in Italian, did affect it. Besides these, I do not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed that have poetical sinews in them. For proof whereof, let but most of the verses be put in prose, and then ask the meaning, and it will be found that one verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first what should be at the last; which becomes a confused mass of words, with a tinkling sound of rhyme, barely accompanied with reason.

[1] Our tragedies and comedies, not without cause, are cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility nor skilful poetry. Excepting *Gorboduc* (again I say of those that I have seen), which notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches, and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality, which it does most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesy; yet, in truth, it is very defectuous in the circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place; and the uttermost time presupposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept, and common reason, but one day; there is both many days and many places inartificially imagined.

But if it be so in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the rest? where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player,

[1] This was written when the English drama was but twenty years old, and Shakespeare, aged about seventeen, had not yet come to London.

when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by, we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Now of time they are much more liberal; for ordinary it is, that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses she is got with child; delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours' space; which, how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine; and art hath taught and all ancient examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in Italy will not err in. Yet will some bring in an example of the Eunuch in Terence, that containeth matter of two days, yet far short of twenty years. True it is, and so was it to be played in two days, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though Plautus have in one place done amiss, let us hit it with him, and not miss with him. But they will say, How then shall we set forth a story which contains both many places and many times? And do they not know, that a tragedy is tied to the laws of poesy, and not of history; not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience? Again, many things may be told, which cannot be showed; if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speak, though I am here, of Peru, and in speech digress from that to the description of Calicut; but in action I cannot represent it without Pacolet's horse. And so was the manner the ancients took by some «Nuntius,» to recount things done in former time, or other place.

Lastly, if they will represent an history, they must not, as Horace saith, begin «ab ovo,» but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent.

By example this will be best expressed; I have a story of young Polydorus, delivered, for safety's sake, with great riches, by his father Priamus to Polymnestor, King of Thrace, in the Trojan war time. He, after some years, hearing of the overthrow of Priamus, for to make the treasure his own, murdereth the child; the body of the child is taken up; Hecuba, she, the same day, findeth a sleight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where, now, would one of our tragedy writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then should he sail over into Thrace, and so spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth Euripides? Even with the finding of the body; leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. This needs no farther to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it.

But, besides these gross absurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained. I know Apuleius did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment: and I know the ancients have one or two examples of tragi-comedies as Plautus hath Amphytrio. But, if we mark them well, we shall find, that they never, or very daintily, match hornpipes and funerals. So falleth it out, that having indeed no right comedy in that comical part of our tragedy, we have nothing but scurrility, unworthy of any chaste ears; or some extreme show of doltishness, indeed fit to lift up a loud laughter, and nothing else; where the whole tract of a comedy should be full of delight; as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well-raised admiration.

But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed both together. Nay, in themselves, they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety. For delight we scarcely

do, but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves, or to the general nature. Laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature: delight hath a joy in it either permanent or present; laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example: we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter; we laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight; we delight in good chances; we laugh at mischances; we delight to hear the happiness of our friends and country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at that would laugh: we shall, contrarily, sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, and go down the hill against the bias, in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorrow he cannot choose but laugh, and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not, but that they may go well together; for, as in Alexander's picture well set out, we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad antics we laugh without delight: so in Hercules, painted with his great beard and furious countenance, in a woman's attire, spinning at Omphale's commandment, it breeds both delight and laughter; for the representing of so strange a power in love procures delight, and the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter.

But I speak to this purpose, that all the end of the comical part be not upon such scornful matters as stir laughter only, but mix with it that delightful teaching which is the end of poesy. And the great fault, even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by Aristotle, is, that they stir laughter in sinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous; or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar, and a beggarly clown; or against the law of hospitality, to jest at strangers, because they speak not English so well as we do? what do we learn, since it is certain,

> "Nil habet infelix pauperatas durius in se,
> Quam quod ridiculos, homines facit."[1]

[1] Juvenal, *Sat.* iii., lines 152–3. Which Samuel Johnson finely paraphrased in his "London":

> "Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
> Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest."

But rather a busy loving courtier, and a heartless threatening Thraso; a self-wise seeming schoolmaster; a wry-transformed traveller; these, if we saw walk in stage names, which we play naturally, therein were delightful laughter, and teaching delightfulness; as in the other, the tragedies of Buchanan[1] do justly bring forth a divine admiration.

But I have lavished out too many words of this play matter; I do it, because, as they are excelling parts of poesy, so is there none so much used in England, and none can be more pitifully abused; which, like an unmannerly daughter, showing a bad education, causeth her mother Poesy's honesty to be called in question.

Other sorts of poetry, almost, have we none, but that lyrical kind of songs and sonnets, which, if the Lord gave us so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, both private and public, in singing the praises of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodness of that God, who giveth us hands to write, and wits to conceive; of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing, but we should ever have new budding occasions.

But, truly, many of such writings as come under the banner of unresistible love, if I were a mistress, would never persuade me they were in love; so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather read lover's writings, and so caught up certain swelling phrases, which hang together like a man that once told me, «the wind was at northwest and by south,» because he would be sure to name winds enough; than that, in truth, they feel those passions, which easily, as I think, may be bewrayed by the same forcibleness, or «energia» (as the Greeks call it), of the writer. But let this be a sufficient, though short note, that we miss the right use of the material point of poesy.

Now for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may term it) diction, it is even well worse; so is that honey-flowing matron eloquence, apparelled, or rather disguised, in a

[1] George Buchanan (who died in 1582, aged seventy-six) had written in earlier life four Latin tragedies, when Professor of Humanities at Bordeaux, with Montaigne in his class.

courtesan-like painted affectation. One time with so far-fetched words, that many seem monsters, but most seem strangers to any poor Englishman: another time with coursing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a dictionary; another time with figures and flowers, extremely winter-starved.

But I would this fault were only peculiar to versifiers, and had not as large possession among prose printers: and, which is to be marvelled, among many scholars, and, which is to be pitied, among some preachers. Truly, I could wish (if at least I might be so bold to wish, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity) the diligent imitators of Tully and Demosthenes, most worthy to be imitated, did not so much keep Nizolian paper-books of their figures and phrases, as by attentive translation, as it were, devour them whole, and make them wholly theirs. For now they cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served at the table: like those Indians, not content to wear ear-rings at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their nose and lips, because they will be sure to be fine. Tully, when he was to drive out Catiline, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often useth the figure of repetition, as «vivet et vincit, imo in senatum venit, imo in senatum venit,» etc.[1] Indeed, inflamed with a well-grounded rage, he would have his words, as it were, double out of his mouth; and so do that artificially which we see men in choler do naturally. And we, having noted the grace of those words, hale them in sometimes to a familiar epistle, when it were too much choler to be choleric.

How well, store of «similiter cadences» doth sound with the gravity of the pulpit, I would but invoke Demosthenes' soul to tell, who with a rare daintiness useth them. Truly, they have made me think of the sophister, that with too much subtlety would prove two eggs three, and though he may be counted a sophister, had none for his labor. So these men bringing in such a kind of eloquence, well may they obtain an opinion of a seeming fineness, but persuade few, which should be the end of their fineness.

[1] "He lives and wins, nay, comes to the Senate, nay, comes to the Senate," etc.

Now for similitudes in certain printed discourses, I think all herbalists, all stories of beasts, fowls, and fishes are rifled up, that they may come in multitudes to wait upon any of our conceits, which certainly is as absurd a surfeit to the ears as is possible. For the force of a similitude not being to prove anything to a contrary disputer, but only to explain to a willing hearer: when that is done, the rest is a most tedious prattling, rather overswaying the memory from the purpose whereto they were applied, than any whit informing the judgment, already either satisfied, or by similitudes not to be satisfied.

For my part, I do not doubt, when Antonius and Crassus, the great forefathers of Cicero in eloquence, the one (as Cicero testifieth of them) pretended not to know art, the other not to set by it, because with a plain sensibleness they might win credit of popular ears, which credit is the nearest step to persuasion (which persuasion is the chief mark of oratory); I do not doubt, I say, but that they used these knacks very sparingly; which who doth generally use, any man may see, doth dance to his own music; and so to be noted by the audience, more careful to speak curiously than truly. Undoubtedly (at least to my opinion undoubtedly) I have found in divers small-learned courtiers a more sound style than in some professors of learning; of which I can guess no other cause, but that the courtier following that which by practice he findeth fittest to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to art, though not by art: where the other, using art to show art, and not hide art (as in these cases he should do), flieth from nature, and indeed abuseth art.

But what! methinks I deserve to be pounded for straying from poetry to oratory: but both have such an affinity in the wordish considerations, that I think this digression will make my meaning receive the fuller understanding: which is not to take upon me to teach poets how they should do, but only finding myself sick among the rest, to show some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of writers; that, acknowledging ourselves somewhat awry, we may bend to the right use both of matter and manner: whereto our language giveth us great occasion,

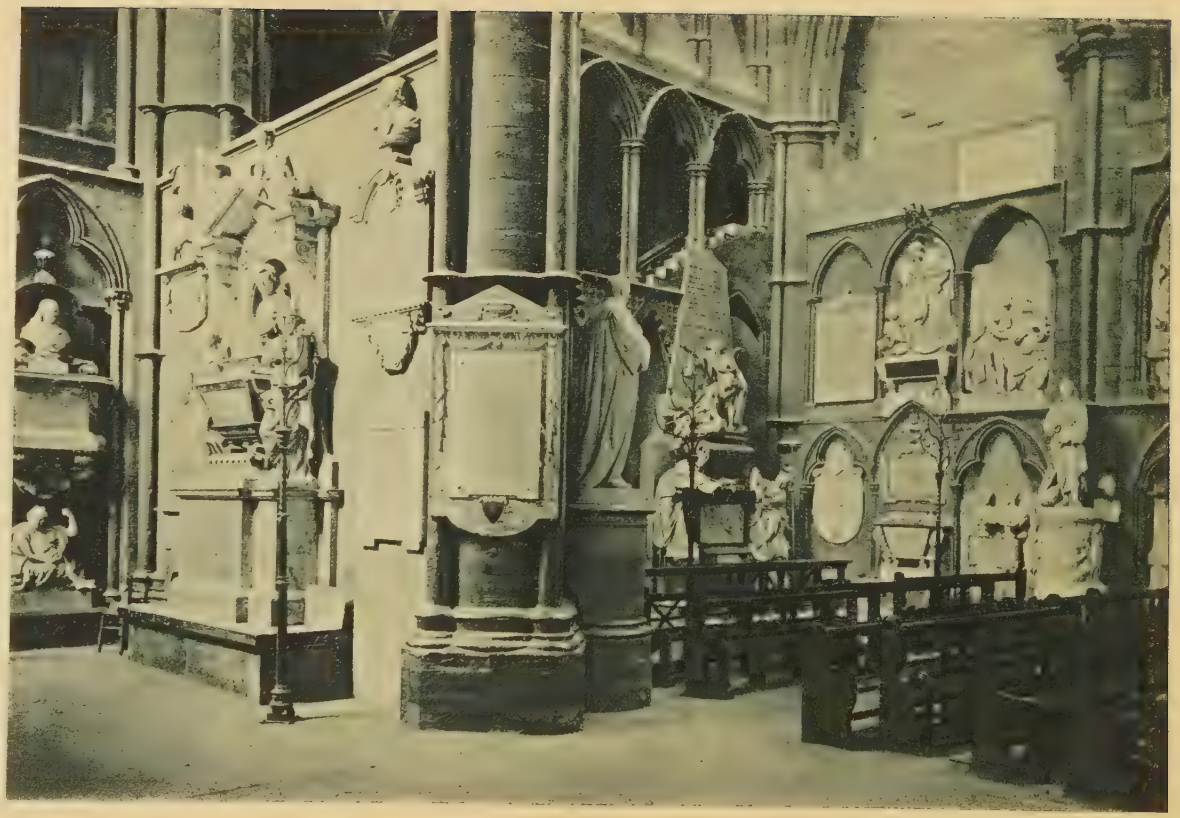
being, indeed, capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say, it is a mingled language: and why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say, it wanteth grammar. Nay, truly, it hath that praise, that it wants not grammar; for grammar it might have, but needs it not; being so easy in itself, and so void of those cumbersome differences of cases, genders, moods, and tenses; which, I think, was a piece of the tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world, and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, near the Greek, far beyond the Latin; which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language.

Now, of versifying there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other modern; the ancient marked the quantity of each syllable, and according to that framed his verse; the modern, observing only number, with some regard of the accent, the chief life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call rhyme. Whether of these be the more excellent, would bear many speeches; the ancient, no doubt more fit for music, both words and time observing quantity; and more fit lively to express divers passions, by the low or lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter, likewise, with his rhyme striketh a certain music to the ear; and, in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the same purpose; there being in either, sweetness, and wanting in neither, majesty. Truly the English, before any vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts; for, for the ancient, the Italian is so full of vowels, that it must ever be cumbered with elisions. The Dutch so, of the other side, with consonants, that they cannot yield the sweet sliding fit for a verse. The French, in his whole language, hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable, saving two, called antepenultima; and little more hath the Spanish, and therefore very gracelessly may they use dactiles. The English is subject to none of these defects.

Now for rhyme, though we do not observe quantity, we observe the accent very precisely, which other languages

either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely. That «cæsura,» or breathing-place, in the midst of the verse, neither Italian nor Spanish have, the French and we never almost fail of. Lastly, even the very rhyme itself the Italian cannot put in the last syllable, by the French named the masculine rhyme, but still in the next to the last, which the French call the female; or the next before that, which the Italian calls «sdrucciola»: the example of the former is, «buono,» «suono»; of the sdrucciola is, «femina,» «semina.» The French, of the other side, hath both the male, as «bon,» «son,» and the female, as «plaise,» «taise»; but the «sdrucciola» he hath not; where the English hath all three, as «due,» «true,» «father,» «rather,» «motion,» «potion»; with much more which might be said, but that already I find the trifling of this discourse is much too much enlarged.

So that since the ever praiseworthy poesy is full of virtue, breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honor poesy, and to be honored by poesy; I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the Nine Muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy; no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverend title of «a rhymer»; but to believe, with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasurers of the Grecian's divinity; to believe, with Bembus, that they were the first bringers in of all civility; to believe, with Scaliger, that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man, than the reading of Virgil; to believe, with Clauserus, the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the heavenly deity by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge, logic, rhetoric, philosophy natural and moral, and «quid non?» to believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused; to believe, with Landin, that they are so beloved of the gods that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury. Lastly,



to believe themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses.

Thus doing, your names shall flourish in the printers' shops: thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface; thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all: you shall dwell upon superlatives: thus doing, though you be «Libertino patre natus,» you shall suddenly grow «Herculea proles,»

"Si quid mea Carmina possunt:"

thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrix, or Virgil's Anchises.

But if (fie of such a but!) you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a Mome, as to be a Momus of poetry; then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself; nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets; that while you live, you live in love, and never get favor, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.

THE TABLE-TALK OF JOHN SELDEN

JOHN SELDEN

SELDEN was one of the most learned men of his day, a profound thinker and courageous. Milton considered him "the chief of learned men reputed in this land." His sturdy independence kept him in hot water with church and state; indeed, he was obliged on one occasion to write regretting certain expressions against the former in his "History of Tithes," though he did not retract anything. He continued to protest against the oppressive action of King James, and his emphatic advocacy of the rights of the people caused him to be sent to the Tower on a charge of sedition. A few years later he was honored by being appointed keeper of records in the Tower.

Among his works the "Treatise on Titles of Honour" has always been a recognized authority. Other books discourse learnedly upon subjects as varied as Greek art, heathen mythology, and the legal right of Britain to hold dominion over her surrounding seas.

Selden was born in Sussex in 1584, and adopted the profession of law. He was a prominent member of Parliament for the University of Oxford, in which capacity he used his influence to favor learning and promote peace.

The "Table Talk" was published thirty-five years after Selden's death in 1654, from the notes collected by his amanuensis during twenty years' association. The racy flavor of many of the observations, and the practical wisdom of most of them, have given the "Table Talk" the status of a solid book. It may always be relied on to beguile a spare hour with profit and entertainment.

TABLE-TALK

Authors' Books.

The giving a bookseller his price for his books has this advantage: he that will do so shall have the refusal of whatsoever comes to his hand, and so by that means get many things which otherwise he never should have seen.

In answering a book, 'tis best to be short; otherwise he that I write against will suspect I intend to weary him, not to satisfy him. Besides, in being long I shall give my adversary a huge advantage; somewhere or other he will pick a hole.

In quoting of books, quote such authors as are usually read; others you may read for your own satisfaction, but not name them.

Quoting of authors is most for matter of fact, and then I cite them as I would produce a witness: sometimes for a free expression; and then I give the author his due, and gain myself praise by reading him.

To quote a modern Dutchman, where I may use a classic author, is as if I were to justify my reputation, and I neglect all persons of note and quality that know me, and bring the testimonial of the scullion in the kitchen.

Canon Law.

If I would study the canon law as it is used in England, I must study the heads here in use, then go to the practisers in those courts where that law is practised, and know their customs. So for all the study in the world.

Ceremony.

Ceremony keeps up all things: 'tis like a penny-glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost.

Of all people, ladies have no reason to cry down ceremony, for they take themselves slighted without it. An they were not used with ceremony, with compliments and addresses, with legs and kissing of hands, they were the pitifullest creatures in the world. But yet methinks to kiss their hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, that after they eat the apple, fall to the paring out of a love they have to the apple.

Changing Sides.

'Tis the trial of a man to see if he will change his side; and if he be so weak as to change once, he will change again. Your country fellows have a way to try if a man be weak in the hams, by coming behind him and giving him a blow unawares; if he bend once, he will bend again.

The lords that fall from the king after they have got estates by base flattery at court and now pretend conscience, do as a vintner, that when he first sets up, you may go to his house, and carouse there; but when he grows rich, he turns conscientious, and will sell no wine upon the Sabbath Day.

Colonel Goring, serving first the one side and then the other, did like a good miller that knows how to grind which way soever the wind sits.

Charity.

Charity to strangers is enjoined in the text. By strangers is there understood those that are not of our own kin, strangers to your blood; not those you cannot tell whence they come: that is, be charitable to your neighbors whom you know to be honest poor people.

Christmas.

Christmas succeeds the Saturnalia, the same time, the same number of holy-days; then the master waited upon the servant like the lord of misrule.

Our meats and our sports, much of them, have relation to Church works. The coffin of our Christmas pies, in shape long, is in imitation of the cratch; our choosing kings and queens on Twelfth-night hath reference to the three kings.

So, likewise, our eating of fritters, whipping of tops, roasting of herrings, Jack of Lents, etc.—they were all in imitation of Church works, emblems of martyrdom. Our tansies at Easter have reference to the bitter herbs; though, at the same time, it was always the fashion for a man to have a gammon of bacon to show himself to be no Jew.

Christians.

In the High Church of Jerusalem, the Christians were but another sect of Jews, that did believe the Messias was come. To be «called» was nothing else but to become a Christian, to have the name of a Christian, it being their own language; for amongst the Jews, when they made a doctor of law, 'twas said he was «called.»

Turks tell their people of a heaven where there is sensible pleasure, but of a hell where they shall suffer they don't know what. Christians quite invert this order; they tell us of a hell where we shall feel sensible pain, but of a heaven where we shall enjoy we can't tell what.

Church.

Heretofore the kingdom let the Church alone, let them do what they would, because they had something else to think of, viz., wars; but now in time of peace, we begin to examine all things, will have nothing but what we like, grow dainty and wanton; just as in a family when the heir uses to go a hunting; he never considers how his meal is dressed, takes a bit, and away. But when he stays within, then he grows curious; he does not like this, nor he does not like that; he will have his meat dressed his own way, or peradventure he will dress it himself.

A glorious Church is like a magnificent feast; there is all the variety that may be, but every one chooses out a dish or two that he likes, and lets the rest alone: how glorious soever the Church is, every one chooses out of it his own religion, by which he governs himself and lets the rest alone.

The laws of the Church are most favorable to the Church, because they were the Church's own making: as the heralds

are the best gentlemen, because they make their own pedigree.

The way of coming into our great churches was anciently at the west door, that men might see the altar and all the church before them; the other doors were but posterns.

Competency.

That which is a competency for one man is not enough for another, no more than that which will keep one man warm will keep another man warm: one man can go in doublet and hose, when another man cannot be without a cloak, and yet have no more clothes than is necessary for him.

Great Conjunction.

The greatest conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter happens but once in eight hundred years, and therefore astrologers can make no experiments of it, nor foretell what it means; not but that the stars may mean something; but we cannot tell what, because we cannot come at them. Suppose a planet were a simple or a herb, how could a physician tell the virtue of that simple, unless he could come at it, to apply it?

Conscience.

He that hath a scrupulous conscience is like a horse that is not well weighed: he starts at every bird that flies out of the hedge.

A knowing man will do that which a tender-conscienced man dares not do, by reason of his ignorance; the other knows there is no hurt; as a child is afraid to go into the dark when a man is not, because he knows there is no danger.

If we once come to leave that outloose, as to pretend conscience against law, who knows what inconvenience may follow? For thus, suppose an Anabaptist comes and takes my horse, I sue him; he tells me he did according to his conscience; his conscience tells him all things are common amongst the saints: what is mine is his; therefore you do ill to make such a law—«If any man takes another's horse he

shall be hanged.» What can I say to this man? He does according to his conscience. Why is not he as honest a man as he that pretends a ceremony established by law is against his conscience? Generally to pretend conscience against law is dangerous; in some cases haply we may.

Some men make it a case of conscience whether a man may have a pigeon-house because his pigeons eat other folks' corn. But there is no such thing as conscience in the business; the matter is, whether he be a man of such quality, that the State allows him to have a dove-house; if so, there's an end of the business; his pigeons have a right to eat where they please themselves.

Contracts.

If our fathers have lost their liberty, why may not we labor to regain it? *Answer:* We must look to the contract; if that be rightly made, we must stand to it; if we once grant we may recede from contracts upon any inconveniency that may afterwards happen, we shall have no bargain kept. If I sell you a horse and do not like my bargain, I will have my horse again.

Keep your contracts—so far a divine goes; but how to make our contracts is left to ourselves; and as we agree upon the conveying of this house or that land, so it must be. If you offer me a hundred pounds for my glove, I tell you what my glove is, a plain glove, pretend no virtue in it, the glove is my own, I profess not to sell gloves, and we agree for a hundred pounds, I do not know why I may not with a safe conscience take it. The want of that common obvious distinction of *jus præceptivum* and *jus permissivum* does much trouble men.

Lady Kent articled with Sir Edward Herbert that he should come to her when she sent for him, and stay with her as long as she would have him, to which he set his hand; then he articled with her that he should go away when he pleased, and stay away as long as he pleased, to which she set her hand. This is the epitome of all the contracts in the world betwixt man and man, betwixt prince and subject; they keep them as long as they like them, and no longer.

Damnation.

If the physician sees you eat anything that is not good for your body, to keep you from it he cries, «'Tis poison»; if the divine sees you do anything that is hurtful for your soul, to keep you from it he cries, «You are damned.»

To preach long, loud, and damnation, is the way to be cried up. We love a man that damns us, and we run after him again to save us. If a man had a sore leg, and he should go to an honest, judicious chirurgeon, and he should only bid him keep it warm and anoint with such an oil (an oil well known) that would do the cure, haply he would not much regard him, because he knows the medicine beforehand an ordinary medicine. But if he should go to a surgeon that should tell him, «Your leg will gangrene within three days, and it must be cut off, and you will die unless you do something that I could tell you,» what listening there would be to this man! «Oh, for the Lord's sake tell me what this is. I will give you any content for your pains.»

Devils.

Casting out devils is mere juggling; they never cast out any but what they first cast in. They do it where, for reverence, no man shall dare to examine it; they do it in a corner, in a mortise-hole, not in the market-place. They do nothing but what may be done by art; they make the devil fly out of the window in the likeness of a bat or a rat; why do they not hold him? Why in the likeness of a bat, or a rat, or some creature?—that is, why not in some shape we paint him in, with claws and horns? By this trick they gain much, gain upon men's fancies, and so are reverenced; and certainly if the priest deliver me from him that is my most deadly enemy, I have all the reason in the world to reverence him. *Objection:* But if this be juggling, why do they punish impostures? *Answer:* For great reason, because they do not play their part well, and for fear others should discover them; and so all of them ought to be of the same trade.

A person of quality came to my chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two devils in his head (I wondered what

he meant), and just at that time one of them bade him kill me: with that I began to be afraid, and thought he was mad. He said he knew I could cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something, for he was resolved he would go to nobody else. I perceiving what an opinion he had of me, and that 'twas only melancholy that troubled him, took him in hand, and warranted him, if he would follow my directions, to cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again, which he was very willing to do. In the meantime I got a card, and wrapped it up handsome in a piece of taffeta, and put strings to the taffeta, and when he came, gave it him to hang about his neck, and withal charged him that he should not disorder himself neither with eating nor drinking, but eat very little of supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to dinner to his house and asked him how he did. He said he was much better, but not perfectly well, or, in truth, he had not dealt clearly with me. He had four devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were gone with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. «Well,» said I, «I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt but to get away the other two likewise.» So I gave him another thing to hang about his neck. Three days after he came to me to my chamber and professed he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extremely thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like distemper, told him that there was none but myself and one physician more in the whole town that could cure devils in the head, and that was Dr. Harvey (whom I had prepared), and wished him, if ever he found himself ill in my absence, to go to him, for he could cure his disease as well as myself. The gentleman lived many years, and was never troubled after.

Self-Denial.

'Tis much the doctrine of the times that men should not please themselves, but deny themselves everything they take delight in—not look upon beauty, wear no good clothes,

eat no good meat, etc.; which seems the greatest accusation that can be upon the Maker of all good things. If they be not to be used, why did God make them? The truth is, they that preach against them cannot make use of them themselves, and then, again, they get esteem by seeming to condemn them. But mark it while you live, if they do not please themselves as much as they can; and we live more by example than precept.

Epitaph.

An epitaph must be made fit for the person for whom it is made. For a man to say all the excellent things that can be said upon one, and call that his epitaph, is as if a painter should make the handsomest piece he can possibly make, and say 'twas my picture. It holds in a funeral sermon.

Equity.

Equity in law is the same that the spirit is in religion—what every one pleases to make it. Sometimes they go according to conscience, sometimes according to law, sometimes according to the rule of court.

Equity is a roguish thing; for law we have a measure, know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot, a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be! One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot: 'tis the same thing in the Chancellor's conscience.

That saying, « Do as you would be done to,» is often misunderstood, for 'tis not thus meant that I, a private man, should do to you, a private man, as I would have you do to me, but do as we have agreed to do one to another by public agreement. If the prisoner should ask the judge whether he would be content to be hanged were he in his case, he would answer, « No.» Then says the prisoner, « Do as you would be done to.» Neither of them must do as private men, but the judge must do by him as they have publicly agreed: that is, both judge and prisoner have consented to a law that if either of them steal they shall be hanged.

Evil-Speaking.

He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against: for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

A gallant man is above ill words; an example we have in the old Lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, «Fool»: the lord complains and has Stone whipped; Stone cries, «I might have called my Lord of Salisbury 'fool' often enough before he would have had me whipped.»

Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying. His confessor told him (to work him to repentance) how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell: the Spaniard, replying, called the devil «my lord»: «I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel.» His confessor reproved him. «Excuse me,» said the Don, «for calling him so; I know not into what hands I may fall, and if I happen into his I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words.»

Friends.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

Gentlemen.

What a gentleman is, 'tis hard with us to define. In other countries he is known by his privileges; in Westminster Hall he is one that is reputed one; in the Court of Honor, he that hath arms. The king cannot make a gentleman of blood. What have you said? Nor God Almighty: but He can make a gentleman by creation. If you ask which is the better of these two, civilly the gentleman of blood, morally the gentleman by creation may be the better; for the other may be a debauched man, this a person of worth.

Gentlemen have ever been more temperate in their relig-

ion than the common people, as having more reason, the others running in a hurry. In the beginning of Christianity the Fathers wrote *contra gentes* and *contra gentiles;* they were all one. But after all were Christians, the better sort of people still retained the name of Gentiles throughout the four provinces of the Roman empire (as *gentil-homme* in French, *gentil-huomo* in Italian, *gentil-hombre* in Spanish, and *gentil-man* in English), and they, no question, being persons of quality, kept up those feasts which we borrow from the Gentiles (as Christmas, Candlemas, May-day, etc.), continuing what was not directly against Christianity, which the common people would never have endured.

Hall.

The hall was the place where the great lord used to eat (wherefore else were the halls made so big?), where he saw all his servants and tenants about him. He ate not in private, except in time of sickness: when once he became a thing cooped up all his greatness was spoiled. Nay, the king himself used to eat in the hall, and his lords sat with him, and then he understood men.

Humility.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

There is *humilitas quædam in vitio.* If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the author of all excellency and perfection? Nay, if a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, 'twill render him unserviceable both to God and man.

Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttony there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking: 'tis not the eating, nor 'tis not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.

Public Interest.

All might go well in a commonwealth if every one in the parliament would lay down his own interest and aim at the general good. If a man were sick, and the whole college of physicians should come to him and administer severally, haply so long as they observed the rules of art he might recover: but if one of them had a great deal of scammony by him, he must put off that; therefore he prescribes scammony. Another had a great deal of rhubarb, and he must put off that, and therefore he prescribes rhubarb, &c., they would certainly kill the man. We destroy the commonwealth, while we preserve our own private interests and neglect the public.

Human Invention.

You say there must be no human invention in the Church, nothing but the pure Word. *Answer:* If I give any exposition but what is expressed in the text, that is my invention; if you give another exposition, that is your invention, and both are human. For example, suppose the word «egg» were in the text; I say, «'tis meant an hen-egg,» you say, «a goose-egg»; neither of these are expressed, therefore they are human inventions; and I am sure the newer the invention the worse; old inventions are best.

If we must admit nothing but what we read in the Bible, what will become of the Parliament?—for we do not read of that there.

Judge.

We see the pageants in Cheapside, the lions and the elephants, but we do not see the men that carry them: we see the judges look big, look like lions, but we do not see who moves them.

Little things do great works, when the great things will not. If I should take a pin from the ground, a little pair of tongs will do it, when a great pair will not. Go to a judge to do a business for you; by no means he will not hear of it. But go to some small servant about him, and he will despatch it according to your heart's desire.

There could be no mischief in the commonwealth without a judge. Though there be false dice brought in at the groom-porters, and cheating offered, yet unless he allow the cheating, and judge the dice to be good, there may be hopes of fair play.

King.

A king is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness' sake; just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat. If every man should buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree: one would buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before; so there would be a confusion. But that charge being committed to one, he according to his discretion pleases all; if they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

Kings are all individual, this or that king; there is no species of kings.

A king that claims privileges in his own country because they have them in another is just as a cook that claims fees in one lord's house because they are allowed in another. If the master of the house will yield them, well and good.

The text « Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's » makes as much against kings as for them, for it says plainly that some things are not Cæsar's.

King of England.

The king can no no wrong; that is, no process can be granted against him. What must be done, then; petition him, and the king writes upon the petition *soit droit fait*, and sends it to the Chancery, and then the business is heard. His confessor will not tell him; he can do no wrong.

The three estates are the lords temporal, the bishops are the clergy, and the commons, as some would have it. Take heed of that, for then if two agree, the third is involved; but he is king of the three estates.

The court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing, first you had the grave measures, then the corantoes and the galliards, and this is kept up with ceremony;

at length to trenchmore and the cushion-dance, and then all the company dance—lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our court, in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up. In King James' time things were pretty well. But in King Charles' time, there has been nothing but trenchmore, and the cushion-dance, *omnium gatherum* tolly-polly, hoite come toite.

'Tis hard to make an accommodation between the king and the Parliament. If you and I fell out about money, you said I owed you twenty pounds, I said I owed you but ten pounds, it may be a third party, allowing me twenty marks, might make us friends. But if I said I owed you twenty pounds in silver, and you said I owed you twenty pounds of diamonds, which is a sum innumerable, 'tis impossible we should ever agree. This is the case.

The king using the House of Commons as he did Mr. Pym and his company (that is, charging them with treason because they charged my Lord of Canterbury and Sir George Ratcliffe), it was just with as much logic as the boy that would have married his grandmother used to his father: «You married my mother, why should not I marry yours?»

Law.

A man may plead «not guilty,» and yet tell no lie; for by the law no man is bound to accuse himself; so that when I say, «Not guilty,» the meaning is as if I should say by way of paraphrase, «I am not so guilty as to tell you; if you will bring me to a trial, and have me punished for this you lay to my charge, prove it against me.»

Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead and no man can tell how to confute him.

The King of Spain was outlawed in Westminster Hall, I being of council against him. A merchant had recovered costs against him in a suit, which because he could not get we advised to have him outlawed for not appearing, and so he was. As soon as Gondomar heard that, he presently sent the money, by reason if his master had been outlawed he could not have the benefit of the law, which would have

been very prejudicial, there being then many suits depending betwixt the King of Spain and our English merchants.

Every law is a contract between the king and the people, and therefore to be kept. A hundred men may owe me a hundred pounds, as well as any one man; and shall they not pay me because they are stronger than I? *Objection:* Oh, but they lose all if they keep that law. *Answer:* Let them look to the making of their bargain. If I sell my lands, and when I have done, one comes and tells me I have nothing else to keep me, I and my wife and children must starve if I part with my land; must I not therefore let them have my land that have bought it and paid for it?

The Parliament may declare law, as well as any other inferior court may, viz., the King's Bench. In that or this particular case the King's Bench will declare unto you what the law is, but that binds nobody but whom the case concerns: so the highest court, the Parliament, may do, but not declare law—that is, make law that was never heard of before.

Law of Nature.

I cannot fancy to myself what the law of nature means, but the law of God. How should I know I ought not to steal, I ought not to commit adultery, unless somebody had told me so! Surely 'tis because I have been told so. 'Tis not because I think I ought not to do them, nor because you think I ought not; if so, our minds might change: whence, then, comes the restraint? From a higher Power; nothing else can bind. I cannot bind myself, for I may untie myself again; nor an equal cannot bind me, for we may untie one another: it must be a superior Power, even God Almighty. If two of us make a bargain, why should either of us stand to it? What need you care what you say, or what need I care what I say? Certainly because there is something about me that tells me *fides est servanda;* and if we after alter our minds and make a new bargain, there is *fides servanda* there, too.

Learning.

No man is the wiser for his learning; it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon, but wit and wisdom are born with a man.

'Tis observable that in Athens, where the arts flourished, they were governed by a democracy; learning made them think themselves as wise as anybody, and they would govern as well as others; and they spake, as it were by way of contempt, that in the East and in the North they had kings, and why? Because the most part of them followed their business, and if some one man had made himself wiser than the rest, he governed them, and they willingly submitted themselves to him. Aristotle makes the observation. And as in Athens the philosophers made the people knowing, and therefore they thought themselves wise enough to govern, so does preaching with us, and that makes us affect a democracy; for upon these two grounds we all would be governors—either because we think ourselves as wise as the best, or because we think ourselves the elect and have the Spirit, and the rest a company of reprobates that belong to the devil.

Marriage.

Of all actions of a man's life his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other people.

Marriage is nothing but a civil contract. 'Tis true, 'tis an ordinance of God: so is every other contract; God commands me to keep it when I have made it.

Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Æsop were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well because they could not get out again.

We single out particulars, and apply God's providence to them. Thus when two are married and have undone one another, they cry, « It was God's providence we should come together,» when God's providence does equally concur to everything.

Measure of Things.

We measure from ourselves; and as things are for our use and purpose, so we approve them. Bring a pear to the table that is rotten, we cry it down, «'Tis naught»; but bring a medlar that is rotten, and «'Tis a fine thing»; and yet I'll warrant you the pear thinks as well of itself as the medlar does.

We measure the excellency of other men by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet, poor enough (as poets used to be), seeing an alderman with his gold chain, upon his great horse, by way of scorn said to one of his companions, «Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks? Why, that fellow cannot make a blank verse!»

Nay, we measure the goodness of God from ourselves; we measure His goodness, His justice, His wisdom, by something we call just, good, or wise in ourselves; and in so doing we judge proportionably to the country-fellow in the play, who said if he were a king he would live like a lord, and have peas and bacon every day, and a whip that cried, «Slash!»

Difference of Men.

The difference of men is very great (you would scarce think them to be of the same species), and yet it consists more in the affection than in the intellect. For as in the strength of body two men shall be of an equal strength, yet one shall appear stronger than the other, because he exercises and puts out his strength; the other will not stir nor strain himself. So 'tis in the strength of the brain: the one endeavors, and strains, and labors, and studies; the other sits still, and is idle, and takes no pains, and therefore he appears so much the inferior.

Money.

Money makes a man laugh. A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing but scurvily, the company laughed at him; his boy that led him, perceiving it, cried, «Father, let us be gone; they do nothing but laugh at you.» «Hold thy

peace, boy,» said the fiddler; «we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them.»

Euclid was beaten in Boccaline for teaching his scholars a mathematical figure in his school, whereby he showed that all the lives both of princes and private men tended to one centre, *con gentilezza*, handsomely to get money out of other men's pockets, and put it into their own.

Moral Honesty.

They that cry down moral honesty, cry down that which is a great part of religion, my duty towards God and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozens and cheats as soon as he comes home? On the other side, morality must not be without religion; for if so, it may change as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. He that has not religion to govern his morality, is not a dram better than my mastiff dog; so long as you stroke him, and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be—he is a very good moral mastiff; but if you hurt him, he will fly in your face, and tear out your throat.

Mortgage.

In case I receive a thousand pounds, and mortgage as much land as is worth two thousand to you, if I do not pay the money at such a day, I fail. Whether you may take my land and keep it in point of conscience? *Answer:* If you had my land as security only for your money, then you are not to keep it; but if we bargained so, that if I did not repay your £1,000 my land should go for it, be it what it will, no doubt you may with a safe conscience keep it; for in these things all the obligation is *servare fidem.*

Number.

All those mysterious things they observe in numbers, come to nothing upon this very ground, because number in itself is nothing, has nothing to do with nature, but is merely of human imposition, a mere sound. For example, when I cry one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, that is but man's

division of time; the time itself goes on, and it had been all one in nature, if those hours had been called nine, ten, and eleven. So when they say the seventh son is fortunate, it means nothing; for if you count from the seventh backward, then the first is the seventh; why is not he likewise fortunate?

Opinion.

Opinion and affection extremely differ. I may affect a woman best, but it does not follow I must think her the handsomest woman in the world. I love apples best of any fruit, but it does not follow I must think apples to be the best fruit. Opinion is something wherein I go about to give reason why all the world should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of myself.

'Twas a good fancy of an old Platonic: the gods which are above men had something whereof man did partake, an intellect, knowledge, and the gods kept on their course quietly. The beasts, which are below man, had something whereof man did partake, sense and growth, and the beasts lived quietly in their way. But man had something in him whereof neither gods nor beasts did partake, which gave him all the trouble, and made all the confusion in the world; and that is opinion.

Patience.

Patience is the chiefest fruit of study. A man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men by much reading, gains this chiefest good, that in all fortunes he hath something to entertain and comfort himself withal.

Peace.

King James was pictured going easily down a pair of stairs, and upon every step there was written, «Peace, Peace, Peace.» The wisest way for men in these times is to say nothing.

When a country wench cannot get her butter to come, she says the witch is in her churn. We have been churning for peace a great while, and 'twill not come; sure the witch is in it!

Though we had peace, yet 'twill be a great while ere things be settled. Though the wind lie, yet after a storm the sea will work a great while.

People.

There is not anything in the world more abused than this sentence, *Salus populi suprema lex esto*, for we apply it as if we ought to forsake the known law, when it may be most for the advantage of the people, when it means no such thing. For first, 'tis not *Salus populi suprema lex est*, but *esto;* it being one of the laws of the twelve tables; and after divers laws made, some for punishment, some for reward, then follows this, *Salus populi suprema lex esto:* that is, in all the laws you make, have a special eye to the good of the people; and then what does this concern the way they now go?

Objection: He that makes one is greater than he that is made; the people make the king, *ergo*, *&c.*

Answer: This does not hold; for if I have £1,000 per annum, and give it you, and leave myself ne'er a penny, I made you, but when you have my land you are greater than I. The parish makes the constable, and when the constable is made, he governs the parish. The answer to all these doubts is, Have you agreed so? if you have, then it must remain till you have altered it.

Pleasure.

Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of pain, the enjoying of something I am in great trouble for till I have it.

'Tis a wrong way to proportion other men's pleasures to ourselves; 'tis like a child's using a little bird: «O poor bird, thou shalt sleep with me»; so lays it in his bosom, and stifles it with his hot breath: the bird had rather be in the cold air. And yet too 'tis the most pleasing flattery, to like what other men like.

'Tis most undoubtedly true, that all men are equally given to their pleasure; only thus, one man's pleasure lies one way, and another's another. Pleasures are all alike simply

considered in themselves: he that hunts, or he that governs the commonwealth, they both please themselves alike, only we commend that whereby we ourselves receive some benefit; as if a man place his delight in things that tend to the common good. He that takes pleasure to hear sermons enjoys himself as much as he that hears plays; and could he that loves plays endeavor to love sermons, possibly he might bring himself to it as well as to any other pleasure. At first it may seem harsh and tedious, but afterwards 'twould be pleasing and delightful. So it falls out in that which is the great pleasure of some men, tobacco; at first they could not abide it, and now they cannot be without it.

While you are upon earth, enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given), and be not melancholy, and wish yourself in heaven. If a king should give you the keeping of a castle, with all things belonging to it, orchards, gardens, etc., and bid you use them; withal promise you that, after twenty years to remove you to the court, and to make you a Privy Councillor; if you should neglect your castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a Privy Councillor, do you think the king would be pleased with you?

Pleasures of meat, drink, clothes, etc., are forbidden those that know not how to use them; just as nurses cry, «Pah!» when they see a knife in a child's hand; they will never say anything to a man.

Philosophy.

When men comfort themselves with philosophy, 'tis not because they have got two or three sentences, but because they have digested those sentences and made them their own: so upon the matter, philosophy is nothing but discretion.

Poetry.

There is no reason plays should be in verse, either in blank or rhyme; only the poet has to say for himself, that he makes something like that, which somebody made before him. The old poets had no other reason but this, their verse was sung to music; otherwise it had been a senseless thing to have fettered up themselves.

I never converted but two, the one was Mr. Crashaw, from writing against plays, by telling him a way how to understand that place of putting on woman's apparel, which has nothing to do in the business, as neither has it, that the Fathers speak against plays in their time, with reason enough, for they had real idolatries mixed with their plays, having three altars perpetually upon the stage. The other was a doctor of divinity, from preaching against painting; which simply in itself is no more hurtful than putting on my clothes, or doing anything to make myself like other folks, that I may not be odious nor offensive to the company. Indeed if I do it with an ill intention, it alters the case; so, if I put on my gloves with an intention to do a mischief, I am a villain.

'Tis a fine thing for children to learn to make verse; but when they come to be men, they must speak like other men, or else they will be laughed at. 'Tis ridiculous to speak, or write, or preach in verse. As 'tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his leg, learn to go handsomely; but 'tis ridiculous for him to dance when he should go.

'Tis ridiculous for a lord to print verses; 'tis well enough to make them to please himself, but to make them public, is foolish. If a man in a private chamber twirls his band-strings, or plays with a rush, to please himself, 'tis well enough; but if he should go into Fleet Street, and sit upon a stall and twirl a band-string or play with a rush, then all the boys in the street would laugh at him.

Verse proves nothing but the quantity of syllables; they are not meant for logic.

Power.

There is no stretching of power. It is a good rule, eat within your stomach, act within your commission.

They that govern most make least noise. You see when they row in a barge, they that do drudgery-work, slash, and puff, and sweat; but he that governs, sits quietly at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir.

Syllables govern the world.

The Parliament of England has no arbitrary power in point of judicature, but in point of making law only.

If the prince be *servus natura*, of a servile base spirit, and the subjects *liberi*, free and ingenuous, ofttimes they depose their prince, and govern themselves. On the contrary, if the people be *servi natura*, and some one among them of a free and ingenuous spirit, he makes himself king of the rest; and this is the cause of all changes in state: commonwealths into monarchies, and monarchies into commonwealths.

In a troubled state we must do as in foul weather upon the Thames, not think to cut directly through, so the boat may be quickly full of water, but rise and fall as the waves do, give as much as conveniently we can.

Preaching.

The tone in preaching does much in working upon the people's affections. If a man should make love in an ordinary tone, his mistress would not regard him; and therefore he must whine. If a man should cry fire, or murder, in an ordinary voice, nobody would come out to help him.

Preachers will bring anything into the text. The young Masters of Arts preached against non-residency in the university; whereupon the heads made an order, that no man should meddle with anything but what was in the text. The next day one preached upon these words, «Abraham begat Isaac»: when he had gone a good way, at last he observed, that Abraham was resident; for if he had been non-resident, he could never have begot Isaac; and so fell foul upon the non-residents.

I could never tell what often preaching meant, after a church is settled, and we know what is to be done; 'tis just as if a husbandman should once tell his servants what they are to do, when to sow, when to reap, and afterwards one should come and tell them twice or thrice a day what they know already. You must sow your wheat in October, you must reap your wheat in August, &c.

The main argument why they would have two sermons a day, is, because they have two meals a day; the soul must be fed as well as the body. But I may as well argue, I ought to have two noses because I have two eyes, or two

mouths because I have two ears. What have meals and sermons to do one with another?

In preaching they say more to raise men to love virtue than men can possibly perform, to make them do their best; as if you would teach a man to throw the bar, to make him put out his strength, you bid him throw further than it is possible for him, or any man else: throw over yonder house.

In preaching they do by men as writers of romances do by their chief knights, bring them into many dangers, but still fetch them off; so they put men in fear of hell, but at last bring them to heaven.

Preachers say, do as I say, not as I do. But if a physician had the same disease upon him that I have, and he should bid me do one thing, and he do quite another, could I believe him?

Preaching the same sermon to all sorts of people, is, as if a schoolmaster should read the same lesson to his several forms: if he reads, *Amo*, *amas*, *amavi*, the highest forms laugh at him; the younger boys admire him; so it is in preaching to a mixed auditory. *Objection:* But it cannot be otherwise; the parish cannot be divided into several forms: what must the preacher then do in discretion? *Answer:* Why then let him use some expressions by which this or that condition of people may know such doctrine does more especially concern them; it being so delivered that the wisest may be content to hear. For if he delivers it altogether, and leaves it to them to single out what belongs to themselves (which is the usual way), 'tis as if a man would bestow gifts upon children of several ages, two years old, four years old, ten years old, &c., and there he brings tops, pins, points, ribands, and casts them all in a heap together upon a table before them; though the boy of ten years old knows how to choose his top, yet the child of two years old, that should have a riband, takes a pin, and the pin ere he be aware pricks his fingers, and then all's out of order, &c. Preaching for the most part is the glory of the preacher, to show himself a fine man. Catechizing would do much better.

Use the best arguments to persuade, though but few understand; for the ignorant will sooner believe the judicious

of the parish, than the preacher himself; and they teach when they dissipate what he has said, and believe it the sooner, confirmed by men of their own side. For betwixt the laity and the clergy there is, as it were, a continual driving of a bargain; something the clergy would still have us be at, and therefore many things are heard from the preacher with suspicion. They are afraid of some ends, which are easily assented to, when they have it from some of themselves. 'Tis with a sermon as 'tis with a play; many come to see it, who do not understand it; and yet hearing it cried up by one whose judgment they cast themselves upon, and of power with them, they swear, and will die in it, that 'tis a very good play, which they would not have done if the priest himself had told them so. As in a great school, 'tis [not] the master that teaches all; the monitor does a great deal of work; it may be the boys are afraid to see the master: so in a parish, 'tis not the minister does all; the greater neighbor teaches the lesser, the master of the house teaches his servant, &c.

First in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric. Rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root; yet I confess more are taken with rhetoric than logic, because they are caught with a free expression, when they understand not reason. Logic must be natural, or it is worth nothing at all; your rhetoric figures may be learned. That rhetoric is best which is most seasonable and most catching. An instance we have in that old blunt commander at Cadiz, who showed himself a good orator; being to say something to his soldiers, which he was not used to do, he made them a speech to this purpose: «What a shame will it be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef and brewess, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you that eat nothing but oranges and lemons;» and so put more courage into his men than he could have done with a more learned oration. Rhetoric is very good, or stark nought: there's no medium in rhetoric. If I am not fully persuaded, I laugh at the orator.

'Tis good to preach the same thing again; for that's the way to have it learned. You see a bird by often whistling to learn a tune, and a month after record it to herself.

'Tis a hard case a minister should be turned out of his living for something they inform he should say in his pulpit. We can no more know what a minister said in his sermon by two or three words picked out of it, than we can tell what tune a musician played last upon the lute by two or three single notes.

Preferment.

When you would have a child go to such a place, and you find him unwilling, you tell him he shall ride a cock-horse, and then he will go presently; so do those that govern the State deal by men, to work them to their ends; they tell them they shall be advanced to such or such a place, and they will do any thing they would have them.

A great place strangely qualifies. John Read, groom of the chamber to my Lord of Kent, was in the right. Attorney Noy being dead, some were saying, how would the king do for a fit man? «Why, any man,» says John Read, «may execute the place.» «I warrant,» says my Lord, «thou think'st thou understand'st enough to perform it.» «Yes,» quoth John, «let the king make me attorney, and I would fain see that man that durst tell me there's anything I understand not.»

When the pageants are a-coming there's a great thrusting and a riding upon one another's backs to look out at the window: stay a little and they will come just to you, you may see them quietly. So 'tis when a new statesman or officer is chosen; there's great expectation and listening who it should be; stay a while, and you may know quietly.

Missing preferment makes the presbyters fall foul upon the bishops: men that are in hopes and in the way of rising, keep in the channel, but they that have none, seek new ways: 'tis so amongst the lawyers; he that hath the judge's ear, will be very observant of the way of the court; but he that hath no regard will be flying out.

My Lord Digby having spoken something in the House of Commons for which they would have questioned him, was presently called to the Upper House. He did by the Parliament as an ape when he has done some waggery; his master spies him, and he looks for his whip, but before he can come at him, whip says he to the top of the house.

Some of the Parliament were discontented, that they wanted places at court, which others had got; but when they had them once, then they were quiet. Just as at a christening, some that get no sugar-plums when the rest have, mutter and grumble; presently the wench comes again with her basket of sugar-plums, and then they catch and scramble, and when they have got them, you hear no more of them.

Prerogative.

Prerogative is something that can be told what it is, not something that has no name: just as you see the archbishop has his prerogative court, but we know what is done in that court. So the king's prerogative is not his will, or, what divines make it, a power, to do what he lists.

The king's prerogative, that is, the king's law. For example, if you ask whether a patron may present to a living after six months by law? I answer, No. If you ask whether the king may? I answer, he may by his prerogative, that is by the law that concerns him in that case.

Question.

When a doubt is propounded, you must learn to distinguish, and show wherein a thing holds, and wherein it doth not hold. Ay, or no, never answered any question. The not distinguishing where things should be distinguished, and the not confounding where things should be confounded, is the cause of all the mistakes in the world.

Reason.

In giving reasons, men commonly do with us as the woman does with her child; when she goes to market about her business she tells it she goes to buy it a fine thing, to buy it a cake or some plums. They give us such reasons as they think we will be caught withal, but never let us know the truth.

When the school-men talk of *Recta Ratio* in morals, either they understand reason as it is governed by a command from above, or else they say no more than a woman, when she

says a thing is so because it is so; that is, her reason persuades her 'tis so. The other acceptation has sense in it. As, take a law of the land, I must not depopulate, my reason tells me so. Why? Because if I do, I incur the detriment.

The reason of a thing is not to be inquired after till you are sure the thing itself be so. We commonly are at «What's the reason of it?» before we are sure of the thing. 'Twas an excellent question of my Lady Cotton, when Sir Robert Cotton was magnifying of a shoe, which was Moses's or Noah's, and wondering at the strange shape and fashion of it. «But, Mr. Cotton,» says she, «are you sure it is a shoe?»

Retaliation.

An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. That does not mean that if I put out another man's eye, therefore I must lose one of my own, for what is he the better for that? though this be commonly received. But it means I shall give him what satisfaction an eye shall be judged to be worth.

Reverence.

'Tis sometimes unreasonable to look after respect and reverence, either from a man's own servant, or other inferiors. A great lord and a gentleman talking together, there came a boy by, leading a calf with both his hands. Says the lord to the gentleman, «You shall see me make the boy let go his calf.» With that he came towards him, thinking the boy would have put off his hat, but the boy took no notice of him. The lord seeing that, «Sirrah,» says he, «do you not know me that you use no reverence?» «Yes,» says the boy, «if your lordship will hold my calf, I will put off my hat.»

Non-Residency.

The people thought they had a great victory over the clergy when, in Henry VIII.'s time, they got their bill passed that a clergyman should have but two livings; before, a man might have twenty or thirty; 'twas but getting a dispensation from the Pope's Limiter, or gatherer of the Peter-pence,

which was as easily got as now you may have a license to eat flesh.

As soon as a minister is made he hath power to preach all over the world, but the civil power restrains him; he cannot preach in this parish, or in that; there is one already appointed. Now, if the State allows him two livings, then he hath two places where he may exercise his function, and so has the more power to do his office, which he might do everywhere if he were not restrained.

Religion.

King James said to the fly, «Have I three kingdoms, and thou must needs fly into my eye?» Is there not enough to meddle with upon the stage, or in love, or at the table, but religion?

Religion amongst men appears to me like the learning they got at school. Some men forget all they learned, others spend upon the stock, and some improve it. So some men forget all the religion that was taught them when they were young, others spend upon that stock, and some improve it.

Religion is like the fashion: one man wears his doublet slashed, another laced, another plain; but every man has a doublet. So every man has his religion. We differ about trimming.

Men say they are of the same religion for quietness' sake; but if the matter were well examined you would scarce find three anywhere of the same religion in all points.

Every religion is a getting religion; for though I myself get nothing, I am subordinate to those that do. So you may find a lawyer in the Temple that gets little for the present; but he is fitting himself to be in time one of those great ones that do get.

State.

In a troubled State save as much for your own as you can. A dog had been at market to buy a shoulder of mutton; coming home he met two dogs by the way, that quarrelled with him; he laid down his shoulder of mutton, and fell to

fighting with one of them; in the meantime the other dog fell to eating his mutton; he seeing that, left the dog he was fighting with, and fell upon him that was eating; then the other dog fell to eat: when he perceived there was no remedy, but which of them soever he fought withal, his mutton was in danger, he thought he would have as much of it as he could, and thereupon gave over fighting, and fell to eating himself.

Thanksgiving.

At first we gave thanks for every victory as soon as ever 'twas obtained; but since we have had many now we can stay a good while. We are just like a child: give him a plum, he makes his leg; give him a second plum, he makes another leg; at last when his belly is full, he forgets what he ought to do; then his nurse, or somebody else that stands by him, puts him in mind of his duty, «Where's your leg?»

Trade.

There is no prince in Christendom but is directly a tradesman, though in another way than an ordinary tradesman. For the purpose I have a man; I bid him lay out twenty shillings in such commodities; but I tell him for every shilling he lays out I will have a penny. I trade as well as he. This every prince does in his customs.

Trial.

Trials are by one of these three ways. By confession or by demurrer; that is, confessing the fact, but denying it to be that wherewith a man is charged; for example, denying it to be treason if a man be charged with treason, or by a jury.

Ordalium was a trial; and was either by going over nine red-hot ploughshares (as in the case of Queen Emma, accused for lying with the Bishop of Winchester, over which she being led blindfold, and having passed all her irons, asked when she should come to her trial), or it was by taking a red-hot coulter in a man's hand, and carrying it so many steps, and then casting it from him. As soon as this

was done, the hands or the feet were to be bound up, and certain charms to be said, and a day or two after to be opened; if the parts were whole, the party was judged to be innocent; and so on the contrary.

The rack is used nowhere as in England. In other countries it is used in judicature, when there is a *semiplena probatio*, a half-proof against a man; then to see if they can make it full, they rack him if he will not confess. But here in England they take a man and rack him, I do not know why, nor when; not in time of judicature, but when somebody bids.

Some men before they come to their trial are cozened to confess upon examination. Upon this trick they are made to believe somebody has confessed before them; and then they think it a piece of honor to be clear and ingenuous, and that destroys them.

War.

Do not undervalue an enemy by whom you have been worsted. When our countrymen came home from fighting with the Saracens, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with huge, big, terrible faces (as you still see the sign of the «Saracen's Head» is), when in truth they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credits.

Question: Whether may subjects take up arms against their prince? *Answer:* Conceive it thus: Here lies a shilling betwixt you and me; ten pence of the shilling is yours, two pence is mine; by agreement, I am as much king of my two pence as you of your ten pence. If you therefore go about to take away my two pence I will defend it, for there you and I are equal, both princes.

Or thus, two supreme powers meet: one says to the other, give me your land; if you will not, I will take it from you. The other, because he thinks himself too weak to resist him, tells him, of nine parts, I will give you three, so I may quietly enjoy the rest, and I will become your tributary. Afterwards the prince comes to exact six parts, and leaves but three; the contract then is broken, and they are in parity again.

To know what obedience is due to the prince you must

look into the contract betwixt him and his people; as if you would know what rent is due from the tenant to the landlord you must look into the lease. When the contract is broken, and there is no third person to judge, then the decision is by arms. And this is the case between the prince and the subject.

Question: What law is there to take up arms against the prince in case he break his covenant? *Answer:* Though there be no written law for it, yet there is custom, which is the best law of the kingdom; for in England they have always done it. There is nothing expressed between the King of England and the King of France that if either invades the other's territory the other shall take up arms against him; and yet they do it upon such an occasion.

'Tis all one to be plundered by a troop of horse, or to have a man's goods taken from him by an order from the council table. To him that dies 'tis all one whether it be by a penny halter or a silk garter; yet I confess the silk garter pleases more; and like trouts, we love to be tickled to death.

The soldiers say they fight for honor, when the truth is they have their honor in their pocket; and they mean the same thing that pretend to fight for religion. Just as a parson goes to law with his parishioners; he says, for the good of his successors, that the Church may not lose its right; when the meaning is to get the tithes into his own pocket.

Wife.

He that hath a handsome wife by other men is thought happy; 'tis a pleasure to look upon her, and be in her company; but the husband is cloyed with her. We are never content with what we have.

You shall see a monkey sometime, that has been playing up and down the garden, at length leap up to the top of the wall, but his clog hangs a great way below on this side. The bishop's wife is like that monkey's clog; himself is got up very high, takes place of the temporal barons, but his wife comes a great way behind.

'Tis reason a man that will have a wife should be at the

charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey 'tis fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks.

Wisdom.

A wise man should never resolve upon anything, at least never let the world know his resolution, for if he cannot arrive at that he is ashamed.

Never tell your resolution beforehand; but when the cast is thrown play it as well as you can to win the game you are at. 'Tis but folly to study how to play size-ace when you know not whether you shall throw it or no.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion, you know, called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt: she said, «Ay»; he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and asked him: he said, «No»; he tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox and asked him: truly he had got a cold and could not smell.

HYDRIOTAPHIA

(URN-BURIAL)

BY

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

The "Religio Medici" quickly established the fame of Sir Thomas Browne as a writer of rare power and beauty, whose philosophical bent and profound learning did not blunt the edge of his unique originality of fancy and style. Less familiar, but not less great, is the work here presented. The writer loved to pore over outlandish subjects, and when his facts were set out in imposing array he would embroider them with rich and often captivating fantasies that transform ordinarily unattractive topics into themes fascinating and instinct with lofty eloquence.

This characterizes his treatment of the ancient mode of urn-burial, which has seen a revival in our time. He discourses upon an unearthed fragment of human anatomy or the ashes in an ancient urn with the scholarly enthusiasm of a man of science and an archæologist, until the sublimity of the larger questions as they unfold themselves lifts his thoughts to the high plane of poetry. Again his grave whimsicality delights the reader at unexpected turns with the effect of true humor. There is a mass of information in this little work, "Hydriotaphia," overlaid with an eloquence natural, elevating, and unsurpassed in literature.

Browne was born in London in 1605, but settled as a practising physician in the old city of Norwich. His curious work known by its English name as an exposure of Vulgar Errors, or popular superstitions from ignorance, is excellent recreative reading. The "Urn Burial" appeared in 1658. His fondness for Latinized words gives a stiffness to his pages in contrast with the free roaming of his imagination, but it cannot dull our interest. He lived an honored and enviable life, and died in 1682.

TO MY

WORTHY AND HONORED FRIEND

THOMAS LE GROS,

OF CROSTWICK, ESQUIRE

When the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over, men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes; and, having no old experience of the duration of their relics, held no opinion of such after-considerations.

But who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whether they are to be scattered? The relics of many lie like the ruins of Pompeys, in all parts of the earth; and when they arrive at your hands, these may seem to have wandered far, who, in a direct and meridian travel, have but few miles of known earth between yourself and the pole.

That the bones of Theseus should be seen again in Athens was not beyond conjecture and hopeful expectation: but that these should arise so opportunely to serve yourself was an hit of fate, and honor beyond prediction.

We cannot but wish these urns might have the effect of theatrical vessels and great Hippodrome urns in Rome, to resound the acclamations and honor due unto you. But these are sad and sepulchral pitchers, which have no joyful voices; silently expressing old mortality, the ruins of forgotten times, and can only speak with life, how long in this corruptible frame some parts may be uncorrupted; yet able to outlast bones long unborn, and noblest pile among us.

We present not these as any strange sight or spectacle unknown to your eyes, who have beheld the best of urns

and noblest variety of ashes; who are yourself no slender master of antiquities, and can daily command the view of so many imperial faces; which raiseth your thoughts unto old things and consideration of times before you, when even living men were antiquities; when the living might exceed the dead, and to depart this world could not be properly said to go unto the greater number. And so run up your thoughts upon the Ancient of Days, the antiquary's truest object, unto whom the eldest parcels are young, and earth itself an infant, and without Egyptian account makes but small noise in thousands.

We were hinted by the occasion, not catched the opportunity to write of old things, or intrude upon the antiquary. We are coldly drawn unto discourses of antiquities, who have scarce time before us to comprehend new things, or make out learned novelties. But seeing they arose, as they lay almost in silence among us, at least in short account suddenly passed over, we were very unwilling they should die again, and be buried twice among us.

Beside, to preserve the living, and make the dead to live, to keep men out of their urns, and discourse of human fragments in them, is not impertinent unto our profession; whose study is life and death, who daily behold examples of mortality, and of all men least need artificial *mementos*, or coffins by our bedside, to mind us of our graves.

'Tis time to observe occurrences, and let nothing remarkable escape us: the supinity of elder days hath left so much in silence, or time hath so martyred the records, that the most industrious heads do find no easy work to erect a new *Britannia*.

'Tis opportune to look back upon old times, and contemplate our forefathers. Great examples grow thin, and to be fetched from the passed world. Simplicity flies away, and iniquity comes at long strides upon us. We have enough to do to make up ourselves from present and passed times, and the whole stage of things scarce serveth for our instruction. A complete piece of virtue must be made from the *centos* of all ages, as all the beauties of Greece could make but one handsome Venus.

When the bones of King Arthur were digged up, the old

race might think they beheld therein some originals of themselves; unto these of our urns none here can pretend relation, and can only behold the relics of those persons, who, in their life giving the laws unto their predecessors, after long obscurity, now lie at their mercies. But, remembering the early civility they brought upon these countries, and forgetting long-passed mischiefs, we mercifully preserve their bones, and defile not their ashes.

In the offer of these antiquities we drive not at ancient families, so long outlasted by them. We are far from erecting your worth upon the pillars of your forefathers, whose merits you illustrate. We honor your old virtues, conformable unto times before you, which are the noblest armory. And, having long experience of your friendly conversation, void of empty formality, full of freedom, constant and generous honesty, I look upon you as a gem of the old rock, and must profess myself even to urn and ashes,

Your ever faithful Friend
and Servant,

THOMAS BROWNE.

NORWICH, *May* 1, 1658.

HYDRIOTAPHIA (URN-BURIAL)

CHAPTER I.

In the deep discovery of the subterranean world, a shallow part would satisfy some enquirers; who, if two or three yards were open about the surface, would not care to rake the bowels of Potosi, and regions towards the centre. Nature hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. That great antiquity America lay buried for thousands of years, and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us.

Though, if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them; not affecting the graves of giants, under hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them. Even such as hope to rise again, would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their relics as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again; which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts, which they never beheld themselves.

Though earth hath engrossed the name, yet water hath proved the smartest grave; which in forty days swallowed almost mankind, and the living creation; fishes not wholly escaping, except the salt ocean were handsomely contempered by a mixture of the fresh element.

Many have taken voluminous pains to determine the state of the soul upon disunion; but men have been most fantastical in the singular contrivances of their corporal dissolution: whilst the soberest nations have rested in two ways, of simple inhumation and burning.

That carnal interment or burying was of the elder date, the old examples of Abraham and the patriarchs are sufficient to illustrate; and were without competition, if it could be made out that Adam was buried near Damascus, or Mount Calvary, according to some tradition. God himself, that buried but one, was pleased to make choice of this way, collectible from Scripture expression, and the hot contest between Satan and the archangel, about discovering the body of Moses. But the practice of burning was also of great antiquity, and of no slender extent. For (not to derive the same from Hercules) noble descriptions there are hereof in the Grecian funerals of Homer, in the formal obsequies of Patroclus and Achilles; and somewhat elder in the Theban war, and solemn combustion of Meneceus, and Archemorus, contemporary unto Jair the eighth judge of Israel. Confirmable also among the Trojans, from the funeral pyre of Hector, burnt before the gates of Troy: and the burning of Penthesilea the Amazonian queen: and long continuance of that practice, in the inward countries of Asia; while as low as the reign of Julian, we find that the king of Chionia burnt the body of his son, and interred the ashes in a silver urn.

The same practice extended also far west; and, besides Herulians, Getes, and Thracians, was in use with most of the Celtæ, Sarmatians, Germans, Gauls, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians; not to omit some use thereof among Carthaginians and Americans. Of greater antiquity among the Romans than most opinion, or Pliny seems to allow: for (beside the old Table Laws of burning or burying within the city, of making the funeral fire with planed wood, or quenching the fire with wine), Manlius the consul burnt the body of his son: Numa, by special clause of his will, was not burnt but buried; and Remus was solemnly burnt, according to the description of Ovid.

Cornelius Sylla was not the first whose body was burned

in Rome, but of the Cornelian family; which, being indifferently, not frequently used before, from that time spread, and became the prevalent practice. Not totally pursued in the highest run of cremation; for when even crows were funerally burnt, Poppæa the wife of Nero found a peculiar grave interment. Now as all customs were founded upon some bottom of reason, so there wanted not grounds for this; according to several apprehensions of the most rational dissolution. Some being of the opinion of Thales, that water was the original of all things, thought it most equal to submit unto the principle of putrefaction, and conclude in a moist relentment. Others conceived it most natural to end in fire, as due unto the master principle in the composition, according to the doctrine of Heraclitus; and therefore heaped up large piles, more actively to waft them toward that element, whereby they also declined a visible degeneration into worms, and left a lasting parcel of their composition.

Some apprehended a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser commixture, and firing out the ethereal particles so deeply immersed in it. And such as by tradition or rational conjecture held any hint of the final pyre of all things, or that this element at last must be too hard for all the rest, might conceive most naturally of the fiery dissolution. Others pretending no natural grounds, politicly declined the malice of enemies upon their buried bodies. Which consideration led Sylla unto this practice; who having thus served the body of Marius, could not but fear a retaliation upon his own; entertained after in the civil wars, and revengeful contentions of Rome.

But, as many nations embraced, and many left it indifferent, so others too much affected, or strictly declined this practice. The Indian Brahmans seemed too great friends unto fire, who burnt themselves alive, and thought it the noblest way to end their days in fire; according to the expression of the Indian, burning himself at Athens, in his last words upon the pyre unto the amazed spectators, «Thus I make myself immortal.»

But the Chaldeans, the great idolaters of fire, abhorred the burning of their carcases, as a pollution of that deity. The Persian magi declined it upon the like scruple, and

being only solicitous about their bones, exposed their flesh to the prey of birds and dogs. And the Parsees now in India, which expose their bodies unto vultures, and endure not so much as *feretra* or biers of wood, the proper fuel of fire, are led on with such niceties. But whether the ancient Germans, who burned their dead, held any such fear to pollute their deity of Herthus, or the Earth, we have no authentic conjecture.

The Egyptians were afraid of fire, not as a deity, but a devouring element, mercilessly consuming their bodies, and leaving too little of them; and therefore by precious embalmments, depositure in dry earths, or handsome enclosure in glasses, contrived the notablest ways of integral conservation. And from such Egyptian scruples, imbibed by Pythagoras, it may be conjectured that Numa and the Pythagorical sect first waved the fiery solution.

The Scythians, who swore by wind and sword, that is, by life and death, were so far from burning their bodies, that they declined all interment, and made their graves in the air: and the Ichthyophagi, or fish-eating nations about Egypt, affected the sea for their grave; thereby declining visible corruption, and restoring the debt of their bodies. Whereas the old heroes, in Homer, dreaded nothing more than water or drowning; probably upon the old opinion of the fiery substance of the soul, only extinguishable by that element; and therefore the poet emphatically implieth the total destruction in this kind of death, which happened to Ajax Oileus.

The old Balearians had a peculiar mode, for they used great urns and much wood, but no fire in their burials, while they bruised the flesh and bones of the dead, crowded them into urns, and laid heaps of wood upon them. And the Chinese without cremation or urnal interment of their bodies, make use of trees and much burning, while they plant a pine-tree by their grave, and burn great numbers of printed draughts of slaves and horses over it, civilly content with their companions *in effigy*, which barbarous nations exact unto reality.

Christians abhorred this way of obsequies, and though they sticked not to give their bodies to be burned in their

lives, detested that mode after death; affecting rather a deposiure than absumption, and properly submitting unto the sentence of God, to return not unto ashes but unto dust again, conformable unto the practice of the patriarchs, the interment of our Saviour, of Peter, Paul, and the ancient martyrs. And so far at last declining promiscuous interment with Pagans, that some have suffered ecclesiastical censures, for making no scruple thereof.

The Mussulman believers will never admit this fiery resolution. For they hold a present trial from their black and white angels in the grave; which they must have made so hollow, that they may rise upon their knees.

The Jewish nation, though they entertained the old way of inhumation, yet sometimes admitted this practice. For the men of Jabesh burnt the body of Saul; and by no prohibited practice, to avoid contagion or pollution, in time of pestilence, burnt the bodies of their friends. And when they burnt not their dead bodies, yet sometimes used great burnings near and about them, deducible from the expressions concerning Jehoram, Zedechias, and the sumptuous pyre of Asa. And were so little averse from Pagan burning, that the Jews lamenting the death of Cæsar, their friend and revenger on Pompey, frequented the place where his body was burnt for many nights together. And as they raised noble monuments and mausoleums for their own nation, so they were not scrupulous in erecting some for others, according to the practice of Daniel, who left that lasting sepulchral pile in Ecbatana, for the Median and Persian kings.

But even in times of subjection and hottest use, they conformed not unto the Roman practice of burning; whereby the prophecy was secured concerning the body of Christ, that it should not see corruption, or a bone should not be broken; which we believe was also providentially prevented, from the soldier's spear and nails that passed by the little bones both in his hands and feet; not of ordinary contrivance, that it should not corrupt on the cross, according to the laws of Roman crucifixion; or an hair of his head perish, though observable in Jewish customs, to cut the hairs of malefactors.

Nor in their long cohabitation with Egyptians, crept into a custom of their exact embalming, wherein deeply slashing the muscles, and taking out the brains and entrails, they had broken the subject of so entire a resurrection, nor fully answered the types of Enoch, Elijah, or Jonah, which yet to prevent or restore, was of equal facility unto that rising power, able to break the fasciations and bands of death, to get clear out of the cerecloth, and an hundred pounds of ointment, and out of the sepulchre before the stone was rolled from it.

But though they embraced not this practice of burning, yet entertained they many ceremonies agreeable unto Greek and Roman obsequies. And he that observeth their funeral feasts, their lamentations at the grave, their music, and weeping mourners; how they closed the eyes of their friends, how they washed, anointed, and kissed the dead; may easily conclude these were not mere Pagan civilities. But whether that mournful burthen, and treble calling out after Absalom, had any reference unto the last conclamation, and triple valediction, used by other nations, we hold but a wavering conjecture.

Civilians make sepulture but of the law of nations, others do naturally found it and discover it also in animals. They that are so thick-skinned as still to credit the story of the *Phœnix*, may say something for animal burning. More serious conjectures find some examples of sepulture in elephants, cranes, the sepulchral cells of pismires, and practice of bees —which civil society carrieth out their dead, and hath exequies, if not interments.

CHAPTER II.

The solemnities, ceremonies, rites of their cremation or interment, so solemnly delivered by authors, we shall not disparage our reader to repeat. Only the last and lasting part in their urns, collected bones and ashes, we cannot wholly omit, or decline that subject, which occasion lately presented, in some discovered among us.

In a field of Old Walsingham, not many months past,

were digged up between forty and fifty urns, deposited in a dry and sandy soil, not a yard deep, not far from one another. Not all strictly of one figure, but most answering these described: some containing two pounds of bones, distinguishable in skulls, ribs, jaws, thigh bones, and teeth, with fresh impressions of their combustion; besides the extraneous substances, like pieces of small boxes, or combs handsomely wrought, handles of small brass instruments, brazen nippers, and in one some kind of opal.

Near the same plot of ground, for about six yards compass, were digged up coals and incinerated substances, which began conjecture that this was the *ustrina* or place of burning their bodies, or some sacrificing place unto the *manes*, which was properly below the surface of the ground, as the *aræ* and altars unto the gods and heroes above it.

That these were the urns of Romans from the common custom and place where they were found, is no obscure conjecture, not far from a Roman garrison, and but five miles from Brancaster, set down by ancient record under the name of Brannodunum. And where the adjoining town, containing seven parishes, in no very different sound, but Saxon termination, still retains the name of Burnham, which being an early station, it is not improbable the neighbor parts were filled with habitations, either of Romans themselves, or Britons Romanized, which observed the Roman customs.

Nor is it improbable, that the Romans early possessed this country. For though we meet not with such strict particulars of these parts before the new institution of Constantine and military charge of the count of the Saxon shore, and that about the Saxon invasions, the Dalmatian horsemen were in the garrison of Brancaster; yet in the time of Claudius, Vespasian, and Severus, we find no less than three legions dispersed through the province of Britain. And as high as the reign of Claudius a great overthrow was given unto the Iceni, by the Roman lieutenant Ostorius. Not long after, the country was so molested, that, in hope of a better state, Prasutagus bequeathed his kingdom unto Nero and his daughters; and Boadicea, his queen, fought the last decisive battle with Paulinus. After which time, and conquest of Agricola, the lieutenant of Vespasian, probable it

is, they wholly possessed this country, ordering it into garrisons or habitations best suitable with their securities; and so some Roman habitations not improbable in these parts, as high as the time of Vespasian, where the Saxons after seated, in whose thin-filled maps we yet find the name of Walsingham. Now if the Iceni were but Gammadims, Anconians, or men that lived in an angle, wedge, or elbow of Britain, according to the original etymology, this country will challenge the emphatical appellation, as most properly making the elbow or *iken* of Icenia.

That Britain was notably populous is undeniable, from that expression of Cæsar. That the Romans themselves were early in no small numbers, seventy thousand, with their associates, slain by Boadicea, affords a sure account. And though not many Roman habitations are now known, yet some, by old works, rampiers, coins, and urns, do testify their possessions. Some urns have been found at Castor, some also about Southcreak, and, not many years past, no less than ten in a field at Buxton, not near any recorded garrison. Nor is it strange to find Roman coins of copper and silver among us; of Vespasian, Trajan, Adrian, Commodus, Antoninus, Severus, etc.; but the greater number of Dioclesian, Constantine, Constans, Valens, with many of Victorinus, Posthumius, Tetricus, and the thirty tyrants in the reign of Gallienus; and some as high as Adrianus have been found about Thetford, or Sitomagus, mentioned in the *Itinerary* of Antoninus, as the way from Venta or Castor unto London. But the most frequent discovery is made at the two Castors by Norwich and Yarmouth, at Burghcastle, and Brancaster.

Besides the Norman, Saxon, and Danish pieces of Cuthred, Canutus, William, Matilda, and others, some British coins of gold have been dispersedly found, and no small number of silver pieces near Norwich, with a rude head upon the obverse, and an ill-formed horse on the reverse, with inscriptions *Ic. Duro. T.;* whether implying Iceni, Durotriges, Tascia, or Trinobantes, we leave to higher conjecture. Vulgar chronology will have Norwich Castle as old as Julius Cæsar; but his distance from these parts, and its gothic form of structure, abridgeth such antiquity. The

British coins afford conjecture of early habitation in these parts, though the city of Norwich arose from the ruins of Venta; and though, perhaps, not without some habitation before, was enlarged, builded, and nominated by the Saxons. In what bulk or populosity it stood in the old East-Angle monarchy tradition and history are silent. Considerable it was in the Danish eruptions, when Sueno burnt Thetford and Norwich, and Ulfketel, the governor thereof, was able to make some resistance, and after endeavored to burn the Danish navy.

How the Romans left so many coins in countries of their conquests seems of hard resolution; except we consider how they buried them under ground when, upon barbarous invasions, they were fain to desert their habitations in most parts of their empire, and the strictness of their laws forbidding to transfer them to any other uses: wherein the Spartans were singular, who, to make their copper money useless, contempered it with vinegar. That the Britons left any, some wonder, since their money was iron and iron rings before Cæsar; and those of after-stamp by permission, and but small in bulk and bigness. That so few of the Saxons remain, because, overcome by succeeding conquerors upon the place, their coins, by degrees, passed into other stamps and the mark of after-ages.

Than the time of these urns deposited, or precise antiquity of these relics, nothing of more uncertainty; for since the lieutenant of Claudius seems to have made the first progress into these parts, since Boadicea was overthrown by the forces of Nero, and Agricola put a full end to these conquests, it is not probable the country was fully garrisoned or planted before; and, therefore, however these urns might be of later date, not likely of higher antiquity.

And the succeeding emperors desisted not from their conquests in these and other parts, as testified by history and medal-inscription yet extant: the province of Britain, in so divided a distance from Rome, beholding the faces of many imperial persons, and in large account, no fewer than Cæsar, Claudius, Britannicus, Vespasian, Titus, Adrian, Severus, Commodus, Geta, and Caracalla.

A great obscurity herein, because no medal or emperor's

coin enclosed, which might denote the date of their interments; observable in many urns, and found in those of Spitalfields, by London, which contained the coins of Claudius, Vespasian, Commodus, Antoninus, attended with lacrymatories, lamps, bottles of liquor, and other appurtenances of affectionate superstition which in these rural interments were wanting.

Some uncertainty there is from the period or term of burning, or the cessation of that practice. Macrobius affirmeth it was disused in his days; but most agree, though without authentic record, that it ceased with the Antonini, —most safely to be understood after the reign of those emperors which assumed the name of Antoninus, extending unto Heliogabalus. Not strictly after Marcus; for about fifty years later, we find the magnificent burning and consecration of Severus; and, if we so fix this period or cessation, these urns will challenge above thirteen hundred years.

But whether this practice was only then left by emperors and great persons, or generally about Rome, and not in other provinces, we hold not authentic account; for after Tertullian, in the days of Minucius, it was obviously objected upon Christians, that they condemned the practice of burning. And we find a passage in Sidonius, which asserted that practice in France unto a lower account. And, perhaps, not fully discussed till Christianity fully established, wihch gave the final extinction to these sepulchral bonfires.

Whether they were the bones of men, or women, or children, no authentic decision from ancient custom in distant places of burial. Although not improbably conjectured, that the double sepulture or burying-place of Abraham, had in it such intention. But from exility of bones, thinness of skulls, smallness of teeth, ribs, and thigh bones, not improbable that many thereof were persons of minor age, or women. Confirmable also from things contained in them. In most were found substances resembling combs, plates like boxes, fastened with iron pins, and handsomely overwrought like the necks or bridges of musical instruments; long brass plates overwrought like the handles of neat implements; brazen nippers, to pull away hair; and in one a kind of opal, yet maintaining a bluish color.

Now that they accustomed to burn or bury with them, things wherein they excelled, delighted, or which were dear unto them, either as farewells unto all pleasure, or vain apprehension that they might use them in the other world, is testified by all antiquity, observable from the gem or beryl ring upon the finger of Cynthia, the mistress of Propertius, when after her funeral pyre her ghost appeared unto him; and notably illustrated from the contents of that Roman urn preserved by Cardinal Farnese, wherein besides great number of gems with heads of gods and goddesses, were found an ape of agath, a grasshopper, an elephant of amber, a crystal ball, three glasses, two spoons, and six nuts of crystal; and beyond the content of urns, in the monument of Childerick the First, and fourth king from Pharamond, casually discovered three years past at Tournay, restoring unto the world much gold richly adorning his sword, two hundred rubies, many hundred imperial coins, three hundred golden bees, the bones and horse-shoes of his horse interred with him, according to the barbarous magnificence of those days in their sepulchral obsequies. Although, if we steer by the conjecture of many and Septuagint expression, some trace thereof may be found even with the ancient Hebrews, not only from the sepulchral treasure of David, but the circumcision knives which Joshua also buried.

Some men, considering the contents of these urns, lasting pieces and toys included in them, and the custom of burning with many other nations, might somewhat doubt whether all urns found among us, were properly Roman relics, or some not belonging unto our British, Saxon, or Danish forefathers.

In the form of burial among the ancient Britons, the large discourses of Cæsar, Tacitus, and Strabo are silent. For the discovery whereof, with other particulars, we much deplore the loss of that letter which Cicero expected or received from his brother Quintus, as a resolution of British customs; or the account which might have been made by Scribonius Largus, the physician, accompanying the Emperor Claudius, who might have also discovered that frugal bit of the old Britons, which in the bigness of a bean could satisfy their thirst and hunger.

But that the Druids and ruling priests used to burn and bury, is expressed by Pomponius; that Bellinus, the brother of Brennus, and king of Britons, was burnt, is acknowledged by Polydorus, as also by Amandus Zierexensis in *Historia*, and Pineda in his *Universa Historia* (Spanish). That they held that practice in Gallia, Cæsar expressly delivereth. Whether the Britons (probably descended from them, of like religion, language, and manners) did not sometimes make use of burning, or whether at least such as were after civilized unto the Roman life and manners, conformed not unto this practice, we have no historical assertion or denial. But since, from the account of Tacitus, the Romans early wrought so much civility upon the British stock, that they brought them to build temples, to wear the gown, and study the Roman laws and language, that they conformed also unto their religious rites and customs in burials, seems no improbable conjecture.

That burning the dead was used in Sarmatia is affirmed by Gaguinus; that the Sueons and Gothlanders used to burn their princes and great persons, is delivered by Saxo and Olaus; that this was the old German practice, is also asserted by Tacitus. And though we are bare in historical particulars of such obsequies in this island, or that the Saxons, Jutes, and Angles burnt their dead, yet came they from parts where 'twas of ancient practice; the Germans using it, from whom they were descended. And even in Jutland and Sleswick in Anglia Cymbrica, urns with bones were found not many years before us.

But the Danish and northern nations have raised an era or point of compute from their custom of burning their dead: some deriving it from Unguinus, some from Frotho the Great, who ordained by law, that princes and chief commanders should be committed unto the fire, though the common sort had the common grave interment. So Starkatterus, that old hero, was burnt, and Ringo royally burnt the body of Harold the king slain by him.

What time this custom generally expired in that nation, we discern no assured period; whether it ceased before Christianity, or upon their conversion, by Ansgarius the Gaul, in the time of Ludovicus Pius the son of Charles the

Great, according to good computes; or whether it might not be used by some persons, while for an hundred and eighty years Paganism and Christianity were promiscuously embraced among them, there is no assured conclusion. About which time the Danes were busy in England, and particularly infested this country; where many castles and strongholds were built by them, or against them, and great number of names and families still derived from them. But since this custom was probably disused before their invasion or conquest, and the Romans confessedly practised the same since their possession of this island, the most assured account will fall upon the Romans, or Britons Romanized.

However, certain it is, that urns conceived of no Roman original, are often digged up both in Norway and Denmark, handsomely described, and graphically represented by the learned physician Wormius. And in some parts of Denmark in no ordinary number, as stands delivered by authors exactly describing those countries. And they contained not only bones, but many other substances in them, as knives, pieces of iron, brass, and wood, and one of Norway a brass gilded jew's-harp.

Nor were they confused or careless in disposing the noblest sort, while they placed large stones in circle about the urns or bodies which they interred; somewhat answerable unto the monument of Rollrich stones in England, or sepulchral monument probably erected by Rollo, who after conquered Normandy; where 'tis not improbable somewhat might be discovered. Meanwhile to what nation or person belonged that large urn found at Ashbury, containing mighty bones, and a buckler; what those large urns found at Little Massingham; or why the Anglesea urns are placed with their mouths downward, remains yet undiscovered.

CHAPTER III.

Plastered and whited sepulchres were anciently affected in cadaverous and corrupted burials; and the rigid Jews were wont to garnish the sepulchres of the righteous. Ulysses, in Hecuba, cared not how meanly he lived, so he

might find a noble tomb after death. Great persons affected great monuments; and the fair and larger urns contained no vulgar ashes, which makes that disparity in those which time discovereth among us. The present urns were not of one capacity, the largest containing above a gallon, some not much above half that measure; nor all of one figure, wherein there is no strict conformity in the same or different countries; observable from those represented by Casalius, Bosio, and others, though all found in Italy; while many have handles, ears, and long necks, but most imitate a circular figure, in a spherical and round composure; whether from any mystery, best duration or capacity, were but a conjecture. But the common form with necks was a proper figure, making our last bed like our first; nor much unlike the urns of our nativity while we lay in the nether part of the earth, and inward vault of our microcosm. Many urns are red, these but of a black color, somewhat smooth, and dully sounding, which begat some doubt, whether they were burnt, or only baked in oven or sun, according to the ancient way, in many bricks, tiles, pots, and testaceous works; and, as the word *testa* is properly to be taken, when occurring without addition and chiefly intended by Pliny, when he commendeth bricks and tiles of two years old, and to make them in the spring. Nor only these concealed pieces, but the open magnificence of antiquity, ran much in the artifice of clay. Hereof the house of Mausolus was built, thus old Jupiter stood in the Capitol, and the *statua* of Hercules, made in the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, was extant in Pliny's days. And such as declined burning or funeral urns, affected coffins of clay, according to the mode of Pythagoras, and way preferred by Varro. But the spirit of great ones was above these circumscriptions, affecting copper, silver, gold, and porphyry urns, wherein Severus lay, after a serious view and sentence on that which should contain him. Some of these urns were thought to have been silvered over, from sparklings in several pots, with small tinsel parcels; uncertain whether from the earth, or the first mixture in them.

Among these urns we could obtain no good account of their coverings; only one seemed arched over with some

kind of brick-work. Of those found at Buxton, some were covered with flints, some, in other parts, with tiles; those at Yarmouth Caster were closed with Roman bricks, and some have proper earthen covers adapted and fitted to them. But in the Homerical urn of Patroclus, whatever was the solid tegument, we find the immediate covering to be a purple piece of silk: and such as had no covers might have the earth closely pressed into them, after which disposure were probably some of these, wherein we found the bones and ashes half mortared unto the sand and sides of the urn, and some long roots of quich, or dog's-grass, wreathed about the bones.

No lamps, included liquors, lacrymatories, or tear bottles, attended these rural urns, either as sacred unto the *manes*, or passionate expressions of their surviving friends. While with rich flames, and hired tears, they solemnized their obsequies, and in the most lamented monuments made one part of their inscriptions. Some find sepulchral vessels containing liquors, which time hath incrassated into jellies. For, besides these lacrymatories, notable lamps, with vessels of oils, and aromatical liquors, attended noble ossuaries; and some yet retaining a vinosity and spirit in them, which, if any have tasted, they have far exceeded the palates of antiquity. Liquors not to be computed by years of annual magistrates, but by great conjunctions and the fatal periods of kingdoms. The draughts of consulary date were but crude unto these, and Opimian wine but in the must unto them.

In sundry graves and sepulchres we meet with rings, coins, and chalices. Ancient frugality was so severe, that they allowed no gold to attend the corpse, but only that which served to fasten their teeth. Whether the Opaline stone in this were burnt upon the finger of the dead, or cast into the fire by some affectionate friend, it will consist with either custom. But other incinerable substances were found so fresh, that they could feel no singe from fire. These, upon view, were judged to be wood; but, sinking in water, and tried by the fire, we found them to be bone or ivory. In their hardness and yellow color they most resembled box, which, in old expressions, found the epithet of eternal, and

perhaps in such conservatories might have passed uncorrupted.

That bay leaves were found green in the tomb of S. Humbert, after an hundred and fifty years, was looked upon as miraculous. Remarkable it was unto old spectators, that the cypress of the temple of Diana lasted so many hundred years. The wood of the ark, and olive-rod of Aaron, were older at the captivity; but the cypress of the ark of Noah was the greatest vegetable of antiquity, if Josephus were not deceived by some fragments of it in his days: to omit the moor logs and fir trees found underground in many parts of England; the undated ruins of winds, floods, or earthquakes, and which in Flanders still show from what quarter they fell, as generally lying in a northeast position.

But though we found not these pieces to be wood, according to first apprehensions, yet we missed not altogether of some woody substance; for the bones were not so clearly picked but some coals were found amongst them; a way to make wood perpetual, and a fit associate for metal, whereon was laid the foundation of the great Ephesian temple, and which were made the lasting tests of old boundaries and landmarks. Whilst we look on these, we admire not observations of coals found fresh after four hundred years. In a long-deserted habitation even egg-shells have been found fresh, not tending to corruption.

In the monument of King Childerick the iron relicks were found all rusty and crumbling into pieces; but our little iron pins, which fastened the ivory works, held well together, and lost not their magnetical quality, though wanting a tenacious moisture for the firmer union of parts; although it be hardly drawn into fusion, yet that metal soon submitteth unto rust and dissolution. In the brazen pieces we admired not the duration, but the freedom from rust, and ill savor, upon the hardest attrition; but now exposed unto the piercing atoms of air, in the space of a few months, they begin to spot and betray their green entrails. We conceive not these urns to have descended thus naked as they appear, or to have entered their graves without the old habit of flowers. The urn of Philopœmen was so laden with flowers and ribbons, that it afforded no sight of itself. The rigid

Lycurgus allowed olive and myrtle. The Athenians might fairly except against the practice of Democritus, to be buried up in honey, as fearing to embezzle a great commodity of their country, and the best of that kind in Europe. But Plato seemed too frugally politic, who allowed no larger monument than would contain four heroic verses, and designed the most barren ground for sepulture: though we cannot commend the goodness of that sepulchral ground which was set at no higher rate than the mean salary of Judas. Though the earth had confounded the ashes of these ossuaries, yet the bones were so smartly burnt, that some thin plates of brass were found half melted among them. Whereby we apprehend they were not of the meanest carcases, perfunctorily fired, as sometimes in military, and commonly in pestilence, burnings; or after the manner of abject corpses, huddled forth and carelessly burnt, without the Esquiline Port at Rome; which was an affront continued upon Tiberius, while they but half burnt his body, and in the amphitheatre, according to the custom in notable malefactors; whereas Nero seemed not so much to fear his death as that his head should be cut off and his body not burnt entire.

Some, finding many fragments of skulls in these urns, suspected a mixture of bones; in none we searched was there cause of such conjecture, though sometimes they declined not that practice. The ashes of Domitian were mingled with those of Julia; of Achilles with those of Patroclus. All urns contained not single ashes; without confused burnings they affectionately compounded their bones; passionately endeavoring to continue their living unions. And when distance of death denied such conjunctions, unsatisfied affections conceived some satisfaction to be neighbors in the grave, to lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names. And many were so curious to continue their living relations, that they contrived large and family urns, wherein the ashes of their nearest friends and kindred might successively be received, at least some parcels thereof, while their collateral memorials lay in minor vessels about them.

Antiquity held too light thoughts from objects of mortality, while some drew provocatives of mirth from anatomies,

and jugglers showed tricks with skeletons; when fiddlers made not so pleasant mirth as fencers, and men could sit with quiet stomachs, while hanging was played before them. Old considerations made few mementos by skulls and bones upon their monuments. In the Egyptian obelisks and hieroglyphical figures it is not easy to meet with bones. The sepulchral lamps speak nothing less than sepulture, and in their literal draughts prove often obscene and antick pieces. Where we find *D. M.* it is obvious to meet with sacrificing *pateras* and vessels of libation upon old sepulchral monuments. In the Jewish hypogæum and subterranean cell at Rome, was little observable beside the variety of lamps and frequent draughts of the holy candlestick. In authentic draughts of Anthony and Jerome we meet with thigh bones and death's-heads; but the cemeterial cells of ancient Christians and martyrs were filled with draughts of scripture stories; not declining the flourishes of cypress, palms, and olive, and the mystical figures of peacocks, doves, and cocks; but iterately affecting the portraits of Enoch, Lazarus, Jonas, and the vision of Ezekiel, as hopeful draughts, and hinting imagery of the resurrection, which is the life of the grave, and sweetens our habitations in the land of moles and pismires.

Gentile inscriptions precisely delivered the extent of men's lives, seldom the manner of their deaths, which history itself so often leaves obscure in the records of memorable persons. There is scarce any philosopher but dies twice or thrice in Laertius; nor almost any life without two or three deaths in Plutarch; which makes the tragical ends of noble persons more favorably resented by compassionate readers who find some relief in the election of such differences.

The certainty of death is attended with uncertainties, in time, manner, places. The variety of monuments hath often obscured true graves; and cenotaphs confounded sepulchres. For beside their real tombs, many have found honorary and empty sepulchres. The variety of Homer's monuments made him of various countries. Euripides had his tomb in [Attica], but his sepulture in Macedonia. And Severus found his real sepulchre in Rome, but his empty grave in Gallia.

He that lay in a golden urn eminently above the earth, was not like to find the quiet of his bones. Many of these urns were broke by a vulgar discoverer in hope of enclosed treasure. The ashes of Marcellus were lost above ground, upon the like account. Where profit hath prompted, no age hath wanted such miners; for which the most barbarous expilators found the most civil rhetoric:—«Gold once out of the earth is no more due unto it;—what was unreasonably committed to the ground, is reasonably resumed from it;—let monuments and rick fabrics, not riches, adorn men's ashes;—the commerce of the living is not to be transferred unto the dead;—it is not injustice to take that which none complains to lose, and no man is wronged where no man is possessor.»

What virtue yet sleeps in this *terra damnata* and aged cinders, were petty magic to experiment. These crumbling relics and long fired particles superannuate such expectations; bones, hairs, nails, and teeth of the dead, were the treasures of old sorcerers. In vain we revive such practices; present superstition too visibly perpetuates the folly of our forefathers, wherein unto old observation this island was so complete, that it might have instructed Persia.

Plato's historian of the other world lies twelve days incorrupted, while his soul was viewing the large stations of the dead. How to keep the corpse seven days from corruption by anointing and washing, without exenteration, were an hazardable piece of art, in our choicest practice. How they made distinct separation of bones and ashes from fiery admixture, hath found no historical solution; though they seemed to make a distinct collection, and overlooked not Pyrrhus his toe. Some provision they might make by fictile vessels, coverings, tiles, or flat stones, upon and about the body (and in the same field, not far from these urns, many stones were found under ground), as also by careful separation of extraneous matter, composing and raking up the burnt bones with forks, observable in that notable lamp of Galvanus. Marlianus, who had the sight of the *vas ustrinum* or vessel wherein they burnt the dead, found in the Esquiline field at Rome, might have afforded clearer solution. But their insatisfaction herein begat that remarkable

invention in the funeral pyres of some princes, by incombustible sheets made with a texture of asbestos, incremable flax, or salamander's wool, which preserved their bones and ashes incommixed.

How the bulk of a man should sink into so few pounds of bones and ashes, may seem strange unto any who considers not its constitution, and how slender a mass will remain upon an open and urging fire of the carnal composition. Even bones themselves, reduced into ashes, do abate a notable proportion. And consisting much of a volatile salt, when that is fired out, make a light kind of cinders. Although their bulk be disproportionable to their weight, when the heavy principle of salt is fired out, and the earth almost only remaineth; observable in sallow, which makes more ashes than oak, and discovers the common fraud of selling ashes by measure, and not by ponderation.

Some bones make best skeletons, some bodies quick and speediest ashes. Who would expect a quick flame from hydropical Heraclitus? The poisoned soldier when his belly brake, put out two pyres in Plutarch. But in the plague of Athens, one private pyre served two or three intruders; and the Saracens burnt in large heaps, by the king of Castile, showed how little fuel sufficeth. Though the funeral pyre of Patroclus took up an hundred foot, a piece of an old boat burnt Pompey; and if the burthen of Isaac were sufficient for an holocaust, a man may carry his own pyre.

From animals are drawn good burning lights, and good medicines against burning. Though the seminal humor seems of a contrary nature to fire, yet the body completed proves a combustible lump, wherein fire finds flame even from bones, and some fuel almost from all parts; though the metropolis of humidity seems least disposed unto it, which might render the skulls of these urns less burned than other bones. But all flies or sinks before fire almost in all bodies: when the common ligament is dissolved, the attenuable parts ascend, the rest subside in coal, calx, or ashes.

To burn the bones of the king of Edom for lime, seems no irrational ferity; but to drink of the ashes of dead relations, a passionate prodigality. He that hath the ashes of his friend, hath an everlasting treasure; where fire taketh leave,

corruption slowly enters. In bones well burnt, fire makes a wall against itself; experimented in cupels, and tests of metals, which consist of such ingredients. What the sun compoundeth, fire analyzeth, not transmuteth. That devouring agent leaves almost always a morsel for the earth, whereof all things are but a colony; and which, if time permits, the mother element will have in their primitive mass again.

He that looks for urns and old sepulchral relics, must not seek them in the ruins of temples, where no religion anciently placed them. These were found in a field, according to ancient custom, in noble or private burial; the old practice of the Canaanites, the family of Abraham, and the burying-place of Joshua, in the borders of his possessions; and also agreeable unto Roman practice to bury by highways, whereby their monuments were under eye;—memorials of themselves, and mementos of mortality until living passengers; whom the epitaphs of great ones were fain to beg to stay and look upon them,—a language though sometimes used, not so proper in church inscriptions. The sensible rhetoric of the dead, to exemplarity of good life, first admitted the bones of pious men and martyrs within church walls, which in succeeding ages crept into promiscuous practice: while Constantine was peculiarly favored to be admitted into the church porch, and the first thus buried in England, was in the days of Cuthred.

Christians dispute how their bodies should lie in the grave. In urnal interment they clearly escaped this controversy. Though we decline the religious considerations, yet in cemeterial and narrower burying-places, to avoid confusion and cross-position, a certain posture were to be admitted: which even Pagan civility observed. The Persians lay north and south; the Megarians and Phœnicians placed their heads to the east; the Athenians, some think, toward the west, which Christians still retain. And Beda will have it to be the posture of our Saviour. That he was crucified with his face toward the west, we will not contend with tradition and probable account; but we applaud not the hand of the painter, in exalting his cross so high above those on either side: since hereof we find no authentic account in

history, and even the crosses found by Helena, pretend no such distinction from longitude or dimension.

To be gnawed out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking-bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations escaped in burning burials.

Urnal interments and burnt relics lie not in fear of worms, or to be an heritage for serpents. In carnal sepulture, corruptions seem peculiar unto parts; and some speak of snakes out of the spinal marrow. But while we suppose common worms in graves, 'tis not easy to find any there; few in churchyards above a foot deep, fewer or none in churches though in fresh-decayed bodies. Teeth, bones, and hair, give the most lasting defiance to corruption. In an hydropical body, ten years buried in the churchyards, we met with a fat concretion, where the nitre of the earth, and the salt and lixivious liquor of the body, had coagulated large lumps of fat into the consistence of the hardest Castile soap, whereof part remaineth with us. After a battle with the Persians, the Roman corpses decayed in few days, while the Persian bodies remained dry and uncorrupted. Bodies in the same ground do not uniformly dissolve, nor bones equally moulder; whereof in the opprobrious disease, we expect no long duration. The body of the Marquis of Dorset seemed sound and handsomely cere-clothed, that after seventy-eight years was found uncorrupted. Common tombs preserve not beyond powder: a firmer consistence and compage of parts might be expected from arefaction, deep burial, or charcoal. The greatest antiquities of mortal bodies may remain in putrefied bones, whereof, though we take not in the pillar of Lot's wife, or metamorphosis of Ortelius, some may be older than pyramids, in the putrefied relics of the general inundation. When Alexander opened the tomb of Cyrus, the remaining bones discovered his proportion, whereof urnal fragments afford but a bad conjecture, and have this disadvantage of grave interments, that they leave us ignorant of most personal discoveries. For since bones afford not only rectitude and stability but figure unto the body, it is no impossible physiognomy to conjecture at fleshy appendencies, and after what shape the mus-

cles and carnous parts might hang in their full consistencies. A full-spread *cariola* shows a well-shaped horse behind; handsome formed skulls give some analogy to fleshy resemblance. A critical view of bones makes a good distinction of sexes. Even color is not beyond conjecture, since it is hard to be deceived in the distinction of Negroes' skulls. Dante's characters are to be found in skulls as well as faces. Hercules is not only known by his foot. Other parts make out their comproportions and inferences upon whole or parts. And since the dimensions of the head measure the whole body, and the figure thereof gives conjecture of the principal faculties, physiognomy outlives ourselves, and ends not in our graves.

Severe contemplators, observing these lasting relics, may think them good monuments of persons past, little advantage to future beings; and, considering that power which subdueth all things unto itself, that can resume the scattered atoms, or identify out of any thing, conceive it superfluous to expect a resurrection out of relics: but the soul subsisting, other matter, clothed with due accidents, may salve the individuality. Yet the saints, we observe, arose from graves and monuments about the holy city. Some think the ancient patriarchs so earnestly desired to lay their bones in Canaan, as hoping to make a part of that resurrection; and, though thirty miles from Mount Calvary, at least to lie in that region which should produce the first fruits of the dead. And if, according to learned conjecture, the bodies of men shall rise where their greatest relics remain, many are not like to err in the topography of their resurrection, though their bones or bodies be after translated by angels into the field of Ezekiel's vision, or as some will order it, into the valley of judgment, or Jehosaphat.

CHAPTER IV.

Christians have handsomely glossed the deformity of death by careful consideration of the body, and civil rites which take off brutal terminations: and though they conceived all reparable by a resurrection, cast not off all care

of interment. And since the ashes of sacrifices burnt upon the altar of God were carefully carried out by the priests, and deposed in a clean field; since they acknowledged their bodies to be the lodging of Christ, and temples of the Holy Ghost, they devolved not all upon the sufficiency of soul-existence; and therefore with long services and full solemnities, concluded their last exequies, wherein to all distinctions the Greek devotion seems most pathetically ceremonious.

Christian invention hath chiefly driven at rites, which speak hopes of another life, and hints of a resurrection. And if the ancient Gentiles held not the immortality of their better part, and some subsistence after death, in several rites, customs, actions, and expressions, they contradicted their own opinions: wherein Democritus went high, even to the thought of a resurrection, as scoffingly recorded by Pliny. What can be more express than the expression of Phocylides? Or who would expect from Lucretius a sentence of Ecclesiastes? Before Plato could speak, the soul had wings in Homer, which fell not, but flew out of the body into the mansions of the dead; who also observed that handsome distinction of Demas and Soma, for the body conjoined to the soul, and body separated from it. Lucian spoke much truth in jest, when he said that part of Hercules which proceeded from Alcmena perished, that from Jupiter remained immortal. Thus Socrates was content that his friends should bury his body, so they would not think they buried Socrates; and, regarding only his immortal part, was indifferent to be burnt or buried. From such considerations, Diogenes might contemn sepulture, and, being satisfied that the soul could not perish, grow careless of corporal interment. The Stoics, who thought the souls of wise men had their habitation about the moon, might make slight account of subterraneous deposition; whereas the Pythagoreans and transcorporating philosophers, who were to be often buried, held great care of their interment. And the Platonics rejected not a due care of the grave, though they put their ashes to unreasonable expectations, in their tedious term of return and long set revolution.

Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs; and,

since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an account or rational of old rites requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre aversely, or turning their face from it, was an handsome symbol of unwilling ministration. That they washed their bones with wine and milk; that the mother wrapped them in linen, and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part and place of their nourishment; that they opened their eyes towards heaven before they kindled the fire, as the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction, thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little, if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body. That, in strewing their tombs, the Romans affected the rose; the Greeks amaranthus and myrtle: that the funeral pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew, and trees perpetually verdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hopes. Wherein Christians, who deck their coffins with bays, have found a more elegant emblem; for that tree, seeming dead, will restore itself from the root, and its dry and exsuccous leaves resume their verdure again; which, if we mistake not, we have also observed in furze. Whether the planting of yew in churchyards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection, from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture.

They made use of music to excite or quiet the affections of their friends, according to different harmonies. But the secret and symbolical hint was the harmonical nature of the soul; which, delivered from the body, went again to enjoy the primitive harmony of heaven, from whence it first descended; which, according to its progress traced by antiquity, came down by Cancer, and ascended by Capricornus.

They burnt not children before their teeth appeared, as apprehending their bodies too tender a morsel for fire, and that their gristly bones would scarce leave separable relics after the pyral combustion. That they kindled not fire in their houses for some days after was a strict memorial of the late afflicting fire. And mourning without hope, they had an happy fraud against excessive lamentation, by a common opinion that deep sorrows disturb their ghosts.

That they buried their dead on their backs, or in a supine position, seems agreeable unto profound sleep, and common posture of dying; contrary to the most natural way of birth; nor unlike our pendulous posture, in the doubtful state of the womb. Diogenes was singular, who preferred a prone situation in the grave; and some Christians like neither, who decline the figure of rest, and make choice of an erect posture.

That they carried them out of the world with their feet forward, not inconsonant unto reason, as contrary unto the native posture of man, and his production first into it; and also agreeable unto their opinions, while they bid adieu unto the world, not to look again upon it; whereas Mahometans who think to return to a delightful life again, are carried forth with their heads forward, and looking toward their houses.

They closed their eyes, as parts which first die, or first discover the sad effects of death. But their iterated clamations to excitate their dying or dead friends, or revoke them unto life again, was a vanity of affection; as not presumably ignorant of the critical tests of death, by apposition of feathers, glasses, and reflection of figures, which dead eyes represent not: which, however not strictly verifiable in fresh and warm *cadavers*, could hardly elude the test, in corpses of four or five days.

That they sucked in the last breath of their expiring friends was surely a practice of no medical institution, but a loose opinion that the soul passed out that way, and a fondness of affection, from some Pythagorical foundation, that the spirit of one body passed into another, which they wished might be their own.

That they poured oil upon the pyre, was a tolerable practice, while the intention rested in facilitating the accension. But to place good omens in the quick and speedy burning, to sacrifice unto the winds for a dispatch in this office, was a low form of superstition.

The archimime, or jester, attending the funeral train, and imitating the speeches, gesture, and manners of the deceased, was too light for such solemnities, contradicting their funeral orations and doleful rites of the grave.

That they buried a piece of money with them as a fee of the Elysian ferryman, was a practice full of folly. But the ancient custom of placing coins in considerable urns, and the present practice of burying medals in the noble foundations of Europe, are laudable ways of historical discoveries, in actions, persons, chronologies; and posterity will applaud them.

We examine not the old laws of sepulture, exempting certain persons from burial or burning. But hereby we apprehend that these were not the bones of persons planet-struck or burnt with fire from heaven; no relics of traitors to their country, self-killers, or sacrilegious malefactors; persons in old apprehension unworthy of the earth; condemned unto the Tartarus of hell, and bottomless pit of Plato, from whence there was no redemption.

Nor were only many customs questionable in order to their obsequies, but also sundry practices, fictions, and conceptions, discordant or obscure, of their state and future beings. Whether unto eight or ten bodies of men to add one of a woman, as being more inflammable, and unctuously constituted for the better pyral combustion, were any rational practice; or whether the complaint of Periander's wife be tolerable, that wanting her funeral burning, she suffered intolerable cold in hell, according to the constitution of the infernal house of Plato, wherein cold makes a great part of their tortures, it cannot pass without some question.

Why the female ghosts appear unto Ulysses, before the heroes and masculine spirits,—why the Psyche or soul of Tiresias is of the masculine gender, who, being blind on earth, sees more than all the rest in hell; why the funeral suppers consisted of eggs, beans, smallage, and lettuce, since the dead are made to eat asphodels about the Elysian meadows,—why, since there is no sacrifice acceptable, nor any propitiation for the covenant of the grave, men set up the deity of Morta, and fruitlessly adored divinities without ears, it cannot escape some doubt.

The dead seem all alive in the human Hades of Homer, yet cannot well speak, prophesy, or know the living, except they drink blood, wherein is the life of man. And there-

fore the souls of Penelope's paramours, conducted by Mercury, chirped like bats, and those which followed Hercules, made a noise but like a flock of birds.

The departed spirits know things past and to come; yet are ignorant of things present. Agamemnon foretells what should happen unto Ulysses; yet ignorantly inquires what is become of his own son. The ghosts are afraid of swords in Homer; yet Sibylla tells Æneas in Virgil, the thin habit of spirits was beyond the force of weapons. The spirits put off their malice with their bodies, and Cæsar and Pompey accord in Latin hell; yet Ajax, in Homer, endures not a conference with Ulysses: and Deiphobus appears all mangled in Virgil's ghosts, yet we meet with perfect shadows among the wounded ghosts of Homer.

Since Charon in Lucian applauds his condition among the dead, whether it be handsomely said of Achilles, that living contemner of death, that he had rather be a ploughman's servant, than emperor of the dead? How Hercules his soul is in hell, and yet in heaven; and Julius his soul in a star, yet seen by Æneas in hell?—except the ghosts were but images and shadows of the soul, received in higher mansions, according to the ancient division of body, soul, and image, or *simulacrum* of them both. The particulars of future beings must needs be dark unto ancient theories, which Christian philosophy yet determines but in a cloud of opinions. A dialogue between two infants in the womb concerning the state of this world, might handsomely illustrate our ignorance of the next, whereof methinks we yet discourse in Plato's den, and are but embryon philosophers.

Pythagoras escapes in the fabulous Hell of Dante, among that swarm of philosophers, wherein whilst we meet with Plato and Socrates, Cato is to be found in no lower place than purgatory. Among all the set, Epicurus is most considerable, whom men make honest without an Elysium, who contemned life without encouragement of immortality, and making nothing after death, yet made nothing of the king of terrors.

Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it were a martyrdom to live; and unto such as consider none hereafter, it must be more

than death to die, which makes us amazed at those audacities that durst be nothing and return into their chaos again. Certainly such spirits as could contemn death, when they expected no better being after, would have scorned to live, had they known any. And therefore we applaud not the judgment of Machiavel, that Christianity makes men cowards, or that with the confidence of but half-dying, the despised virtues of patience and humility have abased the spirits of men, which Pagan principles exalted; but rather regulated the wildness of audacities, in the attempts, grounds, and eternal sequels of death; wherein men of the boldest spirits are often prodigiously temerarious. Nor can we extenuate the valor of ancient martyrs, who contemned death in the uncomfortable scene of their lives, and in their decrepit martyrdoms did probably lose not many months of their days, or parted with life when it was scarce worth the living. For (beside that long time past holds no consideration unto a slender time to come) they had no small disadvantage from the constitution of old age, which naturally makes men fearful; complexionally superannuated from the bold and courageous thoughts of youth and fervent years. But the contempt of death from corporal animosity, promoteth not our felicity. They may sit in the orchestra, and noblest seats of heaven, who have held up shaking hands in the fire, and humanly contended for glory.

Meanwhile Epicurus lies deep in Dante's Hell, wherein we meet with tombs enclosing souls which denied their immortalities. Bnt whether the virtuous heathen, who lived better than he spake, or erring in the principles of himself, yet lived above philosophers of more specious maxims, lie so deep as he is placed, at least so low as not to rise against Christians, who believing or knowing that truth, have lastingly denied it in their practice and conversation—were a query too sad to insist on.

But all or most apprehensions rested in opinions of some future being, which, ignorantly or coldly believed, begat those perverted conceptions, ceremonies, sayings, which Christians pity or laugh at. Happy are they which live not in that disadvantage of time, when men could say little for futurity, but from reason: whereby the noblest minds fell

often upon doubtful deaths, and melancholy dissolutions. With these hopes, Socrates warmed his doubtful spirits against that cold potion; and Cato, before he durst give the fatal stroke, spent part of the night in reading the Immortality of Plato, thereby confirming his wavering hand unto the animosity of that attempt.

It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature; or that there is no further state to come, unto which this seems progressional, and otherwise made in vain. Without this accomplishment, the natural expectation and desire of such a state, were but a fallacy in nature; unsatisfied considerators would quarrel the justice of their constitutions, and rest content that Adam had fallen lower; whereby, by knowing no other original, and deeper ignorance of themselves, they might have enjoyed the happiness of inferior creatures, who in tranquillity possess their constitutions, as having not the apprehension to deplore their own natures, and, being framed below the circumference of these hopes, or cognition of better being, the wisdom of God hath necessitated their contentment: but the superior ingredient and obscured part of ourselves, whereto all present felicities afford no resting contentment, will be able at last to tell us, we are more than our present selves, and evacuate such hopes in the fruition of their own accomplishments.

CHAPTER V.

Now since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and specious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests: what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relics, or might not gladly say,

"Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim"?

Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments.

In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conserva-

tories, when to be unknown was the means of their continuation, and obscurity their protection. If they died by violent hands, and were thrust into their urns, these bones become considerable, and some old philosophers would honor them, whose souls they conceived most pure, which were thus snatched from their bodies, and to retain a stronger propension unto them; whereas they weariedly left a languishing corpse, and with faint desires of reunion. If they fell by long and aged decay, yet wrapt up in the bundle of time, they fall into indistinction, and make but one blot with infants. If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment. How many pulses made up the life of Methuselah, were work for Archimedes: common counters sum up the life of Moses his man. Our days become considerable, like petty sums, by minute accumulations; where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers; and our days of a span long, make not one little finger.

If the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity into it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half-senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politicly cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights, and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the malcontent of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his nativity; content to have so far been, as to have a title to future being, although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life, and as it were an abortion.

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these

bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names, as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes which in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vain-glory, and madding vices. Pagan vain-glories which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition; and, finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never damped with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vain-glories, who acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time, we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias, and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.

And therefore, restless unquiet for the diuternity of our memories unto present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names, as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and, being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world,

and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopical inclination and judgment of himself. Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistences? To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodias with one. And who had not rather been the good thief than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favor of the

everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the *Lucina* of life, and even Pagans could doubt, whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration;—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls,—a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content

to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth;—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favor, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end (all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction); which is the peculiar of that necessary Essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun

within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb, than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world, we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves; at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die, shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilations shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them, and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next; who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vain-glory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck

of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world, than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination, and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstacies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimæras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocents' churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be any thing, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus.

THE PIT OF LAW

BY

JOHN ARBUTHNOT

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If Arbuthnot's amusing satire is not so widely read as his friend Swift's "Gulliver," it is not because of any inferiority in the writer's wit. Both Swift and Pope have left on record their hearty tribute to the Scotchman's wit and drollery. Pope puts it that but for Arbuthnot's skilled doctoring (he was a physician) and genial inspiration the world would have missed "many an idle song," and Swift wrote, "If there were a dozen Arbuthnots in the world, I would burn 'Gulliver's Travels.'"

The merry doctor was a lucky man. By happy chance he was on hand when Queen Anne's husband needed prompt treatment. His success won him the appointment of Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, which was followed four years later by promotion to the rank of Ordinary. Other honors followed, and he was in the height of his popularity when the "History of John Bull" appeared. The first and most valuable portion of the work was entitled "Law is a Bottomless Pit," and is here reprinted.

It is a long time since Queen Anne died, and although the style and title—Duke of Marlborough—have of recent years figured prominently in the newspapers, few except those familiar with the wars and politics in which John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, was so conspicuous have sufficient acquaintance with the questions then at issue fully to appreciate the points in this satirical allegory.

Nevertheless, its humorous story and caustic wit are still enjoyable, and it is easy to follow the shafts to their mark. In 1712, when the first part was issued, the Tories were striving to bring about the Peace of Utrecht. Arbuthnot's main object was to minimize the influence of Marlborough by ridiculing him in the guise of Humphry Hocus, the lawyer. The pit which is bottomless is war, here spelled law. England for the first time figures as John Bull and Holland is Nicholas Frog.

Arbuthnot was born in 1667 and died in 1735. Not a little of the brightest work that bears the names of Pope and Swift was really Arbuthnot's.

THE PIT OF LAW,

GIVING THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL

The Occasion of the Law Suit.

I need not tell you of the great quarrels that have happened in our neighborhood since the death of the late Lord Strutt;[1] how the parson[2] and a cunning attorney got him to settle his estate upon his cousin Philip Baboon, to the great disappointment of his cousin Esquire South. Some stick not to say that the parson and the attorney forged a will; for which they were well paid by the family of the Baboons. Let that be as it will, it is matter of fact that the honor and estate have continued ever since in the person of Philip Baboon.

You know that the Lord Strutts have for many years been possessed of a very great landed estate, well conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, etc., all within themselves; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants, which has brought great incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living has forced them to mortgage their best manors. It is credibly reported that the butcher's and baker's bill of a Lord Strutt that lived two hundred years ago are not yet paid.

When Philip Baboon came first to the possession of the Lord Strutt's estate, his tradesmen, as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him to wish him joy and bespeak his custom. The two chief were John Bull,[3] the clothier,

[1] King of Spain. [2] Cardinal Portocarero. [3] The English.

and Nic. Frog,[1] the linen-draper. They told him that the Bulls and Frogs had served the Lord Strutts with drapery-ware for many years; that they were honest and fair dealers; that their bills had never been questioned; that the Lord Strutts lived generously, and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters; that his lordship might depend upon their honesty that they would use him as kindly as they had done his predecessors. The young lord seemed to take all in good part, and dismissed them with a deal of seeming content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honorable maxims of his predecessors.

How Bull and Frog grew jealous that the Lord Strutt intended to give all his custom to his grandfather Lewis Baboon.

It happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighborhood that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or, as the Scots call it, a false loon of a grandfather, that one might justly call a Jack-of-all-Trades. Sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broadcloth, sometimes measuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery-ware. High heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace he understood to a nicety. Charles Mather could not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoe-buckles. When shop was shut up he would go about the neighborhood and earn half-a-crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander away at back-sword, quarter-staff, and cudgel-play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged all the country. You will say it is no wonder if Bull and Frog should be jealous of this fellow. «It is not impossible,» says Frog to Bull, «but this old rogue will take the management of the young lord's business into his hands; besides, the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as anybody. In that case, I leave you to judge what must become of us and our families; we must starve, or

[1] The Dutch.

turn journeyman to old Lewis Baboon. Therefore, neighbor, I hold it advisable that we write to young Lord Strutt to know the bottom of this matter.»

A Copy of Bull and Frog's Letter to Lord Strutt.

My Lord,—I suppose your lordship knows that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the Lord Strutts with all sorts of drapery-ware time out of mind. And whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandsire old Lewis Baboon, this is to inform your lordship that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the Lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordship that you must find sufficient security to us, our heirs, and assigns that you will not employ Lewis Baboon, or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of £20,000 for old debts, seize and distrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself. Therefore we hope, when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,

John Bull,
Nic. Frog.

Some of Bull's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord, but John naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprise of the Lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter. He was not flush in ready either to go to law or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail. He offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation, and promised, upon his word of honor, that he would not change his drapers; but all to no purpose, for Bull and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

How Bull and Frog went to law with Lord Strutt about the premises, and were joined by the rest of the tradesmen.

All endeavors of accommodation between Lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain. Jealousies increased, and, indeed, it was rumored abroad that Lord Strutt had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This coming to Mrs. Bull's ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. Bull, you must know, was very apt to be choleric. «You sot,» says she, «you loiter about alehouses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, ninepins, or puppet-shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how Lord Strutt has bespoke his liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone, with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon it. Up man, rouse thyself; I'll sell to my shift before I'll be so used by that knave.» You must think Mrs. Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to counsel learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of justice and infallible success of their lawsuit.

I told you before that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of a Jack-of-all-trades, which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they hearing of the quarrel, were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the suit. Even lying Ned, the chimney-sweeper of Savoy, and Tom, the Portugal dustman, put in their claims, and the cause was put into the hands of Humphry Hocus, the attorney.

A declaration was drawn up to show «That Bull and Frog had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the Lord Strutts; that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that Lewis Baboon had taken up the trade of clothier and draper without serving his time or purchasing

his freedom; that he sold goods that were not marketable without the stamp; that he himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through all the country fairs challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling and cudgel play, and abundance more to this purpose.»

THE TRUE CHARACTERS OF JOHN BULL, NIC. FROG, AND HOCUS.[1]

FOR the better understanding the following history the reader ought to know that Bull, in the main, was an honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at back-sword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him. If you flattered him you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick and understood his business very well, but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning, sly fellow, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal, minded domestic affairs, would pinch his belly to save his pocket, never lost a farthing by careless servants or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversion, except tricks of high German artists and legerdemain. No man exceeded Nic. in these; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney, and though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in he showed himself superior in address to most of his profession. He kept always good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-

[1] The English and Dutch, and the Duke of Marlborough.

tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper. He was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family, but he loved himself better than them all. The neighbors reported that he was henpecked, which was impossible, by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.

Of the various success of the Lawsuit.

Law is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy, that devours everything. John Bull was flattered by the lawyers that his suit would not last above a year or two at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business; yet ten long years did Hocus steer his cause through all the meanders of the law and all the courts. No skill, no address was wanting, and, to say truth, John did not starve the cause; there wanted not yellowboys to fee counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries. Lord Strutt was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favor, and John was promised that the next, and the next, would be the final determination; but, alas! that final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island; the nearer John came to it the further it went from him. New trials upon new points still arose, new doubts, new matters to be cleared; in short, lawyers seldom part with so good a cause till they have got the oyster and their clients the shell. John's ready money, book debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyers' pockets. Then John began to borrow money upon Bank Stock and East India Bonds. Now and then a farm went to pot. At last it was thought a good expedient to set up Esquire South's title to prove the will forged and dispossess Philip Lord Strutt at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; wherever he met any of Lord Strutt's servants he tore off their clothes. Now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, and linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last shift, though he had as many as any other. His children were reduced from rich silks to doily stuffs, his servants in rags and bare-

footed; instead of good victuals they now lived upon neck beef and bullock's liver. In short, nobody got much by the matter but the men of law.

How John Bull was so mightily pleased with his success that he was going to leave off his trade and turn Lawyer.

It is wisely observed by a great philosopher that habit is a second nature. This was verified in the case of John Bull, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the Courts of Justice, and such a jargon of law words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar or sat on the bench. He was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner: «How capriciously does fate or chance dispose of mankind. How seldom is that business allotted to a man for which he is fitted by Nature. It is plain I was intended for a man of law. How did my guardians mistake my genius in placing me, like a mean slave, behind a counter? Bless me! what immense estates these fellows raise by the law. Besides, it is the profession of a gentleman. What a pleasure it is to be victorious in a cause: to swagger at the bar. What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen trade. For a lawyer I was born, and a lawyer I will be; one is never too old to learn.» All this while John had conned over such a catalogue of hard words as were enough to conjure up the devil; these he used to babble indifferently in all companies, especially at coffee houses, so that his neighbor tradesmen began to shun his company as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs of Blackwell Hall and price of broadcloth, wool, and baizes, he talks of nothing but actions upon the case, returns, capias, alias capias, demurrers, venire facias, replevins, supersedeases, certioraries, writs of error, actions of trover and conversion, trespasses, precipes, and dedimus. This was matter of jest to the learned in law; however Hocus and the rest of the tribe encouraged John in his fancy, assuring him that he had a great genius for law; that they questioned not but in time he might raise money

enough by it to reimburse him of all his charges; that if he studied he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a Lord Chief Justice. As for the advice of honest friends and neighbors John despised it; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor grovelling mechanics. John reckoned it more honor to have got one favorable verdict than to have sold a bale of broadcloth. As for Nic. Frog, to say the truth, he was more prudent; for though he followed his lawsuit closely he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours.

How John discovered that Hocus had an Intrigue with his Wife; and whal followed thereupon.

John had not run on a madding so long had it not been for an extravagant wife, whom Hocus perceiving John to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his side. It is a true saying, that the last man of the parish that knows of his cuckoldom is himself. It was observed by all the neighborhood that Hocus had dealings with John's wife that were not so much for his honor; but this was perceived by John a little too late: she was a luxurious jade, loved splendid equipages, plays, treats and balls, differing very much from the sober manners of her ancestors, and by no means fit for a tradesman's wife. Hocus fed her extravagancy (what was still more shameful) with John's own money. Everybody said that Hocus had a month's mind to her; be that as it will, it is matter of fact, that upon all occasions she ran out extravagantly on the praise of Hocus. When John used to be finding fault with his bills, she used to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest benefactor; one that had taken so much pains in his lawsuit, and retrieved his family from the oppression of old Lewis Baboon. A good swinging sum of John's readiest cash went towards building of Hocus's country house.[1] This affair between Hocus and Mrs. Bull was now so open, that all the world was scandalized at it; John was not so clod-pated, but at last he took the hint. The

[1] Blenheim Palace.

parson of the parish preaching one day with more zeal than sense against adultery, Mrs. Bull told her husband that he was a very uncivil fellow to use such coarse language before people of condition;[1] that Hocus was of the same mind, and that they would join to have him turned out of his living for using personal reflections. How do you mean, says John, by personal reflections? I hope in God, wife, he did not reflect upon you? «No, thank God, my reputation is too well established in the world to receive any hurt from such a foul-mouthed scoundrel as he; his doctrine tends only to make husbands tyrants, and wives slaves; must we be shut up, and husbands left to their liberty? Very pretty indeed! a wife must never go abroad with a Platonic to see a play or a ball; she must never stir without her husband; nor walk in Spring Garden with a cousin. I do say, husband, and I will stand by it, that without the innocent freedoms of life, matrimony would be a most intolerable state; and that a wife's virtue ought to be the result of her own reason, and not of her husband's government: for my part, I would scorn a husband that would be jealous, if he saw a fellow with me.» All this while John's blood boiled in his veins: he was now confirmed in all his suspicions; the hardest names, were the best words that John gave her. Things went from better to worse, till Mrs. Bull aimed a knife at John, though John threw a bottle at her head very brutally indeed: and after this there was nothing but confusion; bottles, glasses, spoons, plates, knives, forks, and dishes, flew about like dust; the result of which was, that Mrs. Bull received a bruise in her right side of which she died half a year after. The bruise imposthumated, and afterwards turned to a stinking ulcer, which made everybody shy to come near her, yet she wanted not the help of many able physicians, who attended very diligently, and did what men of skill could do; but all to no purpose, for her condition was now quite desperate, all regular physicians and her nearest relations having given her over.

[1] The story of Dr. Sacheverel, and the resentment of the House of Commons.

How some Quacks undertook to cure Mrs. Bull of her ulcer.

There is nothing so impossible in Nature but mountebanks will undertake; nothing so incredible but they will affirm: Mrs. Bull's condition was looked upon as desperate by all the men of art; but there were those that bragged they had an infallible ointment and plaster, which being applied to the sore, would cure it in a few days; at the same time they would give her a pill that would purge off all her bad humors, sweeten her blood, and rectify her disturbed imagination. In spite of all applications the patient grew worse every day; she stunk so, nobody durst come within a stone's throw of her, except those quacks who attended her close, and apprehended no danger. If one asked them how Mrs. Bull did? Better and better, said they; the parts heal, and her constitution mends: if she submits to our government she will be abroad in a little time. Nay, it is reported that they wrote to her friends in the country that she should dance a jig next October in Westminster Hall, and that her illness had been chiefly owing to bad physicians. At last, one of them was sent for in great haste, his patient grew worse and worse: when he came, he affirmed that it was a gross mistake, and that she was never in a fairer way. Bring hither the salve, says he, and give her a plentiful draught of my cordial. As he was applying his ointments, and administering the cordial, the patient gave up the ghost, to the great confusion of the quack, and the great joy of Bull and his friends. The quack flung away out of the house in great disorder, and swore there was foul play, for he was sure his medicines were infallible. Mrs. Bull having died without any signs of repentance or devotion, the clergy would hardly allow her a Christian burial. The relations had once resolved to sue John for the murder, but considering better of it, and that such a trial would rip up old sores, and discover things not so much to the reputation of the deceased, they dropped their design. She left no will, only there was found in her strong box the following words written on a scrip of paper—« My curse on John Bull, and all

my posterity, if ever they come to any composition with the Lord Strutt.»

She left him three daughters, whose names were Polemia, Discordia, and Usuria.[1]

Of John Bull's second Wife,[2] and the good Advice that she gave him.

John quickly got the better of his grief, and, seeing that neither his constitution nor the affairs of his family, could permit him to live in an unmarried state, he resolved to get him another wife; a cousin of his last wife's was proposed, but John would have no more of the breed. In short, he wedded a sober country gentlewoman, of a good family and a plentiful fortune, the reverse of the other in her temper; not but that she loved money, for she was saving, and applied her fortune to pay John's clamorous debts, that the unfrugal methods of his last wife, and this ruinous lawsuit, had brought him into. One day, as she had got her husband in a good humor, she talked to him after the following manner:—«My dear, since I have been your wife, I have observed great abuses and disorders in your family: your servants are mutinous and quarrelsome, and cheat you most abominably; your cookmaid is in a combination with your butcher, poulterer, and fishmonger; your butler purloins your liquor, and the brewer sells you hogwash; your baker cheats both in weight and in tale; even your milkwoman and your nursery-maid have a fellow feeling; your tailor, instead of shreds, cabbages whole yards of cloth; besides, leaving such long scores, and not going to market with ready money forces us to take bad ware of the tradesmen at their own price. You have not posted your books these ten years. How is it possible for a man of business to keep his affairs even in the world at this rate? Pray God this Hocus be honest; would to God you would look over his bills, and see how matters stand between Frog and you. Prodigious sums are spent in this lawsuit, and more must be borrowed of scriveners and usurers at heavy interest. Besides, my

[1] War, faction, and usury.

[2] A new Tory Parliament, averse to war.

dear, let me beg of you to lay aside that wild project of leaving your business to turn lawyer, for which, let me tell you, Nature never designed you. Believe me, these rogues do but flatter, that they may pick your pocket; observe what a parcel of hungry ragged fellows live by your cause; to be sure they will never make an end of it. I foresee this haunt you have got about the courts will one day or another bring your family to beggary. Consider, my dear, how indecent it is to abandon your shop and follow pettifoggers; the habit is so strong upon you, that there is hardly a plea between two country esquires, about a barren acre upon a common, but you draw yourself in as bail, surety, or solicitor.» John heard her all this while with patience, till she pricked his maggot, and touched him in the tender point. Then he broke out into a violent passion: «What, I not fit for a lawyer? let me tell you, my clod-pated relations spoiled the greatest genius in the world when they bred me a mechanic. Lord Strutt, and his old rogue of a grandsire, have found to their cost that I can manage a lawsuit as well as another.» «I don't deny what you say,» replied Mrs. Bull, «nor do I call in question your parts; but, I say, it does not suit with your circumstances; you and your predecessors have lived in good reputation among your neighbors by this same cloth-ing-trade, and it were madness to leave it off. Besides, there are few that know all the tricks and cheats of these lawyers. Does not your own experience teach you how they have drawn you on from one term to another, and how you have danced the round of all the courts, still flattering you with a final issue; and, for aught I can see, your cause is not a bit clearer than it was seven years ago.» «I will be hanged,» says John, «if I accept of any composition from Strutt or his grandfather; I'll rather wheel about the streets an engine to grind knives and scissors. However, I'll take your advice, and look over my accounts.»

How John looked over his Attorney's Bill.

When John first brought out the bills, the surprise of all the family was unexpressible at the prodigious dimensions of them; they would have measured with the best bale of

cloth in John's shop. Fees to judges, puny judges, clerks, prothonotaries, philizers, chirographers, under-clerks, proclamators, counsel, witnesses, jurymen, marshals, tipstaffs, criers, porters; for enrollings, exemplifications, bails, vouchers, returns, caveats, examinations, filings of words, entries, declarations, replications, recordats, nolle prosequies, certioraries, mittimuses, demurrers, special verdicts, informations, scire facias, supersedeas, habeas corpus, coach-hire, treating of witnesses, etc. «Verily,» says John, «there are a prodigious number of learned words in this law; what a pretty science it is!» «Ay but, husband, you have paid for every syllable and letter of these fine words. Bless me, what immense sums are at the bottom of the account!» John spent several weeks in looking over his bills, and, by comparing and stating his accounts, he discovered that besides the extravagance of every article, he had been egregiously cheated; that he had paid for counsel that were never feed, for writs that were never drawn, for dinners that were never dressed, and journeys that were never made; in short, that the tradesmen, lawyers, and Frog had agreed to throw the burden of the lawsuit upon his shoulders.

How John grew angry, and resolved to accept a Composition; and what Methods were practised by the Lawyers for keeping him from it.

Well might the learned Daniel Burgess say, «That a lawsuit is a suit for life. He that sows his grain upon marble will have many a hungry belly before harvest.» This John felt by woful experience. John's cause was a good milch cow, and many a man subsisted his family out of it. However, John began to think it high time to look about him. He had a cousin in the country, one Sir Roger Bold, whose predecessors had been bred up to the law, and knew as much of it as anybody; but having left off the profession for some time, they took great pleasure in compounding lawsuits among their neighbors, for which they were the aversion of the gentlemen of the long robe, and at perpetual war with all the country attorneys. John put his cause in Sir Roger's

hands, desiring him to make the best of it. The news had no sooner reached the ears of the lawyers, but they were all in an uproar. They brought all the rest of the tradesmen upon John. Squire South swore he was betrayed, that he would starve before he compounded; Frog said he was highly wronged; even lying Ned the chimney-sweeper and Tom the dustman complained that their interest was sacrificed; the lawyers, solicitors, Hocus and his clerks, were all up in arms at the news of the composition: they abused him and his wife most shamefully. «You silly, awkward, ill-bred country sow,» quoth one, «have you no more manners than to rail at Hocus, that has saved that clod-pated numskulled ninnyhammer of yours from ruin, and all his family? It is well known how he has rose early and sat up late to make him easy, when he was sotting at every alehouse in town. I knew his last wife: she was a woman of breeding, good humor, and complaisance—knew how to live in the world. As for you, you look like a puppet moved by clockwork; your clothes hang upon you as they were upon tenter-hooks; and you come into a room as you were going to steal away a pint pot. Get you gone in the country, to look after your mother's poultry, to milk the cows, churn the butter, and dress up nosegays for a holiday, and not meddle with matters which you know no more of than the sign-post before your door. It is well known that Hocus has an established reputation; he never swore an oath, nor told a lie, in all his life; he is grateful to his benefactors, faithful to his friends, liberal to his dependents, and dutiful to his superiors; he values not your money more than the dust under his feet, but he hates to be abused. Once for all, Mrs. Minx, leave off talking of Hocus, or I will pull out these saucer-eyes of yours, and make that redstreak country face look as raw as an ox-cheek upon a butcher's-stall; remember, I say, that there are pillories and ducking-stools.» With this away they flung, leaving Mrs. Bull no time to reply. No stone was left unturned to frighten John from his composition. Sometimes they spread reports at coffee-houses that John and his wife were run mad; that they intended to give up house, and make over all their estate to Lewis Baboon; that John had been often heard talking to himself, and seen in

the streets without shoes or stockings; that he did nothing from morning till night but beat his servants, after having been the best master alive. As for his wife, she was a mere natural. Sometimes John's house was beset with a whole regiment of attorneys' clerks, bailiffs, and bailiffs' followers, and other small retainers of the law, who threw stones at his windows, and dirt at himself as he went along the street. When John complained of want of ready money to carry on his suit, they advised him to pawn his plate and jewels, and that Mrs. Bull should sell her linen and wearing clothes.

MRS. BULL'S VINDICATION OF THE INDISPENSABLE DUTY INCUMBENT UPON WIVES IN CASE OF THE TYRANNY, INFIDELITY, OR INSUFFICIENCY OF HUSBANDS; BEING A FULL ANSWER TO THE DOCTOR'S SERMON AGAINST ADULTERY.[1]

JOHN found daily fresh proofs of the infidelity and bad designs of his deceased wife; amongst other things, one day looking over his cabinet, he found the following paper:

«It is evident that matrimony is founded upon an original contract, whereby the wife makes over the right she has by the law of Nature in favor of the husband, by which he acquires the property of all her posterity. But, then, the obligation is mutual; and where the contract is broken on one side it ceases to bind on the other. Where there is a right there must be a power to maintain it and to punish the offending party. This power I affirm to be that original right, or rather that indispensable duty lodged in all wives in the cases above-mentioned. No wife is bound by any law to which herself has not consented. All economical government is lodged originally in the husband and wife, the executive part being in the husband; both have their privileges secured to them by law and reason; but will any man infer from the husband being invested with the executive power, that the wife is deprived of her share, and that she has no remedy left but *preces* and *lacrymæ*, or an appeal to a supreme court of judicature? No less frivolous are the arrangements that are drawn from the general appellations

[1] The Tories' representation of the speeches at Sacheverel's trial.

and terms of husband and wife. A husband denotes several different sorts of magistracy, according to the usages and customs of different climates and countries. In some eastern nations it signifies a tyrant, with the absolute power of life and death. In Turkey it denotes an arbitrary governor, with power of perpetual imprisonment; in Italy it gives the husband the power of poison and padlocks; in the countries of England, France, and Holland, it has a quite different meaning, implying a free and equal government, securing to the wife in certain cases the liberty of change, and the property of pin-money and separate maintenance. So that the arguments drawn from the terms of husband and wife are fallacious, and by no means fit to support a tyrannical doctrine, as that of absolute unlimited chastity and conjugal fidelity.

«The general exhortations to fidelity in wives are meant only for rules in ordinary cases, but they naturally suppose three conditions of ability, justice, and fidelity in the husband; such an unlimited, unconditioned fidelity in the wife could never be supposed by reasonable men. It seems a reflection upon the Church to charge her with doctrines that countenance oppression.

«This doctrine of the original right of change is congruous to the law of Nature, which is superior to all human laws, and for that I dare appeal to all wives: It is much to the honor of our English wives that they have never given up that fundamental point, and that though in former ages they were muffled up in darkness and superstition, yet that notion seemed engraven on their minds, and the impression so strong that nothing could impair it.

«To assert the illegality of change, upon any pretence whatsoever, were to cast odious colors upon the married state, to blacken the necessary means of perpetuating families—such laws can never be supposed to have been designed to defeat the very end of matrimony. I call them necessary means, for in many cases what other means are left? Such a doctrine wounds the honor of families, unsettles the titles to kingdoms, honors, and estates; for if the actions from which such settlements spring were illegal, all that is built upon them must be so too; but the last is absurd, therefore the first must be so likewise. What is the cause

that Europe groans at present under the heavy load of a cruel and expensive war, but the tyrannical custom of a certain nation, and the scrupulous nicety of a silly queen in not exercising this indispensable duty, whereby the kingdom might have had an heir, and a controverted succession might have been avoided. These are the effects of the narrow maxims of your clergy, 'That one must not do evil that good may come of it.'

« The assertors of this indefeasible right, and *jus divinum* of matrimony, do all in their hearts favor the pretenders to married women; for if the true legal foundation of the married state be once sapped, and instead thereof tyrannical maxims introduced, what must follow but elopements instead of secret and peaceable change?

« From all that has been said, one may clearly perceive the absurdity of the doctrine of this seditious, discontented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying preacher, asserting ' that the grand security of the matrimonial state, and the pillar upon which it stands, is founded upon the wife's belief of an absolute unconditional fidelity to the husband '; by which bold assertion he strikes at the root, digs the foundation, and removes the basis upon which the happiness of a married state is built. As for his personal reflections, I would gladly know who are those ' wanton wives ' he speaks of? who are those ladies of high stations that he so boldly traduces in his sermon? It is pretty plain who these aspersions are aimed at, for which he deserves the pillory, or something worse.

« In confirmation of this doctrine of the indispensable duty of change, I could bring the example of the wisest wives in all ages, who by these means have preserved their husband's families from ruin and oblivion by want of posterity; but what has been said is a sufficient ground for punishing this pragmatical parson.»

The two great Parties of Wives, the Devotos and the Hitts.

The doctrine of unlimited fidelity in wives was universally espoused by all husbands, who went about the country and made the wives sign papers signifying their utter detesta-

tion and abhorrence of Mrs. Bull's wicked doctrine of the indispensable duty of change. Some yielded, others refused to part with their native liberty, which gave rise to two great parties amongst the wives, the Devotos and the Hitts. Though, it must be owned, the distinction was more nominal than real; for the Devotos would abuse freedoms sometimes, and those who were distinguished by the name of Hitts were often very honest. At the same time there was an ingenious treatise came out with the title of «Good Advice to Husbands,» in which they were counselled not to trust too much to their wives owning the doctrine of unlimited conjugal fidelity, and so to neglect a due watchfulness over the manners of their wives; that the greatest security to husbands was a good usage of their wives and keeping them from temptation, many husbands having been sufferers by their trusting too much to general professions, as was exemplified in the case of a foolish and negligent husband, who, trusting to the efficacy of this principle, was undone by his wife's elopement from him.

An Account of the Conference between Mrs. Bull and Don Diego.

The lawyers, as their last effort to put off the composition, sent Don Diego to John. Don Diego was a very worthy gentleman, a friend to John, his mother, and present wife, and, therefore, supposed to have some influence over her. He had been ill-used himself by John's lawyers, but because of some animosity to Sir Roger was against the composition. The conference between him and Mrs. Bull was word for word as follows:

Don Diego.—Is it possible, cousin Bull, that you can forget the honorable maxims of the family you are come of, and break your word with three of the honestest, best-meaning persons in the world—Esquires South, Frog, and Hocus—that have sacrificed their interests to yours? It is base to take advantage of their simplicity and credulity, and leave them in the lurch at last.

Mrs. Bull.—I am sure they have left my family in a bad

condition, we have hardly money to go to market; and nobody will take our words for sixpence. A very fine spark this Esquire South! My husband took him in, a dirty boy. It was the business of half the servants to attend him. The rogue did bawl and make such a noise: sometimes he fell in the fire and burnt his face, sometimes broke his shins clambering over the benches, and always came in so dirty, as if he had been dragged through the kennel at a boarding-school. He lost his money at chuck-farthing, shuffle-cap, and all-fours; sold his books, pawned his linen, which we were always forced to redeem. Then the whole generation of him are so in love with bagpipes and puppet-shows! I wish you knew what my husband has paid at the pastry-cook's and confectioner's for Naples biscuits, tarts, custards, and sweetmeats. All this while my husband considered him as a gentleman of a good family that had fallen into decay, gave him good education, and has settled him in a good creditable way of living—having procured him, by his interest, one of the best places of the country. And what return, think you, does this fine gentleman make us? he will hardly give me or my husband a good word, or a civil expression. Instead of Sir and Madam (which, though I say it, is our due), he calls us «goody» and «gaffer» such-a-one; says he did us a great deal of honor to board with us; huffs and dings at such a rate, because we will not spend the little we have left to get him the title and estate of Lord Strutt; and then forsooth, we shall have the honor to be his woollen-drapers. Besides, Esquire South will be Esquire South still; fickle, proud, and ungrateful. If he behaves himself so when he depends on us for his daily bread, can any man say what he will do when he is got above the world?

D. Diego.—And would you lose the honor of so noble and generous an undertaking? Would you rather accept this scandalous composition, and trust that old rogue, Lewis Baboon?

Mrs. Bull.—Look you, Friend Diego, if we law it on till Lewis turns honest, I am afraid our credit will run low at Blackwell Hall. I wish every man had his own; but I still say, that Lord Strutt's money shines as bright and chinks

as well as Esquire South's. I don't know any other hold that we tradesmen have of these great folks but their interest: buy dear and sell cheap, and I warrant ye you will keep your customer. The worst is, that Lord Strutt's servants have got such a haunt about that old rogue's shop, that it will cost us many a firkin of strong beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad road, the harder it will be to get them out of it.

D. Diego.—But poor Frog, what has he done! On my conscience, if there be an honest, sincere man in the world, it is that Frog.

Mrs. Bull.—I think I need not tell you how much Frog has been obliged to our family from his childhood; he carries his head high now, but he had never been the man he is without our help. Ever since the commencement of this lawsuit, it has been the business of Hocus, in sharing our expenses, to plead for Frog. «Poor Frog,» says he, «is in hard circumstances, he has a numerous family, and lives from hand to mouth; his children don't eat a bit of good victuals from one year's end to the other, but live upon salt herring, sour curd, and borecole. He does his utmost, poor fellow, to keep things even in the world, and has exerted himself beyond his ability in this lawsuit; but he really has not wherewithal to go on. What signifies this hundred pounds? place it upon your side of the account; it is a great deal to poor Frog, and a trifle to you.» This has been Hocus's constant language, and I am sure he has had obligations enough to us to have acted another part.

D. Diego.—No doubt Hocus meant all this for the best, but he is a tender-hearted, charitable man; Frog is indeed in hard circumstances.

Mrs. Bull.—Hard circumstances! I swear this is provoking to the last degree. All the time of the lawsuit, as fast as I have mortgaged, Frog has purchased: from a plain tradesman, with a shop, warehouse, and a country hut with a dirty fish-pond at the end of it, he is now grown a very rich country gentleman, with a noble landed estate, noble palaces, manors, parks, gardens, and farms, finer than any we were ever master of. Is it not strange, when my husband disbursed great sums every term, Frog should be pur-

chasing some new farm or manor? so that if this lawsuit lasts, he will be far the richest man in his country. What is worse than all this, he steals away my customers every day; twelve of the richest and the best have left my shop by his persuasion, and whom, to my certain knowledge, he has under bonds never to return again: judge you if this be neighborly dealing.

D. Diego.—Frog is indeed pretty close in his dealings, but very honest: you are so touchy, and take things so hotly, I am sure there must be some mistake in this.

Mrs. Bull.—A plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how Hocus and those rogues kept my husband, John Bull, drunk for five years together with punch and strong waters: I am sure he never went one night sober to bed, till they got him to sign the strangest deed that ever you saw in your life. The methods they took to manage him I'll tell you another time; at present I'll read only the writing.

Articles of Agreement betwixt John Bull, Clothier, and Nicholas Frog, Linen-draper.

I. That for maintaining the ancient good correspondence and friendship between the said parties, I, Nicholas Frog, do solemnly engage and promise to keep peace in John Bull's family; that neither his wife, children, nor servants, give him any trouble, disturbance, or molestation whatsoever, but to oblige them all to do their duty quietly in their respective stations. And whereas the said John Bull, from the assured confidence that he has in my friendship, has appointed me executor of his last will and testament, and guardian to his children, I do undertake for me, my heirs and assigns, to see the same duly executed and performed, and that it shall be unalterable in all its parts by John Bull, or anybody else: for that purpose it shall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his house at any hour of the day or night, to break open bars, bolts, and doors, chests of drawers, and strong boxes, in order to secure the peace of my friend John Bull's family, and to see his will duly executed.

II. In consideration of which kind neighborly office of Nicholas Frog, in that he has been pleased to accept of the aforesaid trust, I, John Bull, having duly considered that my friend, Nicholas Frog, at this time lives in a marshy soil and unwholesome air, infested with fogs and damps, destructive of the health of himself, wife, and children, do bind and oblige me, my heirs and assigns, to purchase for the said Nicholas Frog, with the best and readiest of my cash bonds, mortgages, goods and chattels, a landed estate, with parks, gardens, palaces, rivers, fields, and outlets, consisting of as large extent as the said Nicholas Frog shall think fit. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog is at present hemmed in too close by the grounds of Lewis Baboon, master of the science of defence, I, the said John Bull, do oblige myself with the readiest of my cash, to purchase and enclose the said grounds, for as many fields and acres as the said Nicholas shall think fit; to the intent that the said Nicholas may have free egress and regress, without let or molestation, suitable to the demands of himself and family.

III. Furthermore, the said John Bull obliges himself to make the country neighbors of Nicholas Frog allot a certain part of yearly rents, to pay for the repairs of the said landed estate, to the intent that his good friend, Nicholas Frog, may be eased of all charges.

IV. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog did contract with the deceased Lord Strutt about certain liberties, privileges, and immunities, formerly in the possession of the said John Bull, I, the said John Bull, do freely, by these presents, renounce, quit, and make over to the said Nicholas, the liberties, privileges, and immunities contracted for, in as full a manner, as if they never had belonged to me.

V. The said John Bull obliges himself, his heirs and assigns, not to sell one rag of broad or coarse cloth to any gentleman within the neighborhood of the said Nicholas, except in such quantities and such rates as the said Nicholas shall think fit.

Signed and sealed,

John Bull,
Nic. Frog.

The reading of this paper put Mrs. Bull in such a passion

that she fell downright into a fit, and they were forced to give her a good quantity of the spirit of hartshorn before she recovered.

D. Diego.—Why in such a passion, cousin? considering your circumstances at that time, I don't think this such an unreasonable contract. You see Frog, for all this, is religiously true to his bargain; he scorns to hearken to any composition without your privacy.

Mrs. Bull.—You know the contrary. Read that letter.

[*Reads the superscription.*] For Lewis Baboon, Master of the Noble Science of Defence.

«Sir.—I understand that you are at this time treating with my friend John Bull, about restoring the Lord Strutt's custom, and besides allowing him certain privileges of parks and fish-ponds; I wonder how you that are a man that knows the world, can talk with that simple fellow. He has been my bubble these twenty years, and to my certain knowledge, understands no more of his own affairs than a child in swaddling-clothes. I know he has got a sort of a pragmatical silly jade of a wife, that pretends to take him out of my hands; but you and she both will find yourselves mistaken; I'll find those that shall manage her; and for him, he dares as well be hanged as make one step in his affairs without my consent. If you will give me what you promised him, I will make all things easy, and stop the deeds of ejectment against Lord Strutt; if you will not, take what follows. I shall have a good action against you, for pretending to rob me of my bubble. Take this warning from

«Your loving friend,

«Nic. Frog.»

I am told, cousin Diego, you are one of those that have undertaken to manage me, and that you have said you will carry a green bag yourself, rather than we shall make an end of our lawsuit: I'll teach them and you too to manage.

D. Diego.—For God's sake, madam, why so choleric? I say this letter is some forgery; it never entered into the head of that honest man, Nic. Frog, to do any such thing.

Mrs. Bull.—I can't abide you. You have been railing

these twenty years at Squire South, Frog, and Hocus, calling them rogues and pickpockets, and now they are turned the honestest fellows in the world. What is the meaning of all this?

D. Diego.—Pray tell me how you came to employ this Sir Roger in your affairs, and not think of your old friend Diego?

Mrs. Bull.—So, so, there it pinches. To tell you truth, I have employed Sir Roger in several weighty affairs, and have found him trusty and honest, and the poor man always scorned to take a farthing of me. I have abundance that profess great zeal, but they are damnable greedy of the pence. My husband and I are now in such circumstances, that we must be served upon cheaper terms than we have been.

D. Diego.—Well, cousin, I find I can do no good with you; I am sorry that you will ruin yourself by trusting this Sir Roger.

How the guardians of the deceased Mrs. Bull's three daughters came to John, and what advice they gave him; wherein is briefly treated the characters of the three daughters. Also John Bull's answer to the three guardians.

I told you in a former chapter that Mrs. Bull, before she departed this life, had blessed John with three daughters. I need not here repeat their names, neither would I willingly use any scandalous reflections upon young ladies, whose reputations ought to be very tenderly handled; but the characters of these were so well known in the neighborhood, that it is doing them no injury to make a short description of them.

The eldest was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate wench, as ever breathed; she used to rantipole about the house, pinch the children, kick the servants, and torture the cats and the dogs; she would rob her father's strong box, for money to give the young fellows that she was fond of. She had a noble air, and something great in her mien, but such a noisome infectious breath, as threw all the servants that dressed her into consumptions; if she

smelt to the freshest nosegay, it would shrivel and wither as it had been blighted: she used to come home in her cups, and break the china, and the looking-glasses; and was of such an irregular temper, and so entirely given up to her passion, that you might argue as well with the North wind, as with her ladyship: so expensive, that the income of three dukedoms was not enough to supply her extravagance. Hocus loved her best, believing her to be his own, got upon the body of Mrs. Bull.

The second daughter, born a year after her sister, was a peevish, froward, ill-conditioned creature as ever was, ugly as the devil, lean, haggard, pale, with saucer eyes, a sharp nose, and hunched backed; but active, sprightly, and diligent about her affairs. Her ill complexion was occasioned by her bad diet, which was coffee morning, noon, and night. She never rested quietly a-bed, but used to disturb the whole family with shrieking out in her dreams, and plague them next day with interpreting them, for she took them all for gospel; she would cry out «Murder!» and disturb the whole neighborhood; and when John came running downstairs to inquire what the matter was, nothing forsooth, only her maid had stuck a pin wrong in her gown; she turned away one servant for putting too much oil in her salad, and another for putting too little salt in her water-gruel; but such as by flattery had procured her esteem, she would indulge in the greatest crime. Her father had two coachmen; when one was in the coach-box, if the coach swung but the least to one side, she used to shriek so loud, that all the street concluded she was overturned; but though the other was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole family, she was very angry with her father for turning him away. Then she used to carry tales and stories from one to another, till she had set the whole neighborhood together by the ears; and this was the only diversion she took pleasure in. She never went abroad, but she brought home such a bundle of monstrous lies, as would have amazed any mortal, but such as knew her: of a whale that had swallowed a fleet of ships; of the lions being let out of the Tower, to destroy the Protestant religion; of the Pope's being seen in a brandy-shop at Wapping; and a prodigious strong man that

was going to shove down the cupola of St. Paul's; of three millions of five pound pieces that Squire South had found under an old wall; of blazing stars, flying dragons, and abundance of such stuff. All the servants in the family made high court to her, for she domineered there, and turned out and in whom she pleased; only there was an old grudge between her and Sir Roger, whom she mortally hated and used to hire fellows to squirt kennel water upon him as he passed along the streets; so that he was forced constantly to wear a surtout of oiled cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the surtout was a little scanty.

As for the third she was a thief and a common mercenary. She had no respect of persons: a prince or a porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, she would leave the finest gentleman in the world to go to an ugly fellow for sixpence more. In the practice of her profession she had amassed vast magazines of all sorts of things: she had above five hundred suits of fine clothes, and yet went abroad like a cinder wench. She robbed and starved all the servants, so that nobody could live near her.

So much for John's three daughters, which you will say were rarities to be fond of. Yet Nature will show itself. Nobody could blame their relations for taking care of them, and therefore it was that Hocus, with two other of the guardians, thought it their duty to take care of the interest of the three girls and give John their best advice before he compounded the lawsuit.

Hocus.—What makes you so shy of late, my good friend? There's nobody loves you better than I, nor has taken more pains in your affairs. As I hope to be saved I would do anything to serve you; I would crawl upon all fours to serve you; I have spent my health and maternal estate in your service. I have, indeed, a small pittance left, with which I might retire, and with as good a conscience as any man; but the thought of this disgraceful composition so touches me to the quick that I cannot sleep. After I had brought the cause to the last stroke, that one verdict more had quite ruined old Lewis and Lord Strutt, and put you in the quiet possession of everything—then to compound! I cannot bear it. This cause was my favorite; I had set my heart upon

it; it is like an only child; I cannot endure it should miscarry. For God's sake consider only to what a dismal condition old Lewis is brought. He is at an end of all his cash; his attorneys have hardly one trick left; they are at an end of all their chicane; besides, he has both his law and his daily bread now upon trust. Hold out only one term longer, and I'll warrant you before the next we shall have him in the Fleet. I'll bring him to the pillory; his ears shall pay for his perjuries. For the love of God don't compound. Let me be damned if you have a friend in the world that loves you better than I. There is nobody can say I am covetous or that I have any interests to pursue but yours.

Second Guardian.—There is nothing so plain as that this Lewis has a design to ruin all his neighboring tradesmen, and at this time he has such a prodigious income by his trade of all kinds, that, if there is not some stop put to his exorbitant riches, he will monopolize everything; nobody will be able to sell a yard of drapery or mercery ware but himself. I then hold it advisable that you continue the lawsuit and burst him at once. My concern for the three poor motherless children obliges me to give you this advice; for their estates, poor girls, depend upon the success of this cause.

Third Guardian.—I own this Writ of Ejectment has cost dear, but then consider it is a jewel well worth the purchasing at the price of all you have. None but Mr. Bull's declared enemies can say he has any other security for his clothing trade but the ejectment of Lord Strutt. The only question, then, that remains to be decided is: who shall stand the expenses of the suit? To which the answer is as plain: who but he that is to have the advantage of the sentence? When Esquire South has got possession of his title and honor is not John Bull to be his clothier? Who, then, but John ought to be put in possession? Ask but any indifferent gentleman, Who ought to bear his charges at law? and he will readily answer, His tradesmen. I do therefore affirm, and I will go to death with it, that, being his clothier, you ought to put him in quiet possession of his estate, and with the same generous spirit you have begun it complete the good work. If you persist in the bad measures you are

now in, what must become of the three poor orphans? My heart bleeds for the poor girls.

JOHN BULL.—You are all very eloquent persons, but give me leave to tell you you express a great deal more concern for the three girls than for me. I think my interest ought to be considered in the first place. As for you, Hocus, I can't but say you have managed my lawsuit with great address and much to my honor, and, though I say it, you have been well paid for it. Why must the burden be taken off Frog's back and laid upon my shoulders? He can drive about his own parks and fields in his gilt chariot, when I have been forced to mortgage my estate; his note will go farther than my bond. Is it not matter of fact, that from the richest tradesman in all the country, I am reduced to beg and borrow from scriveners and usurers that suck the heart, blood, and guts out of me, and what is all this for? Did you like Frog's countenance better than mine? Was not I your old friend and relation? Have I not presented you nobly? Have I not clad your whole family? Have you not had a hundred yards at a time of the finest cloth in my shop? Why must the rest of the tradesmen be not only indemnified from charges, but forbid to go on with their own business, and what is more their concern than mine? As to holding out this term I appeal to your own conscience, has not that been your constant discourse these six years, «One term more and old Lewis goes to pot?» If thou art so fond of my cause be generous for once, and lend me a brace of thousands. Ah, Hocus! Hocus! I know thee: not a sous to save me from jail, I trow. Look ye, gentlemen, I have lived with credit in the world, and it grieves my heart never to stir out of my doors but to be pulled by the sleeve by some rascally dun or other. «Sir, remember my bill. There's a small concern of a thousand pounds; I hope you think on't, sir.» And to have these usurers transact my debts at coffee-houses and ale-houses, as if I were going to break up shop. Lord! that ever the rich, the generous John Bull, clothier, the envy of all his neighbors, should be brought to compound his debts for five shillings in the pound, and to have his name in an advertisement for a statute of bankrupt. The thought of it makes me mad. I have read some-

where in the Apocrypha, «That one should not consult with a woman touching her of whom she is jealous; nor with a merchant concerning exchange; nor with a buyer, of selling; nor with an unmerciful man, of kindness, etc.» I could have added one thing more: nor with an attorney about compounding a lawsuit. The ejectment of Lord Strutt will never do. The evidence is crimp; the witnesses swear backwards and forwards, and contradict themselves; and his tenants stick by him. One tells me that I must carry on my suit, because Lewis is poor; another, because he is still too rich: whom shall I believe? I am sure of one thing, that a penny in the purse is the best friend John can have at last, and who can say that this will be the last suit I shall be engaged in? Besides, if this ejectment were practicable is it reasonable that, when Esquire South is losing his money to sharpers and pickpockets, going about the country with fiddlers and buffoons, and squandering his income with hawks and dogs, I should lay out the fruits of my honest industry in a lawsuit for him, only upon the hopes of being his clothier? And when the cause is over I shall not have the benefit of my project for want of money to go to market. Look ye, gentlemen, John Bull is but a plain man, but John Bull knows when he is ill used. I know the infirmity of our family: we are apt to play the boon companion and throw away our money in our cups. But it was an unfair thing in you, gentlemen, to take advantage of my weakness, to keep a parcel of roaring bullies about me day and night, with huzzas and hunting horns, and ringing the changes on butcher's cleavers; never let me cool, and make me set my hand to papers when I could hardly hold my pen. There will come a day of reckoning for all that proceeding. In the meantime, gentlemen, I beg you will let me into my affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me the small remainder of a very great estate.

Esquire South's Message and Letter to Mrs. Bull.

The arguments used by Hocus and the rest of the guardians had hitherto proved insufficient. John and his wife could not be persuaded to bear the expense of Esquire South's

lawsuit. They thought it reasonable that, since he was to have the honor and advantage, he should bear the greatest share of the charges, and retrench what he lost to sharpers and spent upon country dances and puppet plays to apply it to that use. This was not very grateful to the esquire; therefore, as the last experiment, he was resolved to send Signior Benenato, master of his foxhounds, to Mrs. Bull to try what good he could do with her. This Signior Benenato had all the qualities of a fine gentleman that were set to charm a lady's heart, and if any person in the world could have persuaded her it was he. But such was her unshaken fidelity to her husband, and the constant purpose of her mind to pursue his interest, that the most refined arts of gallantry that were practised could not seduce her heart. The necklaces, diamond crosses, and rich bracelets that were offered she rejected with the utmost scorn and disdain. The music and serenades that were given her sounded more ungratefully in her ears than the noise of a screech owl. However, she received Esquire South's letter by the hands of Signior Benenato with that respect which became his quality. The copy of the letter is as follows, in which you will observe he changes a little his usual style:

Madam,—The Writ of Ejectment against Philip Baboon (pretended Lord Strutt) is just ready to pass. There want but a few necessary forms and a verdict or two more to put me in the quiet possession of my honor and estate. I question not but that, according to your wonted generosity and goodness, you will give it the finishing stroke: an honor that I would grudge anybody but yourself. In order to ease you of some part of the charges, I promise to furnish pen, ink, and paper, provided you pay for the stamps. Besides, I have ordered my stewards to pay out of the readiest and best of my rents five pounds ten shillings a year till my suit is finished. I wish you health and happiness, being with due respect,

Madam, your assured friend,

South.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN JOHN BULL AND HIS WIFE.[1]

MRS. BULL.—Though our affairs, honey, are in a bad condition, I have a better opinion of them since you seemed to be convinced of the ill course you have been in, and are resolved to submit to proper remedies. But when I consider your immense debts, your foolish bargains, and the general disorder of your business, I have a curiosity to know what fate or chance has brought you into this condition.

JOHN BULL.—I wish you would talk of some other subject, the thought of it makes me mad; our family must have their run.

MRS. BULL.—But such a strange thing as this never happened to any of your family before: they have had lawsuits, but, though they spent the income, they never mortgaged the stock. Sure, you must have some of the Norman or the Norfolk blood in you. Prithee, give me some account of these matters.

JOHN BULL.—Who could help it? There lives not such a fellow by bread as that old Lewis Baboon: he is the most cheating, contentious rogue upon the face of the earth. You must know, one day, as Nic. Frog and I were over a bottle making up an old quarrel, the old fellow would needs have us drink a bottle of his champagne, and so one after another, till my friend Nic. and I, not being used to such heady stuff, got very drunk. Lewis all the while, either by the strength of his brain or flinching his glass, kept himself sober as a judge. «My worthy friends,» quoth Lewis, «henceforth let us live neighborly; I am as peaceable and quiet as a lamb of my own temper, but it has been my misfortune to live among quarrelsome neighbors. There is but one thing can make us fall out, and that is the inheritance of Lord Strutt's estate: I am content, for peace's sake, to waive my right, and submit to any expedient to prevent a lawsuit; I think an equal division will be the fairest way.» «Well moved, Old Lewis,» quoth Frog, «and I hope my

[1] The history of the Partition Treaty; suspicions at that time that the French King intended to take the whole and that he revealed the secret to the Court of Spain.

friend John here will not be refractory.» At the same time he clapped me on the back, and slabbered me all over from cheek to cheek with his great tongue. «Do as you please, gentlemen,» quoth I, «'tis all one to John Bull.» We agreed to part that night, and next morning to meet at the corner of Lord Strutt's park wall, with our surveying instruments, which accordingly we did. Old Lewis carried a chain and a semicircle; Nic., paper, rulers, and a lead pencil; and I followed at some distance with a long pole. We began first with surveying the meadow grounds, afterwards we measured the cornfields, close by close; then we proceeded to the woodlands, the copper and tin mines. All this while Nic. laid down everything exactly upon paper, calculated the acres and roods to a great nicety. When we had finished the land, we were going to break into the house and gardens, to take an inventory of his plate, pictures, and other furniture.

Mrs. Bull.—What said Lord Strutt to all this?

John Bull.—As we had almost finished our concern, we were accosted by some of Lord Strutt's servants. «Heyday! what's here? what a devil's the meaning of all these trangrams and gimcracks, gentlemen? What in the name of wonder, are you going about, jumping over my master's hedges, and running your lines cross his grounds? If you are at any field pastime, you might have asked leave: my master is a civil well-bred person as any is.»

Mrs. Bull.—What could you answer to this?

John Bull.—Why, truly, my neighbor Frog and I were still hot-headed; we told him his master was an old doting puppy, that minded nothing of his own business; that we were surveying his estate, and settling it for him, since he would not do it himself. Upon this there happened a quarrel, but we being stronger than they, sent them away with a flea in their ear. They went home and told their master. «My lord,» say they, «there are three odd sort of fellows going about your grounds with the strangest machines that ever we beheld in our life: I suppose they are going to rob your orchard, fell your trees, or drive away your cattle. They told us strange things of settling your estate—one is a lusty old fellow in a black wig, with a black beard, without

teeth; there's another, thick squat fellow, in trunk hose; the third is a little, long-nosed, thin man (I was then lean, being just come out of a fit of sickness)—I suppose it is fit to send after them, lest they carry something away?»

Mrs. Bull.—I fancy this put the old fellow in a rare tweague.

John Bull.—Weak as he was, he called for his long Toledo, swore and bounced about the room: «'Sdeath! what am I come to, to be affronted so by my tradesmen? I know the rascals: my barber, clothier, and linen-draper dispose of my estate! Bring hither my blunderbuss; I'll warrant ye you shall see daylight through them. Scoundrels! dogs! the scum of the earth! Frog, that was my father's kitchen-boy, he pretend to meddle with my estate—with my will! Ah, poor Strutt! what art thou come to at last? Thou hast lived too long in the world, to see thy age and infirmity so despised! How will the ghosts of my noble ancestors receive these tidings?—they cannot, they must not sleep quietly in their graves.» In short, the old gentleman was carried off in a fainting fit, and after bleeding in both arms hardly recovered.

Mrs. Bull.—Really this was a very extraordinary way of proceeding! I long to hear the rest of it.

John Bull.—After we had come back to the tavern, and taken t'other bottle of champagne, we quarrelled a little about the division of the estate. Lewis hauled and pulled the map on one side and Frog and I on t'other, till we had like to have tore the parchment to pieces. At last Lewis pulled out a pair of great tailor's shears and clipt a corner for himself, which he said was a manor that lay convenient for him, and left Frog and me the rest to dispose of as we pleased. We were overjoyed to think Lewis was contented with so little, not smelling what was at the bottom of the plot. There happened, indeed, an incident that gave us some disturbance. A cunning fellow, one of my servants, two days after, peeping through the keyhole, observed that old Lewis had stole away our part of the map, and saw him fiddling and turning the map from one corner to the other, trying to join the two pieces together again. He was mut-

tering something to himself, which he did not well hear, only these words, «'Tis great pity! 'tis great pity!» My servant added that he believed this had some ill meaning. I told him he was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiser than his companions. Lewis and I are good friends, he's an honest fellow, and I daresay will stand to his bargain. The sequel of the story proved this fellow's suspicion to be too well grounded; for Lewis revealed our whole secret to the deceased Lord Strutt, who in reward for his treachery, and revenge to Frog and me, settled his whole estate upon the present Philip Baboon. Then we understood what he meant by piecing the map together.

Mrs. Bull.—And were you surprised at this? Had not Lord Strutt reason to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been so used yourself?

John Bull.—Why, truly, wife, it was not easily reconciled to the common methods; but then it was the fashion to do such things. I have read of your golden age, your silver age, etc.; one might justly call this the age of the lawyers. There was hardly a man of substance in all the country but had a counterfeit that pretended to his estate. As the philosophers say that there is a duplicate of every terrestrial animal at sea, so it was in this age of the lawyers: there were at least two of everything; nay, o' my conscience, I think there were three Esquire Hackums at one time. In short, it was usual for a parcel of fellows to meet and dispose of the whole estates in the country. «This lies convenient for me, Tom. Thou wouldst do more good with that, Dick, than the old fellow that has it.» So to law they went with the true owners: the lawyers got well by it; everybody else was undone. It was a common thing for an honest man when he came home at night to find another fellow domineering in his family, hectoring his servants, and calling for supper. In every house you might observe two Sosias quarrelling who was master. For my own part, I am still afraid of the same treatment: that I should find somebody behind my counter selling my broadcloth.

Mrs. Bull.—There is a sort of fellows they call banterers and bamboozlers that play such tricks, but it seems these fellows were in earnest.

JOHN BULL.—I begin to think that justice is a better rule than conveniency, for all some people make so slight on it.

OF THE HARD SHIFTS MRS. BULL WAS PUT TO TO PRESERVE THE MANOR OF BULLOCK'S HATCH, WITH SIR ROGER'S METHOD TO KEEP OFF IMPORTUNATE DUNS.[1]

As John Bull and his wife were talking together they were surprised with a sudden knocking at the door. «Those wicked scriveners and lawyers, no doubt,» quoth John; and so it was, some asking for the money he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching term. «What a cursed life do I lead!» quoth John; «debt is like deadly sin. For God's sake, Sir Roger, get me rid of the fellows.» «I'll warrant you,» quoth Sir Roger; «leave them to me.» And, indeed, it was pleasant enough to observe Sir Roger's method with these importunate duns. His sincere friendship for John Bull made him submit to many things for his service which he would have scorned to have done for himself. Sometimes he would stand at the door with his long staff to keep off the duns, until John got out at the back door. When the lawyers and tradesmen brought extravagant bills Sir Roger used to bargain beforehand for leave to cut off a quarter of a yard in any part of the bill he pleased; he wore a pair of scissors in his pocket for this purpose, and would snip it off so nicely as you cannot imagine. Like a true goldsmith he kept all your holidays; there was not one wanting in his calendar; when ready money was scarce, he would set them a-telling a thousand pounds in sixpences, groats, and threepenny-pieces. It would have done your heart good to have seen him charge through an army of lawyers, attorneys, clerks, and tradesmen; sometimes with sword in hand, at other times nuzzling like an eel in the mud. When a fellow stuck like a bur, that there was no shaking him off, he used to be mighty inquisitive about the health of his uncles and aunts in the country; he could call them all by their names, for he knew everybody, and could

[1] Some attempts to destroy the public credit at that time. Manners of the Earl of Oxford.

talk to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent he would send away to see some strange sight, as the Dragon of Hockley the Hole, or bid him call the 30th of next February. Now and then you would see him in the kitchen, weighing the beef and butter, paying ready money, that the maids might not run a tick at the market, and the butchers, by bribing of them, sell damaged and light meat. Another time he would slip into the cellar and gauge the casks. In his leisure minutes he was posting his books and gathering in his debts. Such frugal methods were necessary where money was so scarce and duns so numerous. All this while John kept his credit, could show his head both at 'Change and Westminster Hall; no man protested his bill nor refused his bond; only the sharpers and the scriveners, the lawyers and other clerks pelted Sir Roger as he went along. The squirters were at it with their kennel water, for they were mad for the loss of their bubble, and that they could not get him to mortgage the manor of Bullock's Hatch. Sir Roger shook his ears and nuzzled along, well satisfied within himself that he was doing a charitable work in rescuing an honest man from the claws of harpies and bloodsuckers. Mrs. Bull did all that an affectionate wife, and a good housewife, could do; yet the boundaries of virtues are indivisible lines. It is impossible to march up close to the frontiers of frugality without entering the territories of parsimony. Your good housewives are apt to look into the minutest things; therefore some blamed Mrs. Bull for new heel-piecing of her shoes, grudging a quarter of a pound of soap and sand to scour the rooms; but, especially, that she would not allow her maids and apprentices the benefit of «John Bunyan,» the «London Apprentices,» or the «Seven Champions,» in the black letter.

A CONTINUATION OF THE CONVERSATION BETWIXT JOHN BULL AND HIS WIFE.

MRS. BULL.—It is a most sad life we lead, my dear, to be so teased, paying interest for old debts, and still contracting new ones. However, I don't blame you for vindicating

your honor and chastising old Lewis. To curb the insolent, protect the oppressed, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good effects of the law. The only thing I want to know is how you came to make an end of your money before you finished your suit.

JOHN BULL.—I was told by the learned in the law that my suit stood upon three firm pillars: more money for more law, more law for more money, and no composition. More money for more law was plain to a demonstration, for who can go to law without money? and it was plain that any man that has money may have law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what composition could be made with a rogue that never kept a word he said?

MRS. BULL.—I think you are most likely to get out of this labyrinth by the second door, by want of ready money to purchase this precious commodity. But you seem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought, else how was it possible to run so much in debt when at this very time the yearly income of what is mortgaged to those usurers would discharge Hocus's bills, and give you your bellyful of law for all your life, without running one sixpence in debt? You have been bred up to business; I suppose you can cipher; I wonder you never used your pen and ink.

JOHN BULL.—Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear wife, hold thy tongue. Suppose a young heir, heedless, raw, and inexperienced, full of spirit and vigor, with a favorite passion, in the hands of money scriveners. Such fellows are like your wire-drawing mills: if they get hold of a man's finger they will pull in his whole body at last, till they squeeze the heart, blood, and guts out of him. When I wanted money, half a dozen of these fellows were always waiting in my ante-chamber with their securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the ready, some farm or other went to pot. I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other to lawyers that, like so many hell hounds, were ready to devour me. Then the rogues would plead poverty and scarcity of money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the hundred. After they had got possession of my best rents they were able to supply me

with my own money. But, what was worse, when I looked into the securities there was no clause of redemption.

Mrs. Bull.—No clause of redemption, say you? That's hard.

John Bull.—No great matter. For I cannot pay them. They had got a worse trick than that. The same man bought and sold to himself, paid the money, and gave the acquittance; the same man was butcher and grazier, brewer and butler, cook and poulterer. There is something still worse than all this. There came twenty bills upon me at once, which I had given money to discharge. I was like to be pulled to pieces by brewer, butcher, and baker; even my herb-woman dunned me as I went along the streets. Thanks to my friend Sir Roger, else I must have gone to jail. When I asked the meaning of this, I was told the money went to the lawyers. «Counsel won't tick, sir.» Hocus was urging; my book-keeper sat sotting all day, playing at Put and All-fours. In short, by griping usurers, devouring lawyers, and negligent servants I am brought to this pass.

Mrs. Bull.—This was hard usage. But methinks the least reflection might have retrieved you.

John Bull.—'Tis true; yet consider my circumstances—my honor was engaged, and I did not know how to get out. Besides, I was for five years often drunk, always muddled; they carried me from tavern to tavern, to ale-houses and brandy-shops, and brought me acquainted with such strange dogs. «There goes the prettiest fellow in the world,» says one, «for managing a jury: make him yours. There's another can pick you up witnesses. Serjeant such-a-one has a silver tongue at the bar.» I believe, in time I should have retained every single person within the Inns of Court. The night after a trial I treated the lawyers, their wives, and daughters, with fiddles, hautboys, drums, and trumpets. I was always hot-headed. Then they placed me in the middle, the attorneys and their clerks dancing about me, whooping and holloing, «Long live John Bull, the glory and support of the law.»

Mrs. Bull.—Really, husband, you went through a very notable course.

John Bull.—One of the things that first alarmed me was

that they showed a spite against my poor old mother. «Lord,» quoth I, «what makes you so jealous of a poor, old, innocent gentlewoman, that minds only her prayers and her Practice of Piety? She never meddles in any of your concerns.» «Fob,» say they, «to see a handsome, brisk, genteel young fellow so much governed by a doting old woman! Do you consider she keeps you out of a good jointure? She has the best of your estate settled upon her for a rent-charge. Hang her, old thief! turn her out of doors, seize her lands, and let her go to law if she dares.» «Soft and fair, gentlemen,» quoth I; «my mother's my mother, our family are not of an unnatural temper. Though I don't take all her advice, I won't seize her jointure; long may she enjoy it, good woman; I don't grudge it her. She allows me now and then a brace of hundreds for my lawsuit; that's pretty fair.» About this time the old gentlewoman fell ill of an odd sort of a distemper. It began with a coldness and numbness in her limbs, which by degrees affected the nerves (I think the physicians call them), seized the brain, and at last ended in a lethargy. It betrayed itself at first in a sort of indifference and carelessness in all her actions, coldness to her best friends, and an aversion to stir or go about the common offices of life. She, that was the cleanliest creature in the world, never shrank now if you set a close-stool under her nose. She that would sometimes rattle off her servants pretty sharply, now if she saw them drink, or heard them talk profanely, never took any notice of it. Instead of her usual charities to deserving persons, she threw away her money upon roaring, swearing bullies and beggars, that went about the streets. «What is the matter with the old gentlewoman?» said everybody; «she never used to do in this manner.» At last the distemper grew more violent, and threw her downright into raving fits, in which she shrieked out so loud that she disturbed the whole neighborhood. In her fits she called upon one Sir William. «Oh! Sir William, thou hast betrayed me, killed me, stabbed me! See, see! Clum with his bloody knife! Seize him! seize him! stop him! Behold the fury with her hissing snakes! Where's my son John? Is he well, is he well? Poor man! I pity him!» And abundance more of

such strange stuff, that nobody could make anything of. I knew little of the matter; for when I inquired about her health, the answer was that she was in a good moderate way. Physicians were sent for in haste. Sir Roger, with great difficulty, brought Ratcliff; Garth came upon the first message. There were several others called in, but, as usual upon such occasions, they differed strangely at the consultation. At last they divided into two parties; one sided with Garth, the other with Ratcliff. Dr. Garth said, «This case seems to me to be plainly hysterical; the old woman is whimsical; it is a common thing for your old women to be so; I'll pawn my life, blisters, with the steel diet, will recover her.» Others suggested strong purging and letting of blood, because she was plethoric. Some went so far as to say the old woman was mad, and nothing would be better than a little corporal correction. Ratcliff said, «Gentlemen, you are mistaken in this case; it is plainly an acute distemper, and she cannot hold out three days unless she is supported with strong cordials.» I came into the room with a good deal of concern, and asked them what they thought of my mother? «In no manner of danger, I vow to God,» quoth Garth; «the old woman is hysterical, fanciful, sir, I vow to God.» «I tell you, sir,» says Ratcliff, «she cannot live three days to an end, unless there is some very effectual course taken with her; she has a malignant fever.» Then «fool,» «puppy,» and «blockhead,» were the best words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the ink-bottles at one another's heads. I forgot to tell you that one party of the physicians desired I would take my sister Peg into the house to nurse her, but the old gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last one physician asked if the lady had ever been used to take laudanum? Her maid answered, not that she knew; but, indeed, there was a High German liveryman of hers, one Van Ptschirnsooker, that gave her a sort of a quack powder. The physician desired to see it. «Nay,» says he, «there is opium in this, I am sure.»

Mrs. Bull.—I hope you examined a little into this matter?

John Bull.—I did, indeed, and discovered a great mys-

tery of iniquity. The witnesses made oath that they had heard some of the liverymen frequently railing at their mistress. They said she was a troublesome fiddle-faddle old woman, and so ceremonious that there was no bearing of her. They were so plagued with bowing and cringing as they went in and out of the room that their backs ached. She used to scold at one for his dirty shoes, at another for his greasy hair and not combing his head. Then she was so passionate and fiery in her temper that there was no living with her. She wanted something to sweeten her blood. That they never had a quiet night's rest for getting up in the morning to early Sacraments. They wished they could find some way or another to keep the old woman quiet in her bed. Such discourses were often overheard among the liverymen, while the said Van Ptschirnsooker had undertook this matter. A maid made affidavit « That she had seen the said Van Ptschirnsooker, one of the liverymen, frequently making up of medicines and administering them to all the neighbors; that she saw him one morning make up the powder which her mistress took; that she had the curiosity to ask him whence he had the ingredients. 'They come,' says he, ' from several parts of de world. Dis I have from Geneva, dat from Rome, this white powder from Amsterdam, and the red from Edinburgh, but the chief ingredient of all comes from Turkey.'» It was likewise proved that the said Van Ptschirnsooker had been frequently seen at the « Rose » with Jack, who was known to bear an inveterate spite to his mistress. That he brought a certain powder to his mistress which the examinant believes to be the same, and spoke the following words:—« Madam, here is grand secret van de world, my sweetening powder; it does temperate de humor, dispel the windt, and cure de vapor; it lulleth and quieteth the animal spirits, procuring rest and pleasant dreams. It is de infallible receipt for de scurvy, all heats in de bloodt, and breaking out upon de skin. It is de true blood-stancher, stopping all fluxes of de blood. If you do take dis, you will never ail anyding; it will cure you of all diseases.» And abundance more to this purpose, which the examinant does not remember.

ON RETICENCE IN CRITICISM

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BY

HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE

LORD BOLINGBROKE

A brilliant figure among the foremost public men was Henry St. John, afterward Viscount Bolingbroke, born in 1678. He entered Parliament in his twenty-third year and was hailed as an ideal leader, dashing and sound in strategy. About that time James II. died in exile; his son and grandson occupied the stage during the following forty years or more as the Old and the Young Pretenders. The death of William III. in 1702 brought Anne to the throne. Bolingbroke became Secretary for War, and afterward Secretary of State. When the Whigs came into power, Bolingbroke retired from public life for the two years 1708–10. As Tory leader he did his utmost to end the war with France, which the Whigs favored, dreading a return of the Pretender and a reaction against Protestantism.

There were stormy times in Parliament. The Treaty of Utrecht closed the war of the Spanish succession in 1713. On Queen Anne's death in 1714 Bolingbroke was impeached for treason after having been dismissed from office. He escaped to France and became Secretary of State to the Pretender, from which he was also dismissed. He received a pardon from England in 1723, but he was deprived of his peerage.

From this time until his death in 1751 most of his time was given to literary work. He enjoyed the closest intimacy with Pope, to whom the accompanying selection from his letters was addressed. Among his published writings were "Reflections on Exile," "Letters on the Study of History," "On the True Use of Retirement," "On the Spirit of Patriotism," and "The Idea of a Patriot King." After his death a number of essays on religious and philosophical subjects were collected, the drift of them being an anticipation of the modern agnostic position.

Bolingbroke has a style distinguished for lucidity and graphic force. He reasons well and boldly. Not a few writers of our day are indebted to his unfamiliar writings for qualities they have not cared to acknowledge.

ON RETICENCE IN CRITICISM

A LETTER TO ALEXANDER POPE

Dear Sir,—Since you have begun, at my request, the work which I have wished long that you would undertake, it is but reasonable that I submit to the task you impose upon me. The mere compliance with anything you desire, is a pleasure to me. On the present occasion, however, this compliance is a little interested; and that I may not assume more merit with you than I really have, I will own that in performing this act of friendship—for such you are willing to esteem it—the purity of my motive is corrupted by some regard to my private utility. In short, I suspect you to be guilty of a very friendly fraud, and to mean my service whilst you seem to mean your own.

In leading me to discourse, as you have done often, and in pressing me to write, as you do now, on certain subjects, you may propose to draw me back to those trains of thought which are, above all others, worthy to employ the human mind: and I thank you for it. They have been often interrupted by the business and dissipations of the world, but they were never so more grievously to me, nor less usefully to the public, than since royal seduction prevailed on me to abandon the quiet and leisure of the retreat I had chosen abroad, and to neglect the example of Rutilius, for I might have imitated him in this at least, who fled further from his country when he was invited home.

You have begun your ethic epistles in a masterly manner. You have copied no other writer, nor will you, I think, be copied by any one. It is with genius as it is with beauty; there are a thousand pretty things that charm alike; but superior genius, like superior beauty, has always something

particular, something that belongs to itself alone. It is always distinguishable, not only from those who have no claim to excellence, but even from those who excel, when any such there are.

I am pleased, you may be sure, to find your satire turn, in the very beginning of these epistles, against the principal cause—for such you know that I think it—of all the errors, all the contradictions, and all the disputes which have arisen among those who impose themselves on their fellow-creatures for great masters, and almost sole proprietors of a gift of God which is common to the whole species. This gift is reason; a faculty, or rather an aggregate of faculties, that is bestowed in different degrees; and not in the highest, certainly, on those who make the highest pretensions to it. Let your satire chastise, and, if it be possible, humble that pride, which is the fruitful parent of their vain curiosity and bold presumption; which renders them dogmatical in the midst of ignorance, and often sceptical in the midst of knowledge. The man who is puffed up with this philosophical pride, whether divine or theist, or atheist, deserves no more to be respected than one of those trifling creatures who are conscious of little else than their animality, and who stop as far short of the attainable perfections of their nature as the other attempts to go beyond them. You will discover as many silly affections, as much foppery and futility, as much inconsistency and low artifice in one as in the other. I never met the mad woman at Brentford decked out in old and new rags, and nice and fantastical in the manner of wearing them, without reflecting on many of the profound scholars and sublime philosophers of our own and of former ages.

You may expect some contradiction and some obloquy on the part of these men, though you will have less to apprehend from their malice and resentment than a writer in prose on the same subjects would have. You will be safer in the generalities of poetry; and I know your precaution enough to know that you will screen yourself in them against any direct charge of heterodoxy. But the great clamor of all will be raised when you descend lower, and let your Muse loose among the herd of mankind. Then will those powers

of dulness whom you have ridiculed into immortality be called forth in one united phalanx against you. But why do I talk of what may happen? You have experienced lately something more than I prognosticate. Fools and knaves should be modest at least; they should ask quarter of men of sense and virtue: and so they do till they grow up to a majority, till a similitude of character assures them of the protection of the great. But then vice and folly such as prevail in our country, corrupt our manners, deform even social life, and contribute to make us ridiculous as well as miserable, will claim respect for the sake of the vicious and the foolish. It will be then no longer sufficient to spare persons; for to draw even characters of imagination must become criminal when the application of them to those of highest rank and greatest power cannot fail to be made. You began to laugh at the ridiculous taste or the no taste in gardening and building of some men who are at great expense in both. What a clamor was raised instantly! The name of Timon was applied to a noble person with double malice, to make him ridiculous, and you, who lived in friendship with him, odious. By the authority that employed itself to encourage this clamor, and by the industry used to spread and support it, one would have thought that you had directed your satire in that epistle to political subjects, and had inveighed against those who impoverish, dishonor, and sell their country, instead of making yourself inoffensively merry at the expense of men who ruin none but themselves, and render none but themselves ridiculous. What will the clamor be, and how will the same authority foment it, when you proceed to lash, in other instances, our want of elegance even in luxury, and our wild profusion, the source of insatiable rapacity, and almost universal venality? My mind forebodes that the time will come—and who knows how near it may be?—when other powers than those of Grub Street may be drawn forth against you, and when vice and folly may be avowedly sheltered behind a power instituted for better and contrary purposes—for the punishment of one, and for the reformation of both.

But, however this may be, pursue your task undauntedly, and whilst so many others convert the noblest employments

of human society into sordid trades, let the generous Muse resume her ancient dignity, re-assert her ancient prerogative, and instruct and reform, as well as amuse the world. Let her give a new turn to the thoughts of men, raise new affections in their minds, and determine in another and better manner the passions of their hearts. Poets, they say, were the first philosophers and divines in every country, and in ours, perhaps, the first institutions of religion and civil policy were owing to our bards. Their task might be hard, their merit was certainly great. But if they were to rise now from the dead they would find the second task, if I mistake not, much harder than the first, and confess it more easy to deal with ignorance than with error. When societies are once established and Governments formed, men flatter themselves that they proceed in cultivating the first rudiments of civility, policy, religion, and learning. But they do not observe that the private interests of many, the prejudices, affections, and passions of all, have a large share in the work, and often the largest. These put a sort of bias on the mind, which makes it decline from the straight course; and the further these supposed improvements are carried, the greater this declination grows, till men lose sight of primitive and real nature, and have no other guide but custom, a second and a false nature. The author of one is divine wisdom; of the other, human imagination; and yet whenever the second stands in opposition to the first, as it does most frequently, the second prevails. From hence it happens that the most civilized nations are often guilty of injustice and cruelty which the least civilized would abhor, and that many of the most absurd opinions and doctrines which have been imposed in the Dark Ages of ignorance continue to be the opinions and doctrines of ages enlightened by philosophy and learning. «If I was a philosopher,» says Montaigne, «I would naturalize art instead of artilizing Nature.» The expression is odd, but the sense is good, and what he recommends would be done if the reasons that have been given did not stand in the way; if the self-interest of some men, the madness of others, and the universal pride of the human heart did not determine them to prefer error to truth and authority to reason.

Whilst your Muse is employed to lash the vicious into repentance, or to laugh the fools of the age into shame, and whilst she rises sometimes to the noblest subjects of philosophical meditation, I shall throw upon paper, for your satisfaction and for my own, some part at least of what I have thought and said formerly on the last of these subjects, as well as the reflections that they may suggest to me further in writing on them. The strange situation I am in, and the melancholy state of public affairs, take up much of my time; divide, or even dissipate, my thoughts; and, which is worse, drag the mind down by perpetual interruptions from a philosophical tone or temper to the drudgery of private and public business. The last lies nearest my heart; and since I am once more engaged in the service of my country, disarmed, gagged, and almost bound as I am, I will not abandon it as long as the integrity and perseverance of those who are under none of these disadvantages, and with whom I now co-operate, make it reasonable for me to act the same part. Further than this no shadow of duty obliges me to go. Plato ceased to act for the Commonwealth when he ceased to persuade, and Solon laid down his arms before the public magazine when Pisistratus grew too strong to be opposed any longer with hopes of success.

Though my situation and my engagements are sufficiently known to you, I choose to mention them on this occasion lest you should expect from me anything more than I find myself able to perform whilst I am in them. It has been said by many that they wanted time to make their discourses shorter; and if this be a good excuse, as I think it may be often, I lay in my claim to it. You must neither expect in what I am about to write to you that brevity which might be expected in letters or essays, nor that exactness of method, nor that fulness of the several parts which they affect to observe who presume to write philosophical treatises. The merit of brevity is relative to the manner and style in which any subject is treated, as well as to the nature of it; for the same subject may be sometimes treated very differently, and yet very properly, in both these respects. Should the poet make syllogisms in verse, or pursue a long process of reasoning in the didactic style, he

would be sure to tire his reader on the whole, like Lucretius, though he reasoned better than the Roman, and put into some parts of his work the same poetical fire. He may write, as you have begun to do, on philosophical subjects, but he must write in his own character. He must contract, he may shadow, he has a right to omit whatever will not be cast in the poetic mould; and when he cannot instruct, he may hope to please. But the philosopher has no such privileges. He may contract sometimes, he must never shadow. He must be limited by his matter, lest he should grow whimsical, and by the parts of it which he understands best, lest he should grow obscure. But these parts he must develop fully, and he has no right to omit anything that may serve the purpose of truth, whether it please or not. As it would be disingenuous to sacrifice truth to popularity, so it is trifling to appeal to the reason and experience of mankind, as every philosophical writer does, or must be understood to do, and then to talk, like Plato and his ancient and modern disciples, to the imagination only. There is no need, however, to banish eloquence out of philosophy, and truth and reason are no enemies to the purity nor to the ornaments of language. But as the want of an exact determination of ideas and of an exact precision in the use of words is inexcusable in a philosopher, he must preserve them, even at the expense of style. In short, it seems to me that the business of the philosopher is to dilate, if I may borrow this word from Tully, to press, to prove, to convince; and that of the poet to hint, to touch his subject with short and spirited strokes, to warm the affections, and to speak to the heart.

Though I seem to prepare an apology for prolixity even in writing essays, I will endeavor not to be tedious, and this endeavor may succeed the better perhaps by declining any over-strict observation of method. There are certain points of that which I esteem the first philosophy whereof I shall never lose sight, but this will be very consistent with a sort of epistolary license. To digress and to ramble are different things, and he who knows the country through which he travels may venture out of the highroad, because he is sure of finding his way back to it again. Thus the several mat-

ters that may arise even accidentally before me will have some share in guiding my pen.

I dare not promise that the sections or members of these essays will bear that nice proportion to one another and to the whole which a severe critic would require. All I dare promise you is that my thoughts, in what order soever they flow, shall be communicated to you just as they pass through my mind, just as they use to be when we converse together on these or any other subjects when we saunter alone, or, as we have often done with good Arbuthnot and the jocose Dean of St. Patrick's, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden. That theatre is large enough for my ambition. I dare not pretend to instruct mankind, and I am not humble enough to write to the public for any other purpose. I mean by writing on such subjects as I intend here, to make some trial of my progress in search of the most important truths, and to make this trial before a friend in whom I think I may confide. These epistolary essays, therefore, will be written with as little regard to form and with as little reserve as I used to show in the conversations which have given occasion to them, when I maintained the same opinions and insisted on the same reasons in defence of them.

It might seem strange to a man not well acquainted with the world, and in particular with the philosophical and theological tribe, that so much precaution should be necessary in the communication of our thoughts on any subject of the first philosophy, which is of common concern to the whole race of mankind, and wherein no one can have, according to nature and truth, any separate interest. Yet so it is. The separate interests we cannot have by God's institutions, are created by those of man; and there is no subject on which men deal more unfairly with one another than this. There are separate interests, to mention them in general only, of prejudice and of profession. By the first, men set out in the search of truth under the conduct of error, and work up their heated imaginations often to such a delirium that the more genius, and the more learning they have, the madder they grow. By the second, they are sworn, as it were, to follow all their lives the authority of some particu-

lar school, to which «tanquam scopulo, adhærescunt;» for the condition of their engagement is to defend certain doctrines, and even mere forms of speech, without examination, or to examine only in order to defend them. By both, they become philosophers as men became Christians in the primitive Church, or as they determined themselves about disputed doctrines; for says Hilarius, writing to St. Austin, «Your holiness knows that the greatest part of the faithful embrace, or refuse to embrace, a doctrine for no reason but the impression which the name and authority of some body or other makes on them.» What now can a man who seeks truth for the sake of truth, and is indifferent where he finds it, expect from any communication of his thoughts to such men as these? He will be much deceived if he expects anything better than imposition or altercation.

Few men have, I believe, consulted others, both the living and the dead, with less presumption, and in a greater spirit of docility, than I have done: and the more I have consulted, the less have I found of that inward conviction on which a mind that is not absolutely implicit can rest. I thought for a time that this must be my fault. I distrusted myself, not my teachers—men of the greatest name, ancient and modern. But I found at last that it was safer to trust myself than them, and to proceed by the light of my own understanding than to wander after these *ignes fatui* of philosophy. If I am able therefore to tell you easily, and at the same time so clearly and distinctly as to be easily understood, and so strongly as not to be easily refuted, how I have thought for myself, I shall be persuaded that I have thought enough on these subjects. If I am not able to do this, it will be evident that I have not thought on them enough. I must review my opinions, discover and correct my errors.

I have said that the subjects I mean, and which will be the principal objects of these essays, are those of the first philosophy; and it is fit, therefore, that I should explain what I understand by the first philosophy. Do not imagine that I understand what has passed commonly under that name—metaphysical pneumatics, for instance, or ontology. The first are conversant about imaginary substances, such

as may and may not exist. That there is a God we can demonstrate; and although we know nothing of His manner of being, yet we acknowledge Him to be immaterial, because a thousand absurdities, and such as imply the strongest contradiction, result from the supposition that the Supreme Being is a system of matter. But of any other spirits we neither have nor can have any knowledge: and no man will be inquisitive about spiritual physiognomy, nor go about to inquire, I believe, at this time, as Evodius inquired of St. Austin, whether our immaterial part, the soul, does not remain united, when it forsakes this gross terrestrial body, to some ethereal body more subtile and more fine; which was one of the Pythagorean and Platonic whimsies: nor be under any concern to know, if this be not the case of the dead, how souls can be distinguished after their separation —that of Dives, for example, from that of Lazarus. The second—that is, ontology—treats most scientifically of being abstracted from all being («de ente quatenus ens»). It came in fashion whilst Aristotle was in fashion, and has been spun into an immense web out of scholastic brains. But it should be, and I think it is already, left to the acute disciples of Leibnitz, who dug for gold in the ordure of the schools, and to other German wits. Let them darken by tedious definitions what is too plain to need any; or let them employ their vocabulary of barbarous terms to propagate an unintelligible jargon, which is supposed to express such abstractions as they cannot make, and according to which, however, they presume often to control the particular and most evident truths of experimental knowledge. Such reputed science deserves no rank in philosophy, not the last, and much less the first.

I desire you not to imagine neither that I understand by the first philosophy even such a science as my Lord Bacon describes—a science of general observations and axioms, such as do not belong properly to any particular part of science, but are common to many, «and of an higher stage,» as he expresses himself. He complains that philosophers have not gone up to the «spring-head,» which would be of «general and excellent use for the disclosing of Nature and the abridgment of art,» though they «draw now and then a

bucket of water out of the well for some particular use.» I respect—no man more—this great authority; but I respect no authority enough to subscribe on the faith of it, to that which appears to me fantastical, as if it were real. Now this spring-head of science is purely fantastical, and the figure conveys a false notion to the mind, as figures employed licentiously are apt to do. The great author himself calls these axioms, which are to constitute his first philosophy, observations. Such they are properly; for there are some uniform principles, or uniform impressions of the same nature, to be observed in very different subjects, «una eademque naturæ vestigia aut signacula diversis materiis et subjectis impressa.» These observations, therefore, when they are sufficiently verified and well established, may be properly applied in discourse, or writing, from one subject to another. But I apprehend that when they are so applied, they serve rather to illustrate a proposition than to disclose Nature, or to abridge art. They may have a better foundation than similitudes and comparisons more loosely and more superficially made. They may compare realities, not appearances; things that Nature has made alike, not things that seem only to have some relation of this kind in our imaginations. But still they are comparisons of things distinct and independent. They do not lead us to things, but things that are lead us to make them. He who possesses two sciences, and the same will be often true of arts, may find in certain respects a similitude between them because he possesses both. If he did not possess both, he would be led by neither to the acquisition of the other. Such observations are effects, not means of knowledge; and, therefore, to suppose that any collection of them can constitute a science of an «higher stage,» from whence we may reason *a priori* down to particulars, is, I presume, to suppose something very groundless, and very useless at best, to the advancement of knowledge. A pretended science of this kind must be barren of knowledge, and may be fruitful of error, as the Persian magic was, if it proceeded on the faint analogy that may be discovered between physics and politics, and deduced the rules of civil government from what the professors of it observed of the operations and works of

Nature in the material world. The very specimen of their magic which my Lord Bacon has given would be sufficient to justify what is here objected to his doctrine.

Let us conclude this head by mentioning two examples among others which he brings to explain the better what he means by his first philosophy. The first is this axiom, « If to unequals you add equals, all will be unequal.» This, he says, is an axiom of justice as well as of mathematics; and he asks whether there is not a true coincidence between commutative and distributive justice, and arithmetical and geometrical proportion. But I would ask in my turn whether the certainty that any arithmetician or geometrician has of the arithmetical or geometrical truth will lead him to discover this coincidence. I ask whether the most profound lawyer who never heard perhaps this axiom would be led to it by his notions of commutative and distributive justice. Certainly not. He who is well skilled in arithmetic or geometry, and in jurisprudence, may observe perhaps this uniformity of natural principle or impression because he is so skilled, though, to say the truth, it be not very obvious; but he will not have derived his knowledge of it from any spring-head of a first philosophy, from any science of an « higher stage » than arithmetic, geometry, and jurisprudence.

The second example is this axiom, « That the destruction of things is prevented by the reduction of them to their first principles.» This rule is said to hold in religion, in physics, and in politics; and Machiavel is quoted for having established it in the last of these. Now though this axiom be generally, it is not universally, true; and, to say nothing of physics, it will not be hard to produce, in contradiction to it, examples of religious and civil institutions that would have perished if they had been kept strictly to their first principles, and that have been supported by departing more or less from them. It may seem justly matter of wonder that the author of the « Advancement of Learning » should espouse this maxim in religion and politics, as well as physics, so absolutely, and that he should place it as an axiom of his first philosophy relatively to the three, since he could not do it without falling into the abuse he condemns so

much in his «Organum Novum»—the abuse philosophers are guilty of when they suffer the mind to rise too fast, as it is apt to do, from particulars to remote and general axioms. That the author of the «Political Discourses» should fall into this abuse is not at all strange. The same abuse runs through all his writings, in which, among many wise and many wicked reflections and precepts, he establishes frequently general maxims or rules of conduct on a few particular examples, and sometimes on a single example. Upon the whole matter, one of these axioms communicates no knowledge but that which we must have before we can know the axiom, and the other may betray us into great error when we apply it to use and action. One is unprofitable, the other dangerous; and the philosophy which admits them as principles of general knowledge deserves ill to be reputed philosophy. It would have been just as useful, and much more safe, to admit into this receptacle of axioms those self-evident and necessary truths alone of which we have an immediate perception, since they are not confined to any special parts of science, but are common to several, or to all. Thus these profitable axioms, «What is, is,» «The whole is bigger than a part,» and divers others, might serve to enlarge the spring-head of a first philosophy, and be of excellent use in arguing *ex præcognitis et præconcessis.*

If you ask me now what I understand then by a first philosophy, my answer will be such as I suppose you already prepared to receive. I understand by a first philosophy, that which deserves the first place on account of the dignity and importance of its objects, natural theology or theism, and natural religion or ethics. If we consider the order of the sciences in their rise and progress, the first place belongs to natural philosophy, the mother of them all, or the trunk, the tree of knowledge, out of which, and in proportion to which, like so many branches, they all grow. These branches spread wide, and bear even fruits of different kinds. But the sap that made them shoot, and makes them flourish, rises from the root through the trunk, and their productions are varied according to the variety of strainers through which it flows. In plain terms, I speak not here of

supernatural, or revealed science; and therefore I say that all science, if it be real, must rise from below, and from our own level. It cannot descend from above, nor from superior systems of being and knowledge. Truth of existence is truth of knowledge, and therefore reason searches after them in one of these scenes, where both are to be found together, and are within our reach; whilst imagination hopes fondly to find them in another, where both of them are to be found, but surely not by us. The notices we receive from without concerning the beings that surround us, and the inward consciousness we have of our own, are the foundations, and the true criterions too, of all the knowledge we acquire of body and of mind: and body and mind are objects alike of natural philosophy. We assume commonly that they are two distinct substances. Be it so. They are still united, and blended, as it were, together, in one human nature: and all natures, united or not, fall within the province of natural philosophy. On the hypothesis indeed that body and soul are two distinct substances, one of which subsists after the dissolution of the other, certain men, who have taken the whimsical title of metaphysicians, as if they had science beyond the bounds of Nature, or of Nature discoverable by others, have taken likewise to themselves the doctrine of mind; and have left that of body, under the name of physics, to a supposed inferior order of philosophers. But the right of these stands good; for all the knowledge that can be acquired about mind, or the unextended substance of the Cartesians, must be acquired, like that about body, or the extended substance, within the bounds of their province, and by the means they employ, particular experiments and observations. Nothing can be true of mind, any more than of body, that is repugnant to these; and an intellectual hypothesis which is not supported by the intellectual phenomena is at least as ridiculous as a corporeal hypothesis which is not supported by the corporeal phenomena.

If I have said thus much in this place concerning natural philosophy, it has not been without good reason.

I consider theology and ethics as the first of sciences in pre-eminence of rank. But I consider the constant contem-

plation of Nature—by which I mean the whole system of God's works as far as it lies open to us—as the common spring of all sciences, and even of these. What has been said agreeably to this notion seems to me evidently true; and yet metaphysical divines and philosophers proceed in direct contradiction to it, and have thereby, if I mistake not, bewildered themselves, and a great part of mankind, in such inextricable labyrinths of hypothetical reasoning, that few men can find their way back, and none can find it forward into the road of truth. To dwell long, and on some points always, in particular knowledge, tires the patience of these impetuous philosophers. They fly to generals. To consider attentively even the minutest phenomena of body and mind mortifies their pride. Rather than creep up slowly, *a posteriori*, to a little general knowledge, they soar at once as far and as high as imagination can carry them. From thence they descend again, armed with systems and arguments *a priori;* and, regardless how these agree or clash with the phenomena of Nature, they impose them on mankind.

It is this manner of philosophizing, this preposterous method of beginning our search after truth out of the bounds of human knowledge, or of continuing it beyond them, that has corrupted natural theology and natural religion in all ages. They have been corrupted to such a degree that it is grown, and was so long since, as necessary to plead the cause of God, if I may use this expression after Seneca, against the divine as against the atheist; to assert his existence against the latter, to defend his attributes against the former, and to justify his providence against both. To both a sincere and humble theist might say very properly, «I make no difference between you on many occasions, because it is indifferent whether you deny or defame the Supreme Being.» Nay, Plutarch, though little orthodox in theology, was not in the wrong perhaps when he declared the last to be the worst.

In treating the subjects about which I shall write to you in these letters or essays, it will be therefore necessary to distinguish genuine and pure theism from the unnatural and profane mixtures of human imagination—what we can

know of God from what we cannot know. This is the more necessary, too, because, whilst true and false notions about God and religion are blended together in our minds under one specious name of science, the false are more likely to make men doubt of the true, as it often happens, than to persuade men that they are true themselves. Now, in order to this purpose, nothing can be more effectual than to go to the root of error, of that primitive error which encourages our curiosity, sustains our pride, fortifies our prejudices, and gives pretence to delusion. This primitive error consists in the high opinion we are apt to entertain of the human mind, though it holds, in truth, a very low rank in the intellectual system. To cure this error we need only turn our eyes inward, and contemplate impartially what passes there from the infancy to the maturity of the mind. Thus it will not be difficult, and thus alone it is possible, to discover the true nature of human knowledge—how far it extends, how far it is real, and where and how it begins to be fantastical.

Such an inquiry, if it cannot check the presumption nor humble the pride of metaphysicians, may serve to undeceive others. Locke pursued it; he grounded all he taught on the phenomena of Nature; he appealed to the experience and conscious knowledge of every one, and rendered all he advanced intelligible. Leibnitz, one of the vainest and most chimerical men that ever got a name in philosophy, and who is often so unintelligible that no man ought to believe he understood himself, censured Locke as a superficial philosopher. What has happened? The philosophy of one has forced its way into general approbation, that of the other has carried no conviction and scarce any information to those who have misspent their time about it. To speak the truth, though it may seem a paradox, our knowledge on many subjects, and particularly on those which we intend here, must be superficial to be real. This is the condition of humanity. We are placed, as it were, in an intellectual twilight, where we discover but few things clearly, and none entirely, and yet see just enough to tempt us with the hope of making better and more discoveries. Thus flattered, men push their inquiries on, and may be properly enough compared to

Ixion, who «imagined he had Juno in his arms whilst he embraced a cloud.»

To be contented to know things as God has made us capable of knowing them is, then, a first principle necessary to secure us from falling into error; and if there is any subject upon which we should be most on our guard against error, it is surely that which I have called here the first philosophy. God is hid from us in the majesty of His nature, and the little we discover of Him must be discovered by the light that is reflected from His works. Out of this light, therefore, we should never go in our inquiries and reasonings about His nature, His attributes, and the order of His providence; and yet upon these subjects men depart the furthest from it—nay, they who depart the furthest are the best heard by the bulk of mankind. The less men know, the more they believe that they know. Belief passes in their minds for knowledge, and the very circumstances which should beget doubt produce increase of faith. Every glittering apparition that is pointed out to them in the vast wild of imagination passes for a reality; and the more distant, the more confused, the more incomprehensible it is, the more sublime it is esteemed. He who should attempt to shift these scenes of airy vision for those of real knowledge might expect to be treated with scorn and anger by the whole theological and metaphysical tribe, the masters and the scholars; he would be despised as a plebeian philosopher, and railed at as an infidel. It would be sounded high that he debased human nature, which has a «cognation,» so the reverend and learned Doctor Cudworth calls it, with the divine; that the soul of man, immaterial and immortal by its nature, was made to contemplate higher and nobler objects than this sensible world, and even than itself, since it was made to contemplate God and to be united to Him. In such clamor as this the voice of truth and of reason would be drowned, and, with both of them on his side, he who opposed it would make many enemies and few converts—nay, I am apt to think that some of these, if he made any, would say to him, as soon as the gaudy visions of error were dispelled, and till they were accustomed to the simplicity of truth, «Pol me occidistis.» Prudence forbids me,

therefore, to write as I think to the world, whilst friendship forbids me to write otherwise to you. I have been a martyr of faction in politics, and have no vocation to be so in philosophy.

But there is another consideration which deserves more regard, because it is of a public nature, and because the common interests of society may be affected by it. Truth and falsehood, knowledge and ignorance, revelations of the Creator, inventions of the creature, dictates of reason, sallies of enthusiasm, have been blended so long together in our systems of theology that it may be thought dangerous to separate them, lest by attacking some parts of these systems we should shake the whole. It may be thought that error itself deserves to be respected on this account, and that men who are deluded for their good should be deluded on.

Some such reflections as these it is probable that Erasmus made when he observed, in one of his letters to Melancthon, that Plato, dreaming of a philosophical commonwealth, saw the impossibility of governing the multitude without deceiving them. «Let not Christians lie,» says this great divine: «but let it not be thought neither that every truth ought to be thrown out to the vulgar.» («Non expedit omnem veritatem prodere vulgo.») Scævola and Varro were more explicit than Erasmus, and more reasonable than Plato. They held not only that many truths were to be concealed from the vulgar, but that it was expedient the vulgar should believe many things that were false. They distinguished at the same time, very rightly, between the regard due to religions already established, and the conduct to be held in the establishment of them. The Greek assumed that men could not be governed by truth, and erected on this principle a fabulous theology. The Romans were not of the same opinion. Varro declared expressly that if he had been to frame a new institution, he would have framed it «ex naturæ potius formula.» But they both thought that things evidently false might deserve an outward respect when they are interwoven into a system of government. This outward respect every good citizen will show them in such a case, and they can claim no more in any. He will not propagate

these errors, but he will be cautious how he propagates even truth in opposition to them.

There has been much noise made about free-thinking; and men have been animated in the contest by a spirit that becomes neither the character of divines nor that of good citizens, by an arbitrary tyrannical spirit under the mask of religious zeal, and by a presumptuous factious spirit under that of liberty. If the first could prevail, they would establish implicit belief and blind obedience, and an Inquisition to maintain this abject servitude. To assert antipodes might become once more as heretical as Arianism or Pelagianism; and men might be dragged to the jails of some Holy Office, like Galileo, for saying they had seen what in fact they had seen, and what every one else that pleased might see. If the second could prevail, they would destroy at once the general influence of religion by shaking the foundations of it which education had laid. These are wide extremes. Is there no middle path in which a reasonable man and a good citizen may direct his steps? I think there is.

Every one has an undoubted right to think freely—nay, it is the duty of every one to do so as far as he has the necessary means and opportunities. This duty, too, is in no case so incumbent on him as in those that regard what I call the first philosophy. They who have neither means nor opportunities of this sort must submit their opinions to authority; and to what authority can they resign themselves so properly and so safely as to that of the laws and constitution of their country? In general, nothing can be more absurd than to take opinions of the greatest moment, and such as concern us the most intimately, on trust; but there is no help against it in many particular cases. Things the most absurd in speculation become necessary in practice. Such is the human constitution, and reason excuses them on the account of this necessity. Reason does even a little more, and it is all she can do. She gives the best direction possible to the absurdity. Thus she directs those who must believe because they cannot know, to believe in the laws of their country, and conform their opinions and practice to those of their ancestors, to those of Coruncanius, of

Scipio, of Scævola—not to those of Zeno, of Cleanthes, of Chrysippus.

But now the same reason that gives this direction to such men as these will give a very contrary direction to those who have the means and opportunities the others want. Far from advising them to submit to this mental bondage, she will advise them to employ their whole industry to exert the utmost freedom of thought, and to rest on no authority but hers—that is, their own. She will speak to them in the language of the Soufys, a sect of philosophers in Persia that travellers have mentioned. «Doubt,» say these wise and honest freethinkers, «is the key of knowledge. He who never doubts, never examines. He who never examines, discovers nothing. He who discovers nothing, is blind and will remain so. If you find no reason to doubt concerning the opinions of your fathers, keep to them; they will be sufficient for you. If you find any reason to doubt concerning them, seek the truth quietly, but take care not to disturb the minds of other men.»

Let us proceed agreeably to these maxims. Let us seek truth, but seek it quietly as well as freely. Let us not imagine, like some who are called free-thinkers, that every man, who can think and judge for himself, as he has a right to do, has therefore a right of speaking, any more than of acting, according to the full freedom of his thoughts. The freedom belongs to him as a rational creature; he lies under the restraint as a member of society.

If the religion we profess contained nothing more than articles of faith and points of doctrine clearly revealed to us in the Gospel, we might be obliged to renounce our natural freedom of thought in favor of this supernatural authority. But since it is notorious that a certain order of men, who call themselves the Church, have been employed to make and propagate a theological system of their own, which they call Christianity, from the days of the Apostles, and even from these days inclusively, it is our duty to examine and analyze the whole, that we may distinguish what is divine from what is human; adhere to the first implicitly, and ascribe to the last no more authority than the word of man deserves.

Such an examination is the more necessary to be undertaken by every one who is concerned for the truth of his religion and for the honor of Christianity, because the first preachers of it were not, and they who preach it still are not, agreed about many of the most important points of their system; because the controversies raised by these men have banished union, peace, and charity out of the Christian world; and because some parts of the system savor so much of superstition and enthusiasm that all the prejudices of education and the whole weight of civil and ecclesiastical power can hardly keep them in credit. These considerations deserve the more attention because nothing can be more true than what Plutarch said of old, and my Lord Bacon has said since: one, that superstition, and the other, that vain controversies are principal causes of atheism.

I neither expect nor desire to see any public revision made of the present system of Christianity. I should fear an attempt to alter the established religion as much as they who have the most bigot attachment to it, and for reasons as good as theirs, though not entirely the same. I speak only of the duty of every private man to examine for himself, which would have an immediate good effect relatively to himself, and might have in time a good effect relatively to the public, since it would dispose the minds of men to a greater indifference about theological disputes, which are the disgrace of Christianity and have been the plagues of the world.

Will you tell me that private judgment must submit to the established authority of Fathers and Councils? My answer shall be that the Fathers, ancient and modern, in Councils and out of them, have raised that immense system of artificial theology by which genuine Christianity is perverted and in which it is lost. These Fathers are fathers of the worst sort, such as contrive to keep their children in a perpetual state of infancy, that they may exercise perpetual and absolute dominion over them. «Quo magis regnum in illos exerceant pro sua libidine.» I call their theology artificial, because it is in a multitude of instances conformable neither to the religion of Nature nor to Gospel Christianity, but often repugnant to both, though said to be founded on

them. I shall have occasion to mention several such instances in the course of these little essays. Here I will only observe that if it be hard to conceive how anything so absurd as the pagan theology stands represented by the Fathers who wrote against it, and as it really was, could ever gain credit among rational creatures, it is full as hard to conceive how the artificial theology we speak of could ever prevail, not only in ages of ignorance, but in the most enlightened. There is a letter of St. Austin wherein he says that he was ashamed of himself when he refuted the opinions of the former, and that he was ashamed of mankind when he considered that such absurdities were received and defended. The reflections might be retorted on the saint, since he broached and defended doctrines as unworthy of the Supreme All-Perfect Being as those which the heathens taught concerning their fictitious and inferior gods. Is it necessary to quote any other than that by which we are taught that God has created numbers of men for no purpose but to damn them? «Quisquis prædestinationis doctrinam invidia gravat,» says Calvin, «aperte maledicit Deo.» Let us say, «Quisquis prædestinationis doctrinam asserit, blasphemat.» Let us not impute such cruel injustice to the all-perfect Being. Let Austin and Calvin and all those who teach it be answerable for it alone. You may bring Fathers and Councils as evidences in the cause of artificial theology, but reason must be the judge; and all I contend for is, that she should be so in the breast of every Christian that can appeal to her tribunal.

Will you tell me that even such a private examination of the Christian system as I propose that every man who is able to make it should make for himself, is unlawful; and that, if any doubts arise in our minds concerning religion, we must have recourse for the solution of them to some of that holy order which was instituted by God Himself, and which has been continued by the imposition of hands in every Christian society, from the Apostles down to the present clergy? My answer shall be shortly this: it is repugnant to all the ideas of wisdom and goodness to believe that the universal terms of salvation are knowable by the means of one order of men alone, and that they continue to be so

even after they have been published to all nations. Some of your directors will tell you that whilst Christ was on earth the Apostles were the Church; that He was the Bishop of it; that afterwards the admission of men into this order was approved, and confirmed by visions and other divine manifestations; and that these wonderful proofs of God's interposition at the ordinations and consecrations of presbyters and bishops lasted even in the time of St. Cyprian—that is, in the middle of the third century. It is pity that they lasted no longer, for the honor of the Church, and for the conviction of those who do not sufficiently reverence the religious society. It were to be wished, perhaps, that some of the secrets of electricity were improved enough to be piously and usefully applied to this purpose. If we beheld a shekinah, or divine presence, like the flame of a taper, on the heads of those who receive the imposition of hands, we might believe that they receive the Holy Ghost at the same time. But as we have no reason to believe what superstitious, credulous, or lying men (such as Cyprian himself was) reported formerly, that they might establish the proud pretensions of the clergy, so we have no reason to believe that five men of this order have any more of the Divine Spirit in our time, after they are ordained, than they had before. It would be a farce to provoke laughter, if there was no suspicion of profanation in it, to see them gravely lay hands on one another, and bid one another receive the Holy Ghost.

Will you tell me finally, in opposition to what has been said, and that you may anticipate what remains to be said, that laymen are not only unauthorized, but quite unequal, without the assistance of divines, to the task I propose? If you do, I shall make no scruple to tell you, in return, that laymen may be, if they please, in every respect as fit, and are in one important respect more fit than divines to go through this examination, and to judge for themselves upon it. We say that the Scriptures, concerning the divine authenticity of which all the professors of Christianity agree, are the sole criterion of Christianity. You add tradition, concerning which there may be, and there is, much dispute. We have, then, a certain invariable rule whenever the

Scriptures speak plainly. Whenever they do not speak of, we have this comfortable assurance—that doctrines which nobody understands are revealed to nobody, and are therefore improper objects of human inquiry. We know, too, that if we receive the explanations and commentaries of these dark sayings from the clergy, we take the greatest part of our religion from the word of man, not from the Word of God. Tradition, indeed, however derived, is not to be totally rejected; for if it was, how came the canon of the Scriptures, even of the Gospels, to be fixed? How was it conveyed down to us? Traditions of general facts, and general propositions plain and uniform, may be of some authority and use. But particular anecdotical traditions, whose original authority is unknown, or justly suspicious, and that have acquired only an appearance of generality and notoriety, because they have been frequently and boldly repeated from age to age, deserve no more regard than doctrines evidently added to the Scriptures, under pretence of explaining and commenting them, by men as fallible as ourselves. We may receive the Scriptures, and be persuaded of their authenticity, on the faith of ecclesiastical tradition; but it seems to me that we may reject, at the same time, all the artificial theology which has been raised on these Scriptures by doctors of the Church, with as much right as they receive the Old Testament on the authority of Jewish scribes and doctors whilst they reject the oral law and all rabbinical literature.

He who examines on such principles as these, which are conformable to truth and reason, may lay aside at once the immense volumes of Fathers and Councils, of schoolmen, casuists, and controversial writers, which have perplexed the world so long. Natural religion will be to such a man no longer intricate, revealed religion will be no longer mysterious, nor the Word of God equivocal. Clearness and precision are two great excellences of human laws. How much more should we expect to find them in the law of God? They have been banished from thence by artificial theology, and he who is desirous to find them must banish the professors of it from his councils, instead of consulting them. He must seek for genuine Christianity with that

simplicity of spirit with which it is taught in the Gospel by Christ Himself. He must do the very reverse of what has been done by the persons you advise him to consult.

You see that I have said what has been said, on a supposition that, however obscure theology may be, the Christian religion is extremely plain, and requires no great learning nor deep meditation to develop it. But if it was not so plain, if both these were necessary to develop it, is great learning the monopoly of the clergy since the resurrection of letters, as a little learning was before that era? Is deep meditation and justness of reasoning confined to men of that order by a peculiar and exclusive privilege? In short, and to ask a question which experience will decide, have these men who boast that they are appointed by God «to be the interpreters of His secret will, to represent His person, and to answer in His name, as it were, out of the sanctuary» —have these men, I say, been able in more than seventeen centuries to establish an uniform system of revealed religion —for natural religion never wanted their help among the civil societies of Christians—or even in their own? They do not seem to have aimed at this desirable end. Divided as they have always been, they have always studied in order to believe, and to take upon trust, or to find matter of discourse, or to contradict and confute, but never to consider impartially nor to use a free judgment. On the contrary, they who have attempted to use this freedom of judgment have been constantly and cruelly persecuted by them.

The first steps toward the establishment of artificial theology, which has passed for Christianity ever since, were enthusiastical. They were not heretics alone who delighted in wild allegories and the pompous jargon of mystery; they were the orthodox Fathers of the first ages, they were the disciples of the Apostles, or the scholars of their disciples; for the truth of which I may appeal to the epistles and other writings of these men that are extant—to those of Clemens, of Ignatius, or of Irenæus, for instance—and to the visions of Hermes, that have so near a resemblance to the productions of Bunyan.

The next steps of the same kind were rhetorical. They were made by men who declaimed much and reasoned ill,

but who imposed on the imaginations of others by the heat of their own, by their hyperboles, their exaggerations, the acrimony of their style, and their violent invectives. Such were the Chrysostoms, the Jeromes, an Hilarius, a Cyril, and most of the Fathers.

The last of the steps I shall mention were logical, and these were made very opportunely and very advantageously for the Church and for artificial theology. Absurdity in speculation and superstition in practice had been cultivated so long, and were become so gross, that men began to see through the veils that had been thrown over them, as ignorant as those ages were. Then the schoolmen arose. I need not display their character; it is enough known. This only I will say—that having very few materials of knowledge and much subtilty of wit they wrought up systems of fancy on the little they knew, and invented an art, by the help of Aristotle, not of enlarging, but of puzzling, knowledge with technical terms, with definitions, distinctions, and syllogisms merely verbal. They taught what they could not explain, evaded what they could not answer, and he who had the most skill in this art might put to silence, when it came into general use, the man who was consciously certain that he had truth and reason on his side.

The authority of the schools lasted till the resurrection of letters. But as soon as real knowledge was enlarged, and the conduct of the understanding better understood, it fell into contempt. The advocates of artificial theology have had since that time a very hard task. They have been obliged to defend in the light what was imposed in the dark, and to acquire knowledge to justify ignorance. They were drawn to it with reluctance. But learning, that grew up among the laity, and controversies with one another, made this unavoidable, which was not eligible on the principles of ecclesiastical policy. They have done with these new arms all that great parts, great pains, and great zeal could do under such disadvantages, and we may apply to this order, on this occasion, « si Pergama dextra,» etc. But their Troy cannot be defended; irreparable breaches have been made in it. They have improved in learning and knowledge, but this improvement has been general, and as re-

markable at least among the laity as among the clergy. Besides which it must be owned that the former have had in this respect a sort of indirect obligation to the latter; for whilst these men have searched into antiquity, have improved criticism, and almost exhausted subtilty, they have furnished so many arms the more to such of the others as do not submit implicitly to them, but examine and judge for themselves. By refuting one another, when they differ, they have made it no hard matter to refute them all when they agree. And I believe there are few books written to propagate or defend the received notions of artificial theology which may not be refuted by the books themselves. I conclude, on the whole, that laymen have, or need to have, no want of the clergy in examining and analyzing the religion they profess.

But I said that they are in one important respect more fit to go through this examination without the help of divines than with it. A layman who seeks the truth may fall into error; but as he can have no interest to deceive himself, so he has none of profession to bias his private judgment, any more than to engage him to deceive others. Now, the clergyman lies strongly under this influence in every communion. How, indeed, should it be otherwise? Theology is become one of those sciences which Seneca calls «scientiæ in lucrum exeuntes;» and sciences, like arts whose object is gain, are, in good English, trades. Such theology is, and men who could make no fortune, except the lowest, in any other, make often the highest in this; for the proof of which assertion I might produce some signal instances among my lords the bishops. The consequence has been uniform; for how ready soever the tradesmen of one Church are to expose the false wares—that is, the errors and abuses —of another, they never admit that there are any in their own; and he who admitted this in some particular instance would be driven out of the ecclesiastical company as a false brother and one who spoiled the trade.

Thus it comes to pass that new Churches may be established by the dissensions, but that old ones cannot be reformed by the concurrence, of the clergy. There is no composition to be made with this order of men. He who

does not believe all they teach in every communion is reputed nearly as criminal as he who believes no part of it. He who cannot assent to the Athanasian Creed, of which Archbishop Tillotson said, as I have heard, that he wished we were well rid, would receive no better quarter than an atheist from the generality of the clergy. What recourse now has a man who cannot be thus implicit? Some have run into scepticism, some into atheism, and, for fear of being imposed on by others, have imposed on themselves. The way to avoid these extremes is that which has been chalked out in this introduction. We may think freely without thinking as licentiously as divines do when they raise a system of imagination on true foundations, or as sceptics do when they renounce all knowledge, or as atheists do when they attempt to demolish the foundations of all religion and reject demonstration. As we think for ourselves, we may keep our thoughts to ourselves, or communicate them with a due reserve and in such a manner only as it may be done without offending the laws of our country and disturbing the public peace.

I cannot conclude my discourse on this occasion better than by putting you in mind of a passage you quoted to me once, with great applause, from a sermon of Foster, and to this effect: «Where mystery begins, religion ends.» The apothegm pleased me much, and I was glad to hear such a truth from any pulpit, since it shows an inclination, at least, to purify Christianity from the leaven of artificial theology, which consists principally in making things that are very plain mysterious, and in pretending to make things that are impenetrably mysterious very plain. If you continue still of the same mind, I shall have no excuse to make to you for what I have written and shall write. Our opinions coincide. If you have changed your mind, think again and examine further. You will find that it is the modest, not the presumptuous, inquirer who makes a real and safe progress in the discovery of divine truths. One follows Nature and Nature's God—that is, he follows God in His works and in His Word; nor presumes to go further, by metaphysical and theological commentaries of his own invention, than the two texts, if I may use this expression,

carry him very evidently. They who have done otherwise, and have affected to discover, by a supposed science derived from tradition or taught in the schools, more than they who have not such science can discover concerning the nature, physical and moral, of the Supreme Being, and concerning the secrets of His providence, have been either enthusiasts or knaves, or else of that numerous tribe who reason well very often, but reason always on some arbitrary supposition.

Much of this character belonged to the heathen divines, and it is in all its parts peculiarly that of the ancient Fathers and modern doctors of the Christian Church. The former had reason, but no revelation, to guide them; and though reason be always one, we cannot wonder that different prejudices and different tempers of imagination warped it in them on such subjects as these, and produced all the extravagances of their theology. The latter had not the excuse of human frailty to make in mitigation of their presumption. On the contrary, the consideration of this frailty, inseparable from their nature, aggravated their presumption. They had a much surer criterion than human reason; they had divine reason and the Word of God to guide them and to limit their inquiries. How came they to go beyond this criterion? Many of the first preachers were led into it because they preached or wrote before there was any such criterion established, in the acceptance of which they all agreed, because they preached or wrote, in the mean time, on the faith of tradition and on a confidence that they were persons extraordinarily gifted. Other reasons succeeded these. Skill in languages, not the gift of tongues, some knowledge of the Jewish cabala and some of heathen philosophy, of Plato's especially, made them presume to comment, and under that pretence to enlarge the system of Christianity with as much license as they could have taken if the word of man, instead of the Word of God, had been concerned, and they had commented the civil, not the divine, law. They did this so copiously that, to give one instance of it, the exposition of St. Matthew's Gospel took up ninety homilies, and that of St. John's eighty-seven, in the works of Chrysostom; which puts me in mind of a Puritanical parson who, if I mistake not—for I have never looked

into the folio since I was a boy and condemned sometimes to read in it—made one hundred and nineteen sermons on the hundred and nineteenth Psalm.

Now all these men, both heathens and Christians, appeared gigantic forms through the false medium of imagination and habitual prejudice; but were, in truth, as arrant dwarfs in the knowledge to which they pretended as you and I and all the sons of Adam. The former, however, deserved some excuse; the latter none. The former made a very ill use of their reason, no doubt, when they presumed to dogmatize about the divine nature, but they deceived nobody. What they taught, they taught on their own authority, which every other man was at liberty to receive or reject as he approved or disapproved the doctrine. Christians, on the other hand, made a very ill use of revelation and reason both. Instead of employing the superior principle to direct and confine the inferior, they employed it to sanctify all that wild imagination, the passions, and the interests of the ecclesiastical order suggested. This abuse of revelation was so scandalous that whilst they were building up a system of religion under the name of Christianity, every one who sought to signalize himself in the enterprise —and they were multitudes—dragged the Scriptures to his opinion by different interpretations, paraphrases, comments. Arius and Nestorius both pretended that they had it on their sides; Athanasius and Cyril on theirs. They rendered the Word of God so dubious that it ceased to be a criterion, and they had recourse to another—to Councils and the decrees of Councils. He must be very ignorant in ecclesiastical antiquity who does not know by what intrigues of the contending factions—for such they were, and of the worst kind—these decrees were obtained; and yet, an opinion prevailing that the Holy Ghost, the same Divine Spirit who dictated the Scriptures, presided in these assemblies and dictated their decrees, their decrees passed for infallible decisions, and sanctified, little by little, much of the superstition, the nonsense, and even the blasphemy which the Fathers taught, and all the usurpations of the Church. This opinion prevailed and influenced the minds of men so powerfully and so long that Erasmus, who owns in one of his

letters that the writings of Œcolampadius against transubstantiation seemed sufficient to seduce even the elect («ut seduci posse videantur etiam electi»), declares in another that nothing hindered him from embracing the doctrine of Œcolampadius but the consent of the Church to the other doctrine («nisi obstaret consensus Ecclesiæ»). Thus artificial theology rose on the demolitions, not on the foundations, of Christianity; was incorporated into it; and became a principal part of it. How much it becomes a good Christian to distinguish them, in his private thoughts at least, and how unfit even the greatest, the most moderate, and the least ambitious of the ecclesiastical order are to assist us in making this distinction, I have endeavored to show you by reason and by example.

It remains, then, that we apply ourselves to the study of the first philosophy without any other guides than the works and the Word of God. In natural religion the clergy are unnecessary, in revealed they are dangerous guides.

POEMS

—

BY

THOMAS CHATTERTON

THOMAS CHATTERTON

When we lightly use the word genius it would be well to have a concrete example in mind, as a definition that can be clearly understood. That which lowers it as a mere effort in painstaking is as unsatisfactory as the notion of inspiration, in the old theological sense. Perhaps the word Chatterton covers the matter better than any other brief definition. Shakespeare had or was a genius, but a life of fifty-two years has chances of acquiring and developing native qualities which are denied to a life that ends at eighteen. Many precocious children have done wonderful things with the pen, mostly imitations, but not even Shakespeare himself left evidence of youthful powers, natural and acquired, at all comparable with those of this Bristol boy from any point of view. Here, then, we seem to have a complete illustration of what we mean when we speak of "a born genius."

He was born in 1752. His only schooling was in the three R's. An old black-letter Bible may have given him the taste for old-style composition. At fourteen he was apprenticed to an attorney. Access to old parchments in the office and the muniment-room of St. Mary Redcliffe's Church inspired him to compose imaginary local historic documents in the phraseology and penmanship of the fourteenth century, which he sent to the newspaper. He invented a glorious pedigree for a local nobody. He gave an "original" poem to another, done by his supposed ancestor five centuries agone, and so he deluged the town with his Manuscripts by the monk Rowley, illustrated by the author.

That Chatterton was a poet of extraordinary quality was admitted by those who at length began to discover the deception. With talents enough to have ensured both fame and fortune even on the humbler plane of antiquarian craftsmanship, he preferred to give his higher genius the daring flights which at best, if his harmless trick had succeeded, could only have flattered his secret vanity.

Pride, he wrote, was nine-tenths of his nature. By these infinite labors of giving age-stains to paper, imitating old English script and phraseology, superadded to the composition of the poems and prose pieces thus served up, Chatterton demonstrated how thin is the partition between genius and madness. His honest, natural work demonstrates the genius.

In this infatuated, yet respectworthy, pride he went up to London, not to supplicate but to command fortune. It was too slow in coming, the "patron" demanded an impossible amount of crawling. Impulsive resentment wreaked itself in self-murder, before that pitiable victim of loneliness had learned life's first lesson.

POEMS BY THOMAS CHATTERTON

MORNING.

Bright sun had in his ruddy robes been dight,
  From the red east he flitted with his train;
The Houris draw away the gate of Night,
  Her sable tapestry was rent in twain:
The dancing streaks bedecked heaven's plain,
  And on the dew did smile with skimmering eye,
Like gouts of blood which do black armour stain,
  Shining upon the bourn which standeth by;
The soldier stood upon the hillis side,
Like young enleaved trees which in a forest bide.

SPRING.

The budding floweret blushes at the light,
  The meads be sprinkled with the yellow hue,
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
  The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The trees enleafed, into heaven straight,
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din is brought.
The evening comes, and brings the dews along,
  The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne,
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
  Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine;
I lay me on the grass, yet to my will
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

THE PROPHECY.

This truth of old was sorrow's friend—
«Times at the worst will surely mend.»
The difficulty's then to know
How long Oppression's clock can go;

When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

When vile Corruption's brazen face
At council-board shall take her place;
And lords-commissioners resort
To welcome her at Britain's court;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

See Pension's harbour, large and clear,
Defended by St. Stephen's pier!
The entrance safe, by current led,
Tiding round G——'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When civil power shall snore at ease;
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can Justice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

Commerce o'er Bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And Power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Mark'd by the priest for sacrifice,
And doom'd a victim for the sins
Of half the outs and all the ins;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven-years' lease, you sold, is out;
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;

Raise up your heads! your right demand—
For your redemption's in your hand.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know,
Britain's true sons a bribe can scorn,
And die as free as they were born.
Virtue again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

BRISTOW TRAGEDY, OR THE DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BAWDIN.

The feather'd songster chanticleer
  Had wound his bugle-horn,
And told the early villager
  The coming of the morn:

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
  Of light eclipse the gray,
And heard the raven's croaking throat
  Proclaim the fated day.

«Thou'rt right,» quoth he, «for by the God
  That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
  To-day shall surely die.»

Then with a jug of nappy ale
  His knights did on him wait;
«Go tell the traitor, that to-day
  He leaves this mortal state.»

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
  With heart brimful of woe;
He journey'd to the castle-gate,
  And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain,
  And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
  For good Sir Charles's life.

«Oh good Sir Charles!» said Canterlone,
«Bad tidings I do bring.»
«Speak boldly, man,» said brave Sir Charles;
«What says the traitor king?»

«I grieve to tell: before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honour sworn,
That thou shalt surely die.»

«We all must die,» said brave Sir Charles;
«Of that I'm not afraid;
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Jesus, I'm prepared.

But tell thy king, for mine he 's not,
I'd sooner die to-day,
Than live his slave, as many are,
Though I should live for aye.»

Then Canterlone he did go out,
To tell the mayor straight
To get all things in readiness
For good Sir Charles's fate.

Then Mr. Canynge sought the king,
And fell down on his knee;
«I'm come,» quoth he, «unto your grace,
To move your clemency.»

«Then,» quoth the king, «your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend.»

«My noble liege! all my request
Is for a noble knight,
Who, though mayhap he has done wrong,
He thought it still was right.

He has a spouse and children twain;
All ruin'd are for aye,
If that you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to-day.»

«Speak not of such a traitor vile,»
The king in fury said;
«Before the evening star doth shine,
Bawdin shall lose his head:

Justice does loudly for him call,
And he shall have his meed;
Speak, Mr. Canynge! what thing else
At present do you need?»

«My noble liege!» good Canynge said,
«Leave justice to our God,
And lay the iron rule aside;
Be thine the olive rod.

Was God to search our hearts and reins,
The best were sinners great;
Christ's vicar only knows no sin,
In all this mortal state.

Let mercy rule thine infant reign,
'Twill fix thy crown full sure;
From race to race thy family
All sovereigns shall endure:

But if with blood and slaughter thou
Begin thy infant reign,
Thy crown upon thy children's brows
Will never long remain.»

«Canynge, away! this traitor vile
Has scorn'd my power and me;
How canst thou then for such a man
Entreat my clemency?»

«My noble liege! the truly brave
Will valorous actions prize;
Respect a brave and noble mind,
Although in enemies.»

«Canynge, away! By God in heaven
That did me being give,
I will not taste a bit of bread
Whilst this Sir Charles doth live!

By Mary, and all saints in heaven,
  This sun shall be his last!»
Then Canynge dropp'd a briny tear,
  And from the presence pass'd.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,
  He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
  And tears began to flow.

«We all must die,» said brave Sir Charles;
  «What boots it how or when?
Death is the sure, the certain fate,
  Of all we mortal men.

Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
  Runs over at thine eye;
Is it for my most welcome doom
  That thou dost child-like cry?»

Saith godly Canynge, «I do weep,
  That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife;
  'Tis this that wets mine eye.»

«Then dry the tears that out thine eye
  From godly fountains spring;
Death I despise, and all the power
  Of Edward, traitor-king.

When through the tyrant's welcome means
  I shall resign my life,
The God I serve will soon provide
  For both my sons and wife.

Before I saw the lightsome sun,
  This was appointed me;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
  What God ordains to be?

How oft in battle have I stood,
  When thousands died around;
When smoking streams of crimson blood
  Imbrued the fatten'd ground.

How did I know that every dart
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eyes for aye?

And shall I now, for fear of death,
Look wan and be dismay'd?
No! from my heart fly childish fear;
Be all the man display'd.

Ah, godlike Henry! God forefend,
And guard thee and thy son,
If 'tis his will; but if 'tis not,
Why, then his will be done.

My honest friend, my fault has been
To serve God and my prince;
And that I no time-server am,
My death will soon convince.

In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note;
My father did a noble arms
Emblazon on his coat:

I make no doubt but he is gone
Where soon I hope to go,
Where we for ever shall be blest,
From out the reach of woe.

He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite;
And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right:

He taught me with a prudent hand
To feed the hungry poor,
Nor let my servants drive away
The hungry from my door:

And none can say but all my life
I have his wordis kept;
And summ'd the actions of the day
Each night before I slept.

I have a spouse, go ask of her
If I defiled her bed?
I have a king, and none can lay
Black treason on my head.

In Lent, and on the holy eve,
From flesh I did refrain;
Why should I then appear dismay'd
To leave this world of pain?

No, hapless Henry! I rejoice
I shall not see thy death;
Most willingly in thy just cause
Do I resign my breath.

Oh, fickle people! ruin'd land!
Thou wilt ken peace no moe;
While Richard's sons exalt themselves,
Thy brooks with blood will flow.

Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
And godly Henry's reign,
That you did chop your easy days
For those of blood and pain?

What though I on a sledge be drawn,
And mangled by a hind,
I do defy the traitor's power,
He cannot harm my mind;

What though, uphoisted on a pole,
My limbs shall rot in air,
And no rich monument of brass
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

Yet in the holy book above,
Which time can't eat away,
There with the servants of the Lord
My name shall live for aye.

Then welcome death! for life eterne
I leave this mortal life:
Farewell, vain world, and all that's dear,
My sons and loving wife!

Now death as welcome to me comes
As e'er the month of May;
Nor would I even wish to live,
With my dear wife to stay.»

Saith Canynge, «'Tis a goodly thing
To be prepared to die;
And from this world of pain and grief
To God in heaven to fly.»

And now the bell began to toll,
And clarions to sound;
Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet
A-prancing on the ground.

And just before the officers
His loving wife came in,
Weeping unfeigned tears of woe
With loud and dismal din.

«Sweet Florence! now I pray forbear,
In quiet let me die;
Pray God that every Christian soul
May look on death as I.

Sweet Florence! why these briny tears?
They wash my soul away,
And almost make me wish for life,
With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

'Tis but a journey I shall go
Unto the land of bliss;
Now, as a proof of husband's love
Receive this holy kiss.»

Then Florence, faltering in her say,
Trembling these wordis spoke:
«Ah, cruel Edward! bloody king!
My heart is well nigh broke.

Ah, sweet Sir Charles! why wilt thou go
Without thy loving wife?
The cruel axe that cuts thy neck,
It eke shall end my life.»

And now the officers came in
To bring Sir Charles away,
Who turnèd to his loving wife,
And thus to her did say:

«I go to life, and not to death,
Trust thou in God above,
And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,
And in their hearts him love.

Teach them to run the noble race
That I their father run,
Florence! should death thee take—adieu!
Ye officers lead on.»

Then Florence raved as any mad,
And did her tresses tear;
«Oh stay, my husband, lord, and life!»
Sir Charles then dropp'd a tear.

Till tirèd out with raving loud,
She fell upon the floor;
Sir Charles exerted all his might,
And march'd from out the door.

Upon a sledge he mounted then,
With looks full brave and sweet;
Looks that enshone no more concern
Than any in the street.

Before him went the council-men,
In scarlet robes and gold,
And tassels spangling in the sun,
Much glorious to behold:

The friars of Saint Augustine next
Appearèd to the sight,
All clad in homely russet weeds,
Of godly monkish plight:

In different parts a godly psalm
Most sweetly they did chant;
Behind their back six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strange bataunt.

Then five-and-twenty archers came;
Each one the bow did bend,
From rescue of King Henry's friends
Sir Charles for to defend.

Bold as a lion came Sir Charles,
Drawn on a cloth-laid sledde,
By two black steeds in trappings white,
With plumes upon their head.

Behind him five and twenty more
Of archers strong and stout,
With bended bow each one in hand,
Marchèd in goodly rout.

Saint James's friars marchèd next,
Each one his part did chant;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strange bataunt.

Then came the mayor and aldermen,
In cloth of scarlet deck'd;
And their attending men each one,
Like eastern princes trick'd.

And after them a multitude
Of citizens did throng;
The windows were all full of heads,
As he did pass along.

And when he came to the high cross,
Sir Charles did turn and say,
«O Thou that savest man from sin,
Wash my soul clean this day.»

At the great minster window sat
The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sledde drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
And thus his words declare:

«Thou seest me, Edward! traitor vile!
Exposed to infamy;
But be assured, disloyal man,
I'm greater now than thee.

By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown;
And hast appointed me to die
By power not thine own.

Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow;

Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
'Twixt king and tyrant hand.

Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave!
Shall fall on thy own head»—
From out of hearing of the king
Departed then the sledde.

King Edward's soul rush'd to his face,
He turn'd his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say:

«To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring;
Behold the man! he spake the truth;
He's greater than a king!»

«So let him die!» Duke Richard said;
«And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows.»

And now the horses gently drew
Sir Charles up the high hill;
The axe did glister in the sun,
His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
As up a gilded car
Of victory, by valorous chiefs
Gain'd in the bloody war.

And to the people he did say:
« Behold you see me die,
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

As long as Edward rules this land,
No quiet you will know;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

You leave your good and lawful king,
When in adversity;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
And for the true cause die.»

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching him unto himself
His parting soul to take.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
Most seemly on the block;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman stroke:

And out the blood began to flow,
And round the scaffold twine;
And tears, enough to wash 't away,
Did flow from each man's eyne.

The bloody axe his body fair
Into four partis cut;
And every part, and eke his head,
Upon a pole was put.

One part did rot on Kinwulph-hill,
One on the minster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen did devour.

The other on Saint Paul's good gate,
A dreary spectacle;
His head was placed on the high cross,
In high street most noble.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate:
God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
In heaven God's mercy sing.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG IN ELLA.

O! sing unto my roundelay;
O! drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought was he;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh! he lies by the willow tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the brier'd dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the nightmares as they go.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the garish flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the sorrows of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briers,
Round his holy cors to gre;
Elfin-fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Come with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die—I come—my true-love waits.
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

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BY

S. T. COLERIDGE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The hill of profitable fame was no less easy to climb for the writer of "The Ancient Mariner" than for Chatterton. Coleridge's mental and bodily temper fatally handicapped him in what it would be ludicrous to call the race for fame or even for a livelihood. He could soar higher and swifter than most voyagers through the upper air, but for treading the hard earth he was unfit. He was the youngest child of a country clergyman, born in 1772, went to the Blue Coat school with Charles Lamb, gained a Cambridge medal for a Greek ode, and then espoused the cause of radicalism in religious and political thought, and so flung aside the ladder by which his intellectual inferiors rose to popularity and ease.

A first spell of hardship in London impelled him to enlist as a Light Dragoon. Before this he had wanted to be a shoemaker's apprentice. His friends bought his discharge in 1794. Then he launched a juvenile poetry book on subscription, and with the equally visionary Southey he started, on paper, a grand revolutionary movement. Its apostles agreed to shake the dust off their feet and fly from the cruel Old World to the New, and found an ideal community on the banks of the Susquehanna, Pa., because so beautiful a name was the sure pledge of an earthly paradise. They could not raise their passage money, which accounts for all the ills our generation is fated to endure.

Pamphleteering and poetry were the next sails he put forth to catch a favoring breeze. Preaching in obscure Unitarian pulpits afforded a precarious bread-and-butter sustenance for a time. Then the "patron" condescendingly proffered his humiliating but acceptable charity, and Coleridge took to opium as a palliative. Travel in Germany with Wordsworth brought him welcome work in translating its poetry. Lecturing and writing, and more than either—rhapsodical talk—filled his latter life. He had domestic as well as all other kinds of trouble, and the opium dose increased to a pint every day. Dr. Gilman gave him sanctuary in his house for the last nineteen years of life. The poet-philosopher there found rest and peace. He died there in 1834. His Unitarian and extreme radical views gave place to more orthodox assents. Spite of all his frailties Coleridge was a giant among pigmy versifiers and shallow retailers of thought. He was a true seer and an inspired revealer and expounder of unsuspected beauties in truth. Some of his writings transcend the finest of their kind in literature.

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

SUPPOSED IRRITABILITY OF MEN OF GENIUS—BROUGHT TO THE TEST OF FACTS—CAUSES AND OCCASIONS OF THE CHARGE—ITS INJUSTICE.

I HAVE often thought, that it would be neither uninstructive nor unamusing to analyze, and bring forward into distinct consciousness, that complex feeling, with which readers in general take part against the author, in favor of the critic; and the readiness with which they apply to all poets the old sarcasm of Horace upon the scribblers of his time: «*Genus irritabile vatum.*» A debility and dimness of the imaginative power, and a consequent necessity of reliance on the immediate impressions of the senses, do, we well know, render the mind liable to superstition and fanaticism. Having a deficient portion of internal and proper warmth, minds of this class seek in the crowd *circum fana* for a warmth in common, which they do not possess singly. Cold and phlegmatic in their own nature, like damp hay, they heat and inflame by co-acervation; or like bees they become restless and irritable through the increased temperature of collected multitudes. Hence the German word for fanaticism (such at least was its original import) is derived from the swarming of bees, namely, schwärmen, schwärmerey. The passion being in an inverse proportion to the insight, that the more vivid, as this the less distinct; anger is the inevitable consequence. The absence of all foundation within their own minds for that which they yet believe both true and indispensable for their safety and happiness, cannot but produce an uneasy state of feeling, an involuntary sense of fear from which nature has no means of rescuing herself but by anger. Experience informs us that the first defence of weak minds is to recriminate.

"There's no philosopher but sees,
That rage and fear are one disease,
Though that may burn, and this may freeze.
They're both alike the ague."
MAD OX.

But where the ideas are vivid, and there exists an endless power of combining and modifying them, the feelings and affections blend more easily and intimately with these ideal creations than with the objects of the senses; the mind is affected by thoughts rather than by things; and only then feels the requisite interest even for the most important events, and accidents, when by means of meditation they have passed into thoughts. The sanity of the mind is between superstition with fanaticism on the one hand, and enthusiasm with indifference and a diseased slowness to action on the other. For the conceptions of the mind may be so vivid and adequate, as to preclude that impulse to the realizing of them, which is strongest and most restless in those who possess more than mere talent (or the faculty of appropriating and applying the knowledge of others) yet still want something of the creative, and self-sufficing power of absolute genius. For this reason, therefore, they are men of *commanding* genius. While the former rest content between thought and reality, as it were in an *intermundium* of which their own living spirit supplies the substance, and their imagination the ever-varying form; the latter must impress their preconceptions on the world without, in order to present them back to their own view with the satisfying degree of clearness, distinctness, and individuality. These in tranquil times are formed to exhibit a perfect poem in palace or temple or landscape-garden; or a tale of romance in canals that join sea with sea, or in walls of rock, which shouldering back the billows, imitate the power, and supply the benevolence of nature to sheltered navies; or in aqueducts that, arching the wide vale from mountain to mountain, give a Palmyra to the desert. But alas! in times of tumult they are the men destined to come forth as the shaping spirit of Ruin, to destroy the wisdom of ages in order to substitute the fancies of a day, and to change kings and kingdoms, as the wind shifts and shapes the clouds. The

records of biography seem to confirm this theory. The men of the greatest genius, as far as we can judge from their own works or from the accounts of their contemporaries, appear to have been of calm and tranquil temper, in all that related to themselves. In the inward assurance of permanent fame, they seem to have been either indifferent or resigned, with regard to immediate reputation. Through all the works of Chaucer there reigns a cheerfulness, a manly hilarity, which makes it almost impossible to doubt a correspondent habit of feeling in the author himself. Shakespeare's evenness and sweetness of temper were almost proverbial in his own age. That this did not arise from ignorance of his own comparative greatness, we have abundant proof in his Sonnets, which could scarcely have been known to Pope, when he asserted, that our great bard «grew immortal in his own despite.» Speaking of one whom he had celebrated, and contrasting the duration of his works with that of his personal existence, Shakespeare adds:—

"Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead:
You still shall live, such virtue hath my pen,
Where breath most breathes, e'en in the mouths of men."

SONNET 81ST.

I have taken the first that occurred; but Shakespeare's readiness to praise his rivals, *ore pleno*, and the confidence of his own equality with those whom he deemed most worthy of his praise, are alike manifested in the 86th Sonnet.

"Was it the proud full sail of his great verse
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb, the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.

He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence!
But when your countenance filled up his line,
Then lacked I matter; that enfeebled mine."

In Spenser, indeed, we trace a mind constitutionally tender, delicate, and, in comparison with his three great compeers, I had almost said, effeminate; and this additionally saddened by the unjust persecution of Burleigh, and the severe calamities, which overwhelmed his latter days. These causes have diffused over all his compositions «a melancholy grace,» and have drawn forth occasional strains, the more pathetic from their gentleness. But nowhere do we find the least trace of irritability, and still less of quarrelsome or affected contempt of his censurers.

The same calmness, and even greater self-possession, may be affirmed of Milton, as far as his poems and poetic character are concerned. He reserved his anger for the enemies of religion, freedom, and his country. My mind is not capable of forming a more august conception than arises from the contemplation of this great man in his latter days: —poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, persecuted:

"Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,"

in an age in which he was as little understood by the party for whom, as by that against whom, he had contended, and among men before whom he strode so far as to dwarf himself by the distance; yet still listening to the music of his own thoughts; or, if additionally cheered, yet cheered only by the prophetic faith of two or three solitary individuals, he did nevertheless

"argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bore up and steer'd
Right onward."

From others only do we derive our knowledge that Milton, in his latter day, had his scorners and detractors; and even in his day of youth and hope, that he had enemies would have been unknown to us, had they not been likewise the enemies of his country.

I am well aware that in advanced stages of literature, when there exist many and excellent models, a high degree of talent, combined with taste and judgment, and employed in works of imagination, will acquire for a man the name of a great genius; though even that *analogon* of genius which, in certain states of society, may even render his writings more popular than the absolute reality could have done, would be sought for in vain in the mind and temper of the author himself. Yet even in instances of this kind, a close examination will often detect that the irritability which has been attributed to the author's genius as its cause, did really originate in an ill conformation of body, obtuse pain, or constitutional defect of pleasurable sensation. What is charged to the author belongs to the man, who would probably have been still more impatient but for the humanizing influences of the very pursuit which yet bears the blame of his irritability.

How then are we to explain the easy credence generally given to this charge, if the charge itself be not, as we have endeavored to show, supported by experience? This seems to me of no very difficult solution. In whatever country literature is widely diffused, there will be many who mistake an intense desire to possess the reputation of poetic genius for the actual powers and original tendencies which constitute it. But men, whose dearest wishes are fixed on objects wholly out of their own power, become in all cases more or less impatient and prone to anger. Besides, though it may be paradoxical to assert, that a man can know one thing and believe the opposite; yet, assuredly, a vain person may have so habitually indulged the wish, and persevered in the attempt to appear what he is not, as to become himself one of his own proselytes. Still, as this counterfeit and artificial persuasion must differ even in the person's own feelings, from a real sense of inward power, what can be more natural than that this difference should betray itself in suspicious and jealous irritability? Even as the flowery sod which covers a hollow may be often detected by its shaking and trembling.

But alas! the multitude of books, and the general diffusion of literature, have produced other and more lamentable

effects in the world of letters, and such as are abundant to explain, though by no means to justify, the contempt with which the best-grounded complaints of injured genius are rejected as frivolous, or entertained as matter of merriment. In the days of Chaucer and Gower, our language might (with due allowance for the imperfections of a simile) be compared to a wilderness of vocal reeds, from which the favorites only of Pan or Apollo could construct even the rude Syrinx; and from this the constructors alone could elicit strains of music. But now, partly by the labors of successive poets, and in part by the more artificial state of society and social intercourse, language, mechanized as it were into a barrel-organ, supplies at once both instrument and tune. Thus, even the deaf may play so as to delight the many. Sometimes (for it is with similes, as it is with jests at a wine-table, one is sure to suggest another) I have attempted to illustrate the present state of our language, in its relation to literature, by a press-room of larger and smaller stereotype pieces, which, in the present Anglo-Gallican fashion of unconnected epigrammatic periods, it requires but an ordinary portion of ingenuity to vary indefinitely, and yet still produce something, which, if *not* sense, will be so like it, as to do as well. Perhaps better; for it spares the reader the trouble of thinking; prevents vacancy, while it indulges indolence; and secures the memory from all danger of an intellectual plethora. Hence, of all trades, literature at present demands the least talent or information; and, of all modes of literature, the manufacturing of poems. The difference indeed between these and the works of genius is not less than between an egg and an egg-shell; yet, at a distance, they both look alike. Now, it is no less remarkable than true, with how little examination works of polite literature are commonly perused, not only by the mass of readers, but by men of first-rate ability, till some accident or chance discussion have roused their attention, and put them on their guard. And hence individuals below mediocrity, not less in natural power than in acquired knowledge; nay, bunglers that have failed in the lowest mechanical crafts, and whose presumption is in due proportion to their want of sense and sensibility; men who,

being first scribblers from idleness and ignorance, next become libellers from envy and malevolence, have been able to drive a successful trade in the employment of the booksellers; nay, have raised themselves into temporary name and reputation with the public at large by that most powerful of all adulation, the appeal to the bad and malignant passions of mankind. But as it is the nature of scorn, envy, and all malignant propensities, to require a quick change of objects, such writers are sure, sooner or later, to awake from their dream of vanity to disappointment and neglect with embittered and envenomed feelings. Even during their short-lived success, sensible in spite of themselves on what a shifting foundation it rested, they resent the mere refusal of praise as a robbery, and at the justest censures, kindle at once into violent and undisciplined abuse; till the acute disease, changing into chronical, the more deadly as the less violent, they become the fit instruments of literary detraction and moral slander. They are then no longer to be questioned without exposing the complainant to ridicule, because, forsooth, they are anonymous critics, and authorized as «synodical individuals» to speak of themselves as *plurali majestatico!* As if literature formed a caste, like that of the *paras* in Hindostan, who, however maltreated, must not dare to deem themselves wronged! As if that which, in all other cases, adds a deeper dye to slander, the circumstance of its being anonymous, here acted only to make the slanderer inviolable! Thus, in part, from the accidental tempers of individuals (men of undoubted talent, but not men of genius), tempers rendered yet more irritable by their desire to appear men of genius; but still more effectively by the excesses of the mere counterfeits both of talent and genius; the number, too, being so incomparably greater of those who are thought to be, than those who really are, men of real genius; and in part from the natural, but not therefore the less partial and unjust distinction, made by the public itself between literary and all other property, I believe the prejudice to have arisen, which considers an unusual irascibility concerning the reception of its products as characteristic of genius. It might correct the moral feelings of a numerous class of readers to suppose a

review set on foot, the object of which was to criticise all the chief works presented to the public by our ribbon-weavers, calico-printers, cabinet-makers, and china-manufacturers; a review conducted in the same spirit, and which should take the same freedom with personal character, as our literary journals. They would scarcely, I think, deny their belief, not only that the «*genus irritabile*» would be found to include many other species besides that of bards; but that the irritability of trade would soon reduce the resentments of poets into mere shadow-fights in the comparison. Or is wealth the only rational object of human interest? Or, even if this were admitted, has the poet no property in his works? Or is it a rare or culpable case, that he who serves at the altar of the Muses should be compelled to derive his maintenance from the altar, when, too, he has perhaps deliberately abandoned the fairest prospects of rank and opulence in order to devote himself, an entire and undistracted man, to the instruction or refinement of his fellow-citizens? Or, should we pass by all higher objects and motives, all disinterested benevolence, and even that ambition of lasting praise which is at once the crutch and ornament, which at once supports and betrays the infirmity of human virtue; is the character and property of the individual who labors for our intellectual pleasures less entitled to a share of our fellow-feeling than that of the wine-merchant or milliner? Sensibility, indeed, both quick and deep, is not only a characteristic feature, but may be deemed a component part, of genius. But it is no less an essential mark of true genius, that its sensibility is excited by any other cause more powerfully than by its own personal interests; for this plain reason, that the man of genius lives most in the ideal world, in which the present is still constituted by the future or the past; and because his feelings have been habitually associated with thoughts and images, to the number, clearness, and vivacity of which, the sensation of self is always in an inverse proportion. And yet, should he perchance have occasion to repel some false charge, or to rectify some erroneous censure, nothing is more common than for the many to mistake the general liveliness of his manner and language, whatever is the subject, for

the effects of peculiar irritation from its accidental relation to himself.

For myself, if from my own feelings, or from the less suspicious test of the observations of others, I had been made aware of any literary testiness or jealousy; I trust that I should have been, however, neither silly or arrogant enough to have burthened the imperfection on genius. But an experience (and I should not need documents in abundance to prove my words if I added) a tried experience of twenty years has taught me that the original sin of my character consists in a careless indifference to public opinion, and to the attacks of those who influence it; that praise and admiration have become yearly less and less desirable, except as marks of sympathy; nay, that it is difficult and distressing to me to think with any interest, even about the sale and profit of my works, important, as in my present circumstances, such considerations must needs be. Yet it never occurred to me to believe or fancy, that the *quantum* of intellectual power bestowed on me by nature or education was in any way connected with this habit of my feelings, or that it needed any other parents or fosterers than constitutional indolence, aggravated into languor by ill-health; the accumulating embarrassments of procrastination; the mental cowardice, which is the inseparable companion of procrastination, and which makes us anxious to think and converse on anything rather than on what concerns ourselves: in fine, all those close vexations, whether chargeable on my faults or my fortunes, which leave me but little grief to spare for evils comparatively distant and alien.

Indignation at literary wrongs I leave to men born under happier stars. I cannot afford it. But so far from condemning those who can, I deem it a writer's duty, and think it creditable to his heart, to feel and express a resentment proportioned to the grossness of the provocation, and the importance of the object. There is no profession on earth which requires an attention so early, so long, or so unintermitting, as that of poetry; and, indeed, as that of literary composition in general, if it be such as at all satisfies the demands both of taste and of sound logic. How difficult and delicate a task even the mere mechanism of verse is,

may be conjectured from the failure of those who have attempted poetry late in life. Where, then, a man has, from his earliest youth, devoted his whole being to an object, which by the admission of all civilized nations, in all ages, is honorable as a pursuit and glorious as an attainment; what of all that relates to himself and his family, if only we except his moral character, can have fairer claims to his protection, or more authorize acts of self-defence, than the elaborate products of his intellect, and intellectual industry? Prudence itself would command us to show, even if defect or diversion of natural sensibility had prevented us from feeling, a due interest and qualified anxiety for the offspring and representatives of our nobler being. I know it, alas! by woful experience! I have laid too many eggs in the hot sands of this wilderness, the world, with ostrich carelessness and ostrich oblivion. The greater part, indeed, have been trod under foot, and are forgotten; but yet no small number have crept forth into life, some to furnish feathers for the caps of others, and still more to plume the shafts in the quivers of my enemies, of them that unprovoked have lain in wait against my soul.

« *Sic vos, non vobis mellificatis, apes!* »

THE AUTHOR'S OBLIGATIONS TO CRITICS, AND THE PROBABLE OCCASION—PRINCIPLES OF MODERN CRITICISM—MR. SOUTHEY'S WORKS AND CHARACTER.

To anonymous critics in reviews, magazines, and newsjournals of various name and rank, and to satirists with or without a name, in verse or prose, or in verse-text aided by prose-comment, I do seriously believe and profess, that I owe full two-thirds of whatever reputation and publicity I happen to possess. For when the name of an individual has occurred so frequently, in so many works, for so great a length of time, the readers of these works (which with a shelf or two of Beauties, Elegant Extracts, and Anas, form nine-tenths of the reading of the reading public) cannot but be familiar with the name, without distinctly remembering whether it was introduced for eulogy or for censure. And this becomes the more likely, if (as I believe) the habit of

perusing periodical works may be properly added to Averroes' catalogue of Anti-mnemonics, or weakeners of the memory. But where this has not been the case, yet the reader will be apt to suspect that there must be something more than usually strong and extensive in a reputation, that could either require or stand so merciless and long-continued a cannonading. Without any feeling of anger therefore (for which, indeed, on my own account, I have no pretext) I may yet be allowed to express some degree of surprise, that after having run the critical gantlet for a certain class of faults which I had, nothing having come before the judgment-seat in the interim, I should, year after year, quarter after quarter, month after month (not to mention sundry petty periodicals of still quicker revolution, «or weekly or diurnal») have been for at least seventeen years consecutively, dragged forth by them into the foremost ranks of the proscribed, and forced to abide the brunt of abuse, for faults directly opposite, and which I certainly had not. How shall I explain this?

Whatever may have been the case with others, I certainly cannot attribute this persecution to personal dislike, or to envy, or to feelings of vindictive animosity. Not to the former, for, with the exception of a very few who are my intimate friends, and were so before they were known as authors, I have had little other acquaintance with literary characters, than what may be implied in an accidental introduction, or casual meeting in a mixed company. And, as far as words and looks can be trusted, I must believe that, even in these instances, I had excited no unfriendly disposition. Neither by letter, or in conversation, have I ever had dispute or controversy beyond the common social interchange of opinions. Nay, where I had reason to suppose my convictions fundamentally different, it has been my habit, and I may add, the impulse of my nature, to assign the grounds of my belief, rather than the belief itself; and not to express dissent till I could establish some points of complete sympathy, some grounds common to both sides, from which to commence its explanation.

Still less can I place these attacks to the charge of envy. The few pages which I have published are of too distant

a date, and the extent of their sale a proof too conclusive against their having been popular at any time, to render probable, I had almost said possible, the excitement of envy on their account; and the man who should envy me on any other, verily he must be envy-mad!

Lastly, with as little semblance of reason, could I suspect any animosity towards me from vindictive feelings as the cause. I have before said, that my acquaintance with literary men has been limited and distant, and that I have had neither dispute nor controversy. From my first entrance into life, I have, with few and short intervals, lived either abroad or in retirement. My different essays on subjects of national interest, published at different times, first in the *Morning Post* and then in the *Courier*, with my courses of lectures on the principles of criticism as applied to Shakespeare and Milton, constitute my whole publicity; the only occasions on which I could offend any member of the republic of letters. With one solitary exception, in which my words were first misstated, and then wantonly applied to an individual, I could never learn that I had excited the displeasure of any among my literary contemporaries. Having announced my intention to give a course of lectures on the characteristic merits and defects of English poetry in its different eras; first, from Chaucer to Milton; second, from Dryden inclusive to Thomson; and third, from Cowper to the present day; I changed my plan, and confined my disquisition to the two former eras, that I might furnish no possible pretext for the unthinking to misconstrue, or the malignant to misapply my words, and having stamped their own meaning on them, to pass them as current coin in the marts of garrulity or detraction.

Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving; and it is too true, and too frequent, that Bacon, Harrington, Machiavel, and Spinoza are not read, because Hume, Condillac, and Voltaire are. But in promiscuous company no prudent man will oppugn the merits of a contemporary in his own supposed department; contenting himself with praising in his turn those whom he deem excellent. If I should ever deem it my duty at all to oppose the pretensions of individuals, I would oppose

them in books which could be weighed and answered, in which I could evolve the whole of my reasons and feelings, with their requisite limits and modifications; not in irrecoverable conversation, where, however strong the reasons might be, the feelings that prompted them would assuredly be attributed by some one or other to envy and discontent. Besides, I well know, and I trust have acted on that knowledge, that it must be the ignorant and injudicious who extol the unworthy; and the eulogies of critics without taste or judgment are the natural reward of authors without feeling or genius. *Sint unicuique sua præmia.*

How then, dismissing, as I do, these three causes, am I to account for attacks, the long continuance and inveteracy of which it would require all three to explain. The solution may seem to have been given, or at least suggested, in a note to a preceding page. *I was in habits of intimacy with Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Southey!* This, however, transfers rather than removes the difficulty. Be it, that by an unconscionable extension of the old adage, *noscitur a socio*, my literary friends are never under the water-fall of criticism, but I must be wet through with the spray; yet how came the torrent to descend upon *them?*

First, then, with regard to Mr. Southey. I well remember the general reception of his earlier publications: viz., the poems published with Mr. Lovell under the names of Moschus and Bion (1795), the two volumes of poems under his own name (1797), and the Joan of Arc (1796). The censures of the critics by profession are extant, and may be easily referred to:—careless lines, inequality in the merit of the different poems, and (in the lighter works) a predilection for the strange and whimsical; in short, such faults as might have been anticipated in a young and rapid writer, were indeed sufficiently enforced. Nor was there at that time wanting a party spirit to aggravate the defects of a poet, who, with all the courage of uncorrupted youth, had avowed his zeal for a cause which he deemed that of liberty, and his abhorrence of oppression by whatever name consecrated. But it was as little objected by others, as dreamt of by the poet himself, that he preferred careless and prosaic lines on rule and of forethought, or indeed that he pre-

tended to any other art or theory of poetic diction, besides that which we may all learn from Horace, Quintilian, the admirable dialogue *De Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ*, or Strada's Prolusions; if indeed natural good sense and the early study of the best models in his own language had not infused the same maxims more securely, and, if I may venture the expression, more vitally. All that could have been fairly deduced was, that in his taste and estimation of writers Mr. Southey agreed far more with Warton than with Johnson. Nor do I mean to deny, that at all times Mr. Southey was of the same mind with Sir Philip Sidney in preferring an excellent ballad in the humblest style of poetry to twenty indifferent poems that strutted in the highest. And by what have his works, published since then, been characterized, each more strikingly than the preceding, but by greater splendor, a deeper pathos, profounder reflections, and a more sustained dignity of language and of metre? Distant may the period be, but whenever the time shall come, when all his works shall be collected by some editor worthy to be his biographer, I trust that an *excerpta* of all the passages in which his writings, name, and character have been attacked, from the pamphlets and periodical works of the last twenty years, may be an accompaniment. Yet that it would prove medicinal in after times I dare not hope; for as long as there are readers to be delighted with calumny, there will be found reviewers to calumniate. And such readers will become in all probability more numerous, in proportion as a still greater diffusion of literature shall produce an increase of sciolists; and sciolism bring with it petulance and presumption. In times of old, books were as religious oracles; as literature advanced, they next became venerable preceptors; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends; and as their numbers increased, they sank still lower to that of entertaining companions; and at present they seem degraded into culprits to hold up their hands at the bar of every self-elected, yet not the less peremptory, judge, who chooses to write from humor or interest, from enmity or arrogance, and to abide the decision (in the words of Jeremy Taylor) «of him that reads in malice, or him that reads after dinner.»

Poets and Philosophers, rendered diffident by their very number, addressed themselves to «*learned* readers;» then, aimed to conciliate the graces of «the *candid* reader;» till, the critic still rising as the author sank, the amateurs of literature collectively were erected into a municipality of judges, and addressed as the Town! And now finally, all men being supposed able to read, and all readers able to judge, the multitudinous public, shaped into personal unity by the magic of abstraction, sits nominal despot on the throne of criticism. But, alas! as in other despotisms, it but echoes the decisions of its invisible ministers, whose intellectual claims to the guardianship of the Muses seem, for the greater part, analogous to the physical qualifications which adapt their oriental brethren for the superintendence of the Harem. Thus it is said that St. Nepomuc was installed the guardian of bridges, because he had fallen over one, and sunk out of sight. Thus, too, St. Cecilia is said to have been first propitiated by musicians, because, having failed in her own attempts, she had taken a dislike to the art and all its successful professors. But I shall probably have occasion hereafter to deliver my convictions more at large concerning this state of things, and its influences on taste, genius, and morality.

In the Thalaba, the Madoc, and still more evidently, in the unique Cid, the Kehama, and as last, so best, the Don Roderick, Southey has given abundant proof: «*Se cogitásse quám sit magnum dare aliquid in manus hominum: nec persuadere sibi posse, non sæpe tractandum quod placere et semper et omnibus cupiat.*»—Plin. Ep. Lib. 7, Ep. 17. But, on the other hand, I guess that Mr. Southey was quite unable to comprehend wherein could consist the crime or mischief of printing half a dozen or more playful poems; or, to speak more generally, compositions which would be enjoyed or passed over, according as the taste and humor of the reader might chance to be, provided they contained nothing immoral. In the present age «*perituræ parcere chartæ*» is emphatically an unreasonable demand. The merest trifle he ever sent abroad had tenfold better claims to its ink and paper, than all the silly criticisms which prove no more than that the critic was not one of those for whom the trifle

was written, and than all the grave exhortations to a greater reverence for the public. As if the passive page of a book, by having an epigram or doggerel tale impressed on it, instantly assumed at once locomotive power and a sort of ubiquity, so as to flutter and buzz in the ear of the public, to the sore annoyance of the said mysterious personage. But what gives an additional and more ludicrous absurdity to these lamentations is the curious fact, that if, in a volume of poetry, the critic should find poem or passage which he deems more especially worthless, he is sure to select and reprint it in the review; by which, on his own grounds, he wastes as much more paper than the author, as the copies of a fashionable review are more numerous than those of the original book; in some, and those the most prominent instances, as ten thousand to five hundred. I know nothing that surpasses the vileness of deciding on the merits of a poet or painter—not by characteristic defects, for where there is genius, these always point to his characteristic beauties—but by accidental failures or faulty passages; except the imprudence of defending it, as the proper duty and most instructive part of criticism. Omit, or pass slightly over, the expression, grace, and grouping of Raffael's figures; but ridicule in detail the knitting-needles and broom-twigs that are to represent trees in his back grounds, and never let him hear the last of his gallipots! Admit that the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton are not without merit; but repay yourself for this concession by reprinting at length the two poems on the University Carrier! As a fair specimen of his Sonnets, quote:

"A Book was writ of late called Tetrachordon;"

and as characteristic of his rhythm and metre, cite his literal translation of the first and second Psalm! In order to justify yourself, you need only assert that, had you dwelt chiefly on the beauties and excellencies of the poet, the admiration of these might seduce the attention of future writers from the objects of their love and wonder, to an imitation of the few poems and passages in which the poet was most unlike himself.

But till reviews are conducted on far other principles, and

with far other motives; till in the place of arbitrary dictation and petulant sneers, the reviewers support their decisions by reference to fixed canons of criticism, previously established and deduced from the nature of man; reflecting minds will pronounce it arrogance in them thus to announce themselves to men of letters as the guides of their taste and judgment. To the purchaser and mere reader it is, at all events, an injustice. He who tells me that there are defects in a new work, tells me nothing which I should not have taken for granted without his information. But he who points out and elucidates the *beauties* of an original work, does indeed give me interesting information, such as experience would not have authorized me in anticipating. And as to compositions which the authors themselves announce with «*Hæc ipsi novimus esse nihil*,» why should we judge by a different rule two printed works, only because the one author is alive and the other in his grave? What literary man has not regretted the prudery of Spratt in refusing to let his friend Cowley appear in his slippers and dressing-gown? I am not perhaps the only one who has derived an innocent amusement from the riddles, conundrums, trisyllable lines, etc., etc., of Swift and his correspondents, in hours of languor, when to have read his more finished works would have been useless to myself, and, in some sort, an act of injustice to the author. But I am at a loss to conceive by what perversity of judgment these relaxations of his genius could be employed to diminish his fame as the writer of Gulliver's Travels and the Tale of a Tub. Had Mr. Southey written twice as many poems of inferior merit or partial interest as have enlivened the journals of the day, they would have added to his honor with good and wise men, not merely or principally as proving the versatility of his talents, but as evidences of the purity of that mind, which even in its levities never wrote a line which it need regret on any moral account.

I have in imagination transferred to the future biographer the duty of contrasting Southey's fixed and well-earned fame, with the abuse and indefatigable hostility of his anonymous critics from his early youth to his ripest manhood. But I cannot think so ill of human nature as not to believe,

that these critics have already taken shame to themselves, whether they consider the object of their abuse in his moral or his literary character. For reflect but on the variety and extent of his acquirements! He stands second to no man, either as an historian or as a bibliographer; and when I regard him as a popular essayist, (for the articles of his compositions in the reviews are for the greater part essays on subjects of deep or curious interest rather than criticisms on particular works)—I look in vain for any writer, who has conveyed so much information, from so many and such recondite sources, with so many just and original reflections, in a style so lively and poignant, yet so uniformly classical and perspicuous; no one in short who has combined so much wisdom with so much wit; so much truth and knowledge with so much life and fancy. His prose is always intelligible and always entertaining. In poetry he has attempted almost every species of composition known before, and he has added new ones; and if we except the highest lyric, (in which how few, how very few even of the greatest minds have been fortunate) he has attempted every species successfully: from the political song of the day, thrown off in the playful overflow of honest joy and patriotic exultation, to the wild ballad; from epistolary ease and graceful narrative, to the austere and impetuous moral declamation; from the pastoral claims and wild streaming lights of the Thalaba, in which sentiment and imagery have given permanence even to the excitement of curiosity; and from the full blaze of the Kehama (a gallery of finished pictures in one splendid fancy piece, in which, notwithstanding, the moral grandeur rises gradually above the brilliance of the coloring and the boldness and novelty of the machinery) to the more sober beauties of the Madoc; and lastly, from the Madoc to his Roderick, in which, retaining all his former excellencies of a poet eminently inventive and picturesque, he has surpassed himself in language and metre, in the construction of the whole, and in the splendor of particular passages.

Here then shall I conclude? No! The characters of the deceased, like the encomia on tombstones, as they are described with religious tenderness, so are they read, with

allowing sympathy indeed, but yet with rational deduction. There are men who deserve a higher record; men with whose characters it is the interest of their contemporaries, no less than that of posterity, to be made acquainted; while it is yet possible for impartial censure, and even for quick-sighted envy, to cross-examine the tale without offence to the courtesies of humanity; and while the eulogist detected in exaggeration or falsehood must pay the full penalty of his baseness in the contempt which brands the convicted flatterer. Publicly has Mr. Southey been reviled by men, who (I would fain hope for the honor of human nature) hurled fire-brands against a figure of their own imagination, publicly have his talents been depreciated, his principles denounced; as publicly do I therefore, who have known him intimately, deem it my duty to leave recorded, that it is Southey's almost unexampled felicity to possess the best gifts of talent and genius free from all their characteristic defects. To those who remember the state of our public schools and universities some twenty years past, it will appear no ordinary praise in any man to have passed from innocence into virtue, not only free from all vicious habit, but unstained by one act of intemperance, or the degradations akin to intemperance. That scheme of head, heart, and habitual demeanor, which in his early manhood, and first controversial writings, Milton, claiming the privilege of self-defence, asserts of himself, and challenges his calumniators to disprove; this will his school-mates, his fellow-collegians, and his maturer friends, with a confidence proportioned to the intimacy of their knowledge, bear witness to, as again realized in the life of Robert Southey. But still more striking to those, who by biography or by their own experience are familiar with the general habits of genius, will appear the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits; the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; his generous submission to tasks of transitory interest, or such as *his* genius alone could make otherwise; and that having thus more than satisfied the claims of affection or prudence, he should yet have made for himself time and power, to achieve more, and in more various departments, than almost any other writer has done, though em-

ployed wholly on subjects of his own choice and ambition. But as Southey possesses, and is not possessed by, his genius, even so is he the master even of his virtues. The regular and methodical tenor of his daily labors, which would be deemed rare in the most mechanical pursuits, and might be envied by the mere man of business, loses all semblance of formality in the dignified simplicity of his manners, in the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. Always employed, his friends find him always at leisure. No less punctual in trifles, than steadfast in the performance of highest duties, he inflicts none of those small pains and discomforts which irregular men scatter about them, and which in the aggregate so often become formidable obstacles both to happiness and utility; while on the contrary he bestows all the pleasures, and inspires all that ease of mind on those around him or connected with him, which perfect consistency, and (if such a word might be framed) absolute reliability, equally in small as in great concerns, cannot but inspire and bestow: when this too is softened without being weakened by kindness and gentleness. I know few men who so well deserve the character which an ancient attributes to Marcus Cato, namely, that he was likest virtue, inasmuch as he seemed to act aright, not in obedience to any law or outward motive, but by the necessity of a happy nature which could not act otherwise. As son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps, alike unostentatious, and alike exemplary. As a writer, he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety; his cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence and of national illumination. When future critics shall weigh out his guerdon of praise and censure, it will be Southey the poet only, that will supply them with the scanty materials for the latter. They will likewise not fail to record, that as no man was ever a more constant friend, never had poet more friends and honorers among the good of all parties; and that quacks in education, quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism were his only enemies.

A CHAPTER OF DIGRESSION AND ANECDOTES, AS AN INTERLUDE PRECEDING THAT ON THE NATURE AND GENESIS OF THE IMAGINATION OR PLASTIC POWER—ON PEDANTRY AND PEDANTIC EXPRESSIONS—ADVICE TO YOUNG AUTHORS RESPECTING PUBLICATION—VARIOUS ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR'S LITERARY LIFE, AND THE PROGRESS OF HIS OPINIONS IN RELIGION AND POLITICS.

«*Esemplastic.* The word is not in Johnson, nor have I met with it elsewhere.» Neither have I! I constructed it myself from the Greek words, εἰς ἕν πλάττειν, *i.e.*, to shape into one; because, having to convey a new sense, I thought that a new term would both aid the recollection of my meaning, and prevent its being confounded with the usual import of the word, imagination. «But this is pedantry!» Not necessarily so, I hope. If I am not mis-informed, pedantry consists in the use of words unsuitable to the time, place, and company. The language of the market would be in the schools as pedantic, though it might not be reprobated by that name, as the language of the schools in the market. The mere man of the world, who insists that no other terms but such as occur in common conversation should be employed in a scientific disquisition, and with no greater precision, is as truly a pedant as the man of letters, who either over-rating the acquirements of his auditors, or misled by his own familiarity with technical or scholastic terms, converses at the wine-table with his mind fixed on his museum or laboratory; even though the latter pedant instead of desiring his wife to make the tea, should bid her add to the *quant. suff.* of *thea Sinensis* the oxide of hydrogen saturated with caloric. To use the colloquial (and in truth somewhat vulgar) metaphor, if the pedant of the cloister, and the pedant of the lobby, both smell equally of the shop, yet the odor from the Russian binding of good old authentic-looking folios and quartos is less annoying than the steams from the tavern or bagnio. Nay, though the pedantry of the scholar should betray a little ostentation, yet a well-conditioned mind would more easily, methinks, tolerate the fox brush of learned vanity, than the *sans culotterie* of a

contemptuous ignorance, that assumes a merit from mutilation in the self-consoling sneer at the pompous incumbrance of tails.

The first lesson of philosophic discipline is to wean the student's attention from the degrees of things, which alone form the vocabulary of common life, and to direct it to the kind abstracted from degree. Thus the chemical student is taught not to be startled at disquisitions on the heat in ice, or on latent and fixable light. In such discourse the instructor has no other alternative than either to use old words with new meanings (the plan adopted by Darwin in his Zoonomia;) or to introduce new terms, after the example of Linnæus, and the framers of the present chemical nomenclature. The latter mode is evidently preferable, were it only that the former demands a twofold exertion of thought in one and the same act. For the reader (or hearer) is required not only to learn and bear in mind the new definition; but to unlearn, and keep out of his view, the old and habitual meaning; a far more difficult and perplexing task, and for which the mere semblance of eschewing pedantry seems to me an inadequate compensation. Where indeed, it is in our power to recall an appropriate term that had without sufficient reason become obsolete, it is doubtless a less evil to restore than to coin anew. Thus to express in one word all that appertains to the perception considered as passive, and merely recipient, I have adopted from our elder classics the word *sensuous;* because *sensual* is not at present used, except in a bad sense, or at least as a moral distinction, while *sensitive* and *sensible* would each convey a different meaning. Thus too I have followed Hooker, Sanderson, Milton, etc., in designating the immediateness of any act or object of knowledge by the word *intuition*, used sometimes subjectively, sometimes objectively, even as we use the word thought; now as *the* thought, or act of thinking, and now as *a* thought, or the object of our reflection; and we do this without confusion or obscurity. The very words, *objective* and *subjective*, of such constant recurrence in the schools of yore, I have ventured to re-introduce, because I could not so briefly or conveniently, by any more familiar terms, distinguish the *percipere* from the *percipi*.

Lastly, I have cautiously discriminated the terms, the reason, and the understanding, encouraged and confirmed by the authority of our genuine divines, and philosophers, before the Revolution.

> ——"both life, and sense,
> Fancy, and understanding: whence the soul
> Reason receives, and reason is her being,
> Discursive or intuitive. Discourse
> Is oftest your's, the latter most is our's,
> Differing but in *degree*, in *kind* the same."
>
> PARADISE LOST, *Book V.*

I say, that I was confirmed by authority so venerable: for I had previous and higher motives in my own conviction of the importance, nay, of the necessity of the distinction, as both an indispensable condition and a vital part of all sound speculation in metaphysics, ethical or theological. To establish this distinction was one main object of The Friend; if even in a biography of my own literary life I can with propriety refer to a work which was printed rather than published, or so published that it had been well for the unfortunate author if it had remained in manuscript! I have even at this time bitter cause for remembering that, which a number of my subscribers have but a trifling motive for forgetting. This effusion might have been spared; but I would feign flatter myself that the reader will be less austere than an oriental professor of the bastinado, who, during an attempt to extort *per argumentum baculinum* a full confession from a culprit, interrupted his outcry of pain by reminding him, that it was «a mere digression!» «All this noise, Sir! is nothing to the point, and no sort of answer to my questions!» «Ah! but» (replied the sufferer), «it is the most pertinent reply in nature to your blows.»

An imprudent man of common goodness of heart, cannot but wish to turn even his imprudences to the benefit of others, as far as this is possible. If therefore any one of the readers of this semi-narrative should be preparing or intending a periodical work, I warn him, in the first place, against trusting in the number of names on his subscription list. For he cannot be certain that the names were put down by sufficient authority; or should that be ascertained, it still remains to be known whether they were not extorted

by some over zealous friend's importunity; whether the subscriber had not yielded his name merely from want of courage to answer, no! and with the intention of dropping the work as soon as possible. One gentleman procured me nearly a hundred names for The Friend, and not only took frequent opportunity to remind me of his success in his canvass, but labored to impress my mind with the sense of the obligation I was under to the subscribers; for (as he very pertinently admonished me) «fifty-two shillings a year was a large sum to be bestowed on one individual, where there were so many objects of charity with strong claims to the assistance of the benevolent.» Of these hundred patrons ninety threw up the publication before the fourth number, without any notice; though it was well known to them, that in consequence of the distance, and the slowness and irregularity of the conveyance, I was compelled to lay in a stock of stamped paper for at least eight weeks beforehand; each sheet of which stood me in five-pence previous to its arrival at my printer's; though the subscription money was not to be received till the twenty-first week after the commencement of the work; and lastly, though it was in nine cases out of ten impracticable for me to receive the money for two or three numbers without paying an equal sum for the postage.

In confirmation of my first caveat, I will select one fact among many. On my list of subscribers, among a considerable number of names equally flattering, was that of an Earl of Cork, with his address. He might as well have been an Earl of Bottle for aught I knew of him, who had been content to reverence the peerage *in abstracto*, rather than *in concretis*. Of course The Friend was regularly sent as far, if I remember right, as the eighteenth number: *i.e.*, till a fortnight before the subscription was to be paid. And lo! just at this time I received a letter from his lordship, reproving me in language far more lordly than courteous for my impudence in directing my pamphlets to him, who knew nothing of me or my work! Seventeen or eighteen numbers of which, however, his lordship was pleased to retain, probably for the culinary or the post-culinary conveniences of his servants.

Secondly, I warn all others from the attempt to deviate from the ordinary mode of publishing a work by the trade. I thought, indeed, that to the purchaser it was indifferent whether thirty per cent. of the purchase-money went to the booksellers or to the government; and that the convenience of receiving the work by the post at his own door would give the preference to the latter. It is hard, I own, to have been laboring for years in collecting and arranging the materials; to have spent every shilling that could be spared after the necessaries of life had been furnished, in buying books, or in journeys for the purpose of consulting them, or of acquiring facts at the fountain head; then to buy the paper, pay for the printing, etc., all at least fifteen per cent. beyond what the trade would have paid; and then after all to give thirty per cent., not of the net profits, but of the gross results of the sale, to a man who has merely to give the books shelf or warehouse room, and permit his apprentice to hand them over the counter to those who may ask for them; and this too copy by copy, although if the work be on any philosophical or scientific subject, it may be years before the edition is sold off. All this, I confess, must seem a hardship, and one, to which the products of industry in no other mode of exertion are subject. Yet even this is better, far better, than to attempt in any way to unite the functions of author and publisher. But the most prudent mode is to sell the copyright, at least of one or more editions, for the most that the trade will offer. By few only can a large remuneration be expected; but fifty pounds and ease of mind are of more real advantage to a literary man, than the chance of five hundred with the certainty of insult and degrading anxieties. I shall have been grievously misunderstood if this statement should be interpreted as written with the desire of detracting from the character of booksellers or publishers. The individuals did not make the laws and customs of their trade, but, as in every other trade, take them as they find them. Till the evil can be proved to be removable and without the substitution of an equal or greater inconvenience, it were neither wise or manly even to complain of it. But to use it as a pretext for speaking, or even for thinking or feeling, unkindly or opprobriously of the tradesmen, as

individuals, would be something worse than unwise or even than unmanly; it would be immoral and calumnious! My motives point in a far different direction and to far other objects, as will be seen in the conclusion of the chapter.

A learned and exemplary old clergyman, who many years ago went to his reward followed by the regrets and blessings of his flock, published at his own expense two volumes octavo, entitled, A New Theory of Redemption. The work was most severely handled in the Monthly or Critical Review, I forget which, and this unprovoked hostility became the good old man's favorite topic of conversation among his friends. Well! (he used to exclaim) in the second edition I shall have an opportunity of exposing both the ignorance and the malignity of the anonymous critic. Two or three years however passed by without any tidings from the bookseller, who had undertaken the printing and publication of the work, and who was perfectly at his ease, as the author was known to be a man of large property. At length the accounts were written for; and in the course of a few weeks they were presented by the rider for the house, in person. My old friend put on his spectacles, and holding the scroll with no very firm hand, began «*Paper, so much:* Oh, moderate enough—not at all beyond my expectation! *Printing, so much:* well! moderate enough! *Stitching, covers, advertisements, carriage, etc., so much.*»—Still nothing amiss. *Selleridge* (for orthography is no necessary part of a bookseller's literary acquirements) £3 3*s*. «Bless me! only three guineas for the what d'ye call it? the *selleridge?*» «No more, sir,» replied the rider. «Nay, but that is *too* moderate,» rejoined my old friend. «Only three guineas for *selling* a thousand copies of a work in two volumes?» «Oh, sir!» cries the young traveller, «you have mistaken the word. There have been none of them *sold;* they have been sent back from London long ago; and this £3 3*s*. is for the *cellarage*, or warehouse-room in our book *cellar*.» The work was in consequence preferred from the ominous cellar of the publisher's to the author's garret; and on presenting a copy to an acquaintance, the old gentleman used to tell the anecdote with great humor and still greater good nature.

With equal lack of worldly knowledge, I was a far more

than equal sufferer for it, at the very outset of my authorship. Toward the close of the first year from the time that, in an inauspicious hour, I left the friendly cloisters and the happy grove of quiet, ever honored Jesus College, Cambridge, I was persuaded by sundry philanthropists and antipolemists to set on foot a periodical work, entitled The Watchman, that (according to the general motto of the work) *all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free!* In order to exempt it from the stamp-tax, and likewise to contribute as little as possible to the supposed guilt of a war against freedom, it was to be published on every eighth day, thirty-two pages, large octavo, closely printed, and price only fourpence. Accordingly with a flaming prospectus, «Knowledge is Power,» «To cry the state of the political atmosphere,» and so forth, I set off on a tour to the north, from Bristol to Sheffield, for the purpose of procuring customers, preaching by the way in most of the great towns, as an hireless volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a rag of the woman of Babylon might be seen on me. For I was at that time and long after, though a Trinitarian (*i.e.*, *ad normam Platonis*) in philosophy, yet a zealous Unitarian in religion; more accurately, I was a *psilanthropist*, one of those who believe our Lord to have been the real Son of Joseph, and who lay the main stress on the Resurrection rather than on the Crucifixion. O! never can I remember those days with either shame or regret. For I was most sincere, most disinterested! My opinions were indeed in many and most important points erroneous; but my heart was single. Wealth, rank, life itself, then seemed cheap to me, compared with the interests of (what I believed to be) the truth, and the will of my Maker. I cannot even accuse myself of having been actuated by vanity; for in the expansion of my enthusiasm I did not think of myself at all.

My campaign commenced at Birmingham; and my first attack was on a rigid Calvinist, a tallow-chandler by trade. He was a tall dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth, that he might almost have been borrowed for a foundry poker. O that face! a face κατ' ἐμφασιν! I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black, twine-like hair, *pingui-nitescent*, cut in a straight line along the

black stubble of his thin gunpowder eyebrows, that looked like a scorched after-math from a last week's shaving. His coat collar behind in perfect unison, both of color and lustre, with the coarse yet glib cordage that I suppose he called his hair, and which with a bend inward at the nape of the neck (the only approach to flexure in his whole figure) slunk in behind his waistcoat; while the countenance lank, dark, very hard, and with strong, perpendicular furrows, gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a used grid-iron, all soot, grease, and iron! But he was one of the thorough-bred, a true lover of liberty, and (I was informed) had proved to the satisfaction of many, that Mr. Pitt was one of the horns of the second beast in the Revelations, *that spoke like a dragon.* A person to whom one of my letters of recommendation had been addressed was my introducer. It was a new event in my life, my first stroke in the new business I had undertaken of an author, yea, and of an author trading on his own account. My companion after some imperfect sentences and a multitude of hums and has abandoned the cause to his client; and I commenced an harangue of half an hour to Phileleutheros, the tallow-chandler, varying my notes through the whole gamut of eloquence from the ratiocinative to the declamatory, and in the latter from the pathetic to the indignant. I argued, I described, I promised, I prophesied, and beginning with the captivity of nations I ended with the near approach of the millennium, finishing the whole with some of my own verses describing that glorious state out of the Religious Musings:

> ——————————Such delights,
> As float to earth, permitted visitants!
> When in some hour of solemn jubilee
> The massive gates of Paradise are thrown
> Wide open: and forth come in fragments wild
> Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
> And odours snatched from beds of Amaranth,
> And they that from the crystal river of life
> Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales.
>
> RELIGIOUS MUSINGS.

My taper man of lights listened with perseverant and praiseworthy patience, though (as I was afterwards told on complaining of certain gales that were not altogether am-

brosial) it was a melting day with him. «And what, sir,» he said, after a short pause, «might the cost be?» «Only fourpence,» (O! how I felt the anti-climax, the abysmal bathos of that fourpence!) «only fourpence, sir, each number, to be published on every eighth day.» «That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year. And how much did you say there was to be for the money?» «Thirty-two pages, sir! large octavo, closely printed.» «Thirty and two pages? Bless me, why except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, sir! all the year round. I am as great a one as any man in Brummagem, sir! for liberty and truth, and all them sort of things, but as to this, no offence, I hope, sir, I must beg to be excused.»

So ended my first canvass. From causes that I shall presently mention, I made but one other application in person. This took place at Manchester, to a stately and opulent wholesale dealer in cottons. He took my letter of introduction, and having perused it, measured me from head to foot, and again from foot to head, and then asked if I had any bill or invoice of the thing. I presented my prospectus to him; he rapidly skimmed and hummed over the first side, and still more rapidly the second and concluding page; crushed it within his fingers and the palm of his hand; then most deliberately and significantly rubbed and smoothed one part against the other; and, lastly, putting it into his pocket, turned his back upon me with an «over-run with these articles!» and so, without another syllable, retired into his counting-house; and, I can truly say, to my unspeakable amusement.

This, as I have said, was my second and last attempt. On returning baffled from the first, in which I had vainly essayed to repeat the miracle of Orpheus with the Brummagem patriot, I dined with the tradesman who had introduced me to him. After dinner he importuned me to smoke a pipe with him and two or three other *illuminati* of the same rank. I objected, both because I was engaged to spend the evening with a minister and his friends, and because I had never smoked except once or twice in my lifetime, and then it was herb tobacco mixed with Oronooko.

On the assurance, however, that the tobacco was equally mild, and seeing too that it was of a yellow color (not forgetting the lamentable difficulty I have always experienced in saying no! and in abstaining from what the people about me were doing), I took half a pipe, filling the lower half of the bowl with salt. I was soon, however, compelled to resign it, in consequence of a giddiness and distressful feeling in my eyes, which, as I had drank but a single glass of ale, must, I knew, have been the effect of the tobacco. Soon after, deeming myself recovered, I sallied forth to my engagement; but the walk and the fresh air brought on all the symptoms again, and I had scarcely entered the minister's drawing-room, and opened a small packet of letters which he had received from Bristol for me, ere I sank back on the sofa in a sort of swoon rather than sleep. Fortunately, I had found just time enough to inform him of the confused state of my feelings and of the occasion. For here and thus I lay, my face like a wall that is whitewashing, deathly pale, and with the cold drops of perspiration running down it from my forehead, while one after another there dropped in the different gentlemen who had been invited to meet and spend the evening with me, to the number of from fifteen to twenty. As the poison of tobacco acts but for a short time, I at length awoke from insensibility, and looked round on the party, my eyes dazzled by the candles which had been lighted in the interim. By way of relieving my embarrassment, one of the gentlemen began the conversation with, «Have you seen a paper to-day, Mr. Coleridge?» «Sir,» I replied, rubbing my eyes, «I am far from convinced that a Christian is permitted to read either newspapers or any other works of merely political and temporary interest.» This remark, so ludicrously inapposite to, or rather incongruous with, the purpose for which I was known to have visited Birmingham, and to assist me in which they were all then met, produced an involuntary and general burst of laughter; and seldom indeed have I passed so many delightful hours as I enjoyed in that room from the moment of that laugh till an early hour the next morning. Never, perhaps, in so mixed and numerous a party, have I since heard conversation sustained with such animation, enriched

with such variety of information, and enlivened with such a flow of anecdote. Both then and afterwards they all joined in dissuading me from proceeding with my scheme; assured me in the most friendly and yet most flattering expressions that the employment was neither fit for me, nor I fit for the employment. Yet, if I had determined on persevering in it, they promised to exert themselves to the utmost to procure subscribers, and insisted that I should make no more applications in person, but carry on the canvass by proxy. The same hospitable reception, the same dissuasion, and (that failing) the same kind exertions in my behalf, I met with at Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield, indeed at every place in which I took up my sojourn. I often recall with affectionate pleasure the many respectable men who interested themselves for me, a perfect stranger to them, not a few of whom I can still name among my friends. They will bear witness for me how opposite even then my principles were to those of Jacobinism, or even of democracy, and can attest the strict accuracy of the statement which I have left on record in the 10th and 11th numbers of The Friend.

From this rememberable tour I returned with nearly a thousand names on the subscription list of The Watchman; yet more than half-convinced that prudence dictated the abandonment of the scheme. But for this very reason I persevered in it; for I was at that period of my life so completely hag-ridden by the fear of being influenced by selfish motives, that to know a mode of conduct to be the dictate of prudence, was a sort of presumptive proof to my feelings that the contrary was the dictate of duty. Accordingly I commenced the work, which was announced in London by long bills in letters larger than had ever been seen before, and which I have been informed, for I did not see them myself, eclipsed the glories even of the lottery puffs. But, alas! the publication of the very first number was delayed beyond the day announced for its appearance. In the second number an essay against fast days, with a most censurable application of a text from Isaiah for its motto, lost me near five hundred of my subscribers at one blow. In the two following numbers I made enemies of all my Jacobin

and democratic patrons; for disgusted by their infidelity, and their adoption of French morals with French *psilosophy;* and perhaps thinking that charity ought to begin nearest home, instead of abusing the government and the aristocrats chiefly or entirely, as had been expected of me, I levelled my attacks at «modern patriotism,» and even ventured to declare my belief that, whatever the motives of ministers might have been for the sedition, or as it was then the fashion to call them, the *gagging* bills; yet the bills themselves would produce an effect to be desired by all the true friends of freedom, as far as they should contribute to deter men from openly declaiming on subjects the principles of which they had never bottomed, and from «pleading to the poor and ignorant, instead of pleading for them.» At the same time I avowed my conviction, that national education and a concurring spread of the Gospel were the indispensable conditions of any true political amelioration. Thus, by the time the seventh number was published, I had the mortification (but why should I say this, when in truth I cared too little for anything that concerned my worldly interests to be at all mortified about it?) of seeing the preceding numbers exposed in sundry old iron shops for a penny a piece. At the ninth number I dropped the work. But from the London publisher I could not obtain a shilling. He was a —— and set me at defiance. From other places I procured but little, and after such delays as rendered that little worth nothing; and I should have been inevitably thrown into jail by my Bristol printer, who refused to wait even for a month for a sum between eighty and ninety pounds, if the money had not been paid for me by a man by no means affluent, a dear friend who attached himself to me from my first arrival in Bristol, who has continued my friend with a fidelity unconquered by time, or even by my own apparent neglect; a friend from whom I never received an advice that was not wise, or a remonstrance that was not gentle and affectionate.

Conscientiously an opponent of the first revolutionary war, yet with my eyes thoroughly opened to the true character and impotence of the favorers of revolutionary principles in England, principles which I held in abhorrence (for it was part of my political creed that whoever ceased to act as an

individual, by making himself a member of any society not sanctioned by his government, forfeited the rights of a citizen), a vehement anti-ministerialist, but after the invasion of Switzerland, a more vehement anti-Gallican, and still more intensely an anti-Jacobin, I retired to a cottage at Stowey, and provided for my scanty maintenance by writing verses for a London Morning Paper. I saw plainly that literature was not a profession by which I could expect to live; for I could not disguise from myself that, whatever my talents might or might not be in other respects, yet they were not of the sort that could enable me to become a popular writer; and that whatever my opinions might be in themselves, they were almost equidistant from all the three prominent parties, the Pittites, the Foxites, and the Democrats. Of the unsaleable nature of my writings I had an amusing memento one morning from our own servant girl. For, happening to rise at an earlier hour than usual, I observed her putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate in order to light the fire, and mildly checked her for her wastefulness: «La, sir,» replied poor Nanny, «why, it is only Watchmen.»

I now devoted myself to poetry and the study of ethics and psychology; and so profound was my admiration at this time of Hartley's Essay on Man, that I gave his name to my first-born. In addition to the gentleman, my neighbor, whose garden joined on to my little orchard, and the cultivation of whose friendship had been my sole motive in choosing Stowey for my residence, I was so fortunate as to acquire, shortly after my settlement there, an invaluable blessing in the society and neighborhood of one to whom I could look up with equal reverence, whether I regarded him as a poet, a philosopher, or a man. His conversation extended to almost all subjects, except physics and politics; with the latter he never troubled himself. Yet neither my retirement nor my utter abstraction from all the disputes of the day could secure me in those jealous times from suspicion and obloquy, which did not stop at me, but extended to my excellent friend, whose perfect innocence was even adduced as a proof of his guilt. One of the many busy sycophants of that day (I here use the word sycophant in its

original sense, as a wretch who flatters the prevailing party by informing against his neighbors, under pretence that they are exporters of prohibited figs or fancies! for the moral application of the term it matters not which); one of these sycophantic law-mongrels, discoursing on the politics of the neighborhood, uttered the following deep remark: «As to Coleridge, there is not so much harm in *him*, for he is a whirl-brain that talks whatever comes uppermost; but that ——; he is the dark traitor. You never hear him say a syllable on the subject.»

Now that the hand of Providence has disciplined all Europe into sobriety, as men tame wild elephants, by alternate blows and caresses; now that Englishmen of all classes are restored to their old English notions and feelings, it will with difficulty be credited how great an influence was at that time possessed and exerted by the spirit of secret defamation (the too constant attendant on party zeal!) during the restless interim from 1793 to the commencement of the Addington administration, or the year before the truce of Amiens. For by the latter period the minds of the partizans, exhausted by excess of stimulation and humbled by mutual disappointment, had become languid. The same causes that inclined the nation to peace, disposed the individuals to reconciliation. Both parties had found themselves in the wrong. The one had confessedly mistaken the moral character of the revolution, and the other had miscalculated both its moral and its physical resources. The experiment was made at the price of great, almost, we may say, of humiliating sacrifices; and wise men foresaw that it would fail, at least in its direct and ostensible object. Yet it was purchased cheaply, and realized an object of equal value, and, if possible, of still more vital importance. For it brought about a national unanimity unexampled in our history since the reign of Elizabeth: and Providence, never wanting to a good work when men have done their parts, soon provided a common focus in the cause of Spain, which made us all once more Englishmen, by at once gratifying and correcting the predilections of both parties. The sincere reverers of the throne felt the cause of loyalty ennobled by its alliance with that of freedom; while the honest zealots of the people

could not but admit that freedom itself assumed a more winning form, humanized by loyalty, and consecrated by religious principle. The youthful enthusiasts who, flattered by the morning rainbow of the French revolution, had made a boast of expatriating their hopes and fears, now disciplined by the succeeding storms, and sobered by increase of years, had been taught to prize and honor the spirit of nationality as the best safeguard of national independence, and this again as the absolute pre-requisite and necessary basis of popular rights.

If in Spain too disappointment has nipped our too forward expectations, yet all is not destroyed that is checked. The crop was perhaps springing up too rank in the stalk, to *kern* well: and there were, doubtless, symptoms of the Gallican blight on it. If superstition and despotism have been suffered to let in their wolvish sheep to trample and eat it down even to the surface, yet the roots remain alive, and the second growth may prove all the stronger and healthier for the temporary interruption. At all events, to *us* heaven has been just and gracious. The people of England did their best, and have received their rewards. Long may we continue to deserve it! Causes, which it had been too generally the habit of former statesmen to regard as belonging to another world, are now admitted by all ranks to have been the main agents of our success. «*We fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.*» If then, unanimity grounded on moral feelings has been among the least equivocal sources of our national glory, that man deserves the esteem of his countrymen, even as patriots, who devotes his life and the utmost efforts of his intellect to the preservation and continuance of that unanimity by the disclosure and establishment of principles. For by these all opinions must be ultimately tried; and (as the feelings of men are worthy of regard only as far as they are the representatives of their fixed opinions) on the knowledge of these all unanimity, not accidental and fleeting, must be grounded. Let the scholar, who doubts this assertion, refer only to the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke, at the commencement of the American war, and compare them with his speeches and writings at the commencement of the

French revolution. He will find the principles exactly the same and the deductions the same; but the practical inferences almost opposite in the one case from those drawn in the other; yet in both equally legitimate, and in both equally confirmed by the results. Whence gained he this superiority of foresight? Whence arose the striking difference, and in most instances, even the discrepancy between the grounds assigned by him, and by those who voted with him, on the same questions? How are we to explain the notorious fact, that the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke are more interesting at the present day than they were found at the time of their first publication; while those of his illustrious confederates are either forgotten, or exist only to furnish proofs, that the same conclusion, which one man had deduced scientifically, *may* be brought out by another in consequence of errors that luckily chanced to neutralize each other. It would be unhandsome as a conjecture, even were it not, as it actually is, false in point of fact, to attribute this difference to deficiency of talent on the part of Burke's friends, or of experience, or of historical knowledge. The satisfactory solution is, that Edmund Burke possessed and had sedulously sharpened that eye, which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the laws that determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to principles. He was a scientific statesman; and therefore a seer. For every principle contains in itself the germs of a prophecy; and as the prophetic power is the essential privilege of science, so the fulfilment of its oracles supplies the outward and (to men in general) the only test of its claim to the title. Wearisome as Burke's refinements appeared to his parliamentary auditors, yet the cultivated classes throughout Europe have reason to be thankful that

> ——————"he went on refining,
> And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining."

Our very sign-boards (said an illustrious friend to me) give evidence, that there has been a Titian in the world. In like manner, not only the debates in parliament, not only our proclamations and state papers, but the essays and leading

paragraphs of our journals are so many remembrancers of Edmund Burke. Of this the reader may easily convince himself, if either by recollection or reference he will compare the opposition newspapers at the commencement and during the five or six following years of the French revolution, with the sentiments and grounds of argument assumed in the same class of journals at present, and for some years past.

Whether the spirit of Jacobinism, which the writings of Burke exorcised from the higher and from the literary classes, may not like the ghost in Hamlet, be heard moving and mining in the underground chambers with an activity the more dangerous because less noisy, may admit of a question. I have given my opinions on this point, and the grounds of them, in my letters to Judge Fletcher, occasioned by his charge to the Wexford grand jury, and published in the *Courier*. Be this as it may, the evil spirit of jealousy, and with it the Cerberean whelps of feud and slander, no longer walk their rounds in cultivated society.

Far different were the days to which these anecdotes have carried me back. The dark guesses of some zealous *Quidnunc*, met with so congenial a soil in the grave alarm of a titled Dogberry of our neighborhood, that a spy was actually sent down from the government *pour surveillance* of myself and friend. There must have been not only abundance, but variety of these «honorable men» at the disposal of ministers: for this proved a very honest fellow. After three weeks' truly Indian perseverance in tracking us (for we were commonly together), during all which time seldom were we out of doors but he contrived to be within hearing (and all the while utterly unsuspected; how, indeed, could such a suspicion enter our fancies?) he not only rejected Sir Dogberry's request that he would try yet a little longer, but declared to him his belief, that both my friend and myself were as good subjects, for aught he could discover to the contrary, as any in His Majesty's dominions. He had repeatedly hid himself, he said, for hours together, behind a bank at the sea-side (our favorite seat), and overheard our conversation. At first he fancied, that we were aware of our danger; for he often heard me talk of one *Spy Nozy*,

which he was inclined to interpret of himself, and of a remarkable feature belonging to him; but he was speedily convinced that it was the name of a man who had made a book and lived long ago. Our talk ran most upon books, and we were perpetually desiring each other to look at *this*, and to listen to *that;* but he could not catch a word about politics. Once he had joined me on the road; (this occurred as I was returning home alone from my friend's house, which was about three miles from my own cottage), and passing himself off as a traveller, he had entered into conversation with me, and talked of purpose in a democrat way in order to draw me out. The result, it appears, not only convinced him that I was no friend of Jacobinism; but (he added) I had «plainly made it out to be such a silly as well as wicked thing, that he felt ashamed, though he had only put it on.» I distinctly remembered the occurrence, and had mentioned it immediately on my return, repeating what the traveller with his Bardolph nose had said, with my own answer; and so little did I suspect the true object of my «tempter ere accuser,» that I expressed with no small pleasure my hope and belief, that the conversation had been of some service to the poor misled malcontent. This incident therefore prevented all doubt as to the truth of the report which, through a friendly medium, came to me from the master of the village inn, who had been ordered to entertain the government gentleman in his best manner, but above all to be silent concerning such a person being in his house. At length, he received Sir Dogberry's commands to accompany his guest at the final interview; and after the absolving suffrage of the gentleman honored with the confidence of ministers, answered as follows, to the following queries:—D. Well, landlord! what do you know of the person in question? L. I see him often pass by with maister ————, my landlord (*i.e.* the owner of the house), and sometimes with the new-comers at Holford; but I never said a word to him, or he to me. D. But do you not know that he has distributed papers and handbills of a seditious nature among the common people? L. No, your honor. I never heard of such a thing. D. Have you not seen this Mr. Coleridge, or heard of his haranguing and talking to

knots and clusters of the inhabitants?—What are you grinning at, sir? L. Beg your honor's pardon! but I was only thinking how they'd have stared at him. If what I have heard be true, your honor! they would not have understood a word he said. When our vicar was here, Dr. L. the master of the great school and Canon of Windsor, there was a great dinner party at maister ————'s; and one of the farmers that was there told us that he and the Doctor talked real Hebrew Greek at each other for an hour together after dinner. D. Answer the question, sir! Does he ever harangue the people? L. I hope your honor an't angry with me. I can say no more than I know. I never saw him talking with any one, but my landlord, and our curate, and the strange gentleman. D. Has he not been seen wandering on the hills towards the Channel, and along the shore, with books and papers in his hand, taking charts and maps of the country? L. Why, as to that, your honor! I own, I have heard; I am sure, I would not wish to say ill of any body; but it is certain that I have heard——D. Speak out, man! don't be afraid; you are doing your duty to your King and government. What have you heard? L. Why, folks do say, your honor! as how he is a *Poet*, and that he is going to put Quantock and all about here in print; and as they be so much together, I suppose that the strange gentleman has some consarn in the business.—So ended this formidable inquisition, the latter part of which alone requires explanation, and at the same time entitles the anecdote to a place in my literary life. I had considered it as a defect in the admirable poem of «The Task,» that the subject, which gives the title to the work, was not, and indeed could not be, carried on beyond the three or four first pages, and that throughout the poem the connections are frequently awkward, and the transitions abrupt and arbitrary. I sought for a subject that should give equal room and freedom for description, incident, and impassioned reflections on men, nature, and society, yet supply in itself a natural connection to the parts, and unity to the whole. Such a subject I conceived myself to have found in a stream, traced from its source in the hills among the yellow-red moss and conical glass-shaped tufts of bent, to the first break or fall,

where its drops became audible, and it begins to form a channel; thence to the peat and turf barn, itself built of the same dark squares as it sheltered; to the sheep-fold; to the first cultivated plot of ground; to the lonely cottage and its bleak garden won from the heath; to the hamlet, the villages, the market-town, the manufactories, and the sea-port. My walks, therefore, were almost daily on the top of Quantock, and among its sloping coombs. With my pencil and memorandum-book in my hand, I was making studies, as the artists call them, and often moulding my thoughts into verse, with the objects and imagery immediately before my senses. Many circumstances, evil and good, intervened to prevent the completion of the poem, which was to have been entitled «The Brook.» Had I finished the work, it was my purpose in the heat of the moment to have dedicated it to our then committee of public safety as containing the charts and maps with which I was to have supplied the French government in aid of their plans of invasion. And these too for a tract of coast that from Clevedon to Minehead scarcely permits the approach of a fishing-boat!

All my experience, from my first entrance into life to the present hour, is in favor of the warning maxim—that the man, who opposes *in toto* the political or religious zealots of his age, is safer from their obloquy than he who differs from them in one or two points, or perhaps only in degree. By that transfer of the feelings of private life into the discussion of public questions, which is the queen bee in the hive of party fanaticism, the partizan has more sympathy with an intemperate opposite than with a moderate friend. We now enjoy an intermission, and long may it continue! In addition to far higher and more important merits, our present Bible societies, and other numerous associations for national or charitable objects, may serve, perhaps, to carry off the superfluous activity and fervor of stirring minds in innocent hyperboles and the bustle of management. But the poison-tree is not dead, though the sap may for a season have subsided to its roots. At least let us not be lulled into such a notion of our entire security, as not to keep watch and ward, even on our best feelings. I have seen gross intolerance shown in support of toleration; sectarian antipathy

most obtrusively displayed in the promotion of an undistinguishing comprehension of sects; and acts of cruelty (I had almost said of treachery), committed in furtherance of an object vitally important to the cause of humanity; and all this by men too of naturally kind dispositions and exemplary conduct.

The magic rod of fanaticism is preserved in the very *adyta* of human nature; and needs only the re-exciting warmth of a master hand to bud forth afresh and produce the old fruits. The horror of the peasant's war in Germany, and the direful effects of the Anabaptists' tenets (which differed only from those of Jacobinism by the substitution of theological for philosophical jargon) struck all Europe for a time with affright. Yet little more than a century was sufficient to obliterate all effective memory of these events. The same principles, with similar though less dreadful consequences, were again at work from the imprisonment of the first Charles to the restoration of his son. The fanatic maxim of extirpating fanaticism by persecution produced a civil war. The war ended in the victory of the insurgents; but the temper survived, and Milton had abundant grounds for asserting, that «Presbyter was but OLD PRIEST writ large!» One good result, thank heaven! of this zealotry was the re-establishment of the Church. And now it might have been hoped, that the mischievous spirit would have been bound for a season, «and a seal set upon him that he might deceive the nation no more.» But no! The ball of persecution was taken up with undiminished vigor by the persecuted. The same fanatic principle, that under the solemn oath and covenant had turned cathedrals into stables, destroyed the rarest trophies of art and ancestral piety, and hunted the brightest ornaments of learning and religion into holes and corners, now marched under episcopal banners, and having first crowded the prisons of England, emptied its whole vial of wrath on the miserable covenanters of Scotland. A merciful providence at length constrained both parties to join against a common enemy. A wise Government followed; and the established Church became, and now is, not only the brightest example, but our best and only sure bulwark of toleration! The true and

indispensable bank against a new inundation of persecuting zeal—*Esto perpetua !*

A long interval of quiet succeeded; or rather, the exhaustion had produced a cold fit of the ague, which was symptomatized by indifference among the many, and a tendency to infidelity or scepticism in the educated classes. At length those feelings of disgust and hatred, which for a brief while the multitude had attached to the crimes and absurdities of sectarian and democratic fanaticism, were transferred to the oppressive privileges of the noblesse, and the luxury, intrigues, and favoritism of the Continental courts. The same principles dressed in the ostentatious garb of a fashionable philosophy once more rose triumphant and effected the French revolution. And have we not within the last three or four years had reason to apprehend that the detestable maxims and correspondent measures of the late French despotism had already bedimmed the public recollections of democratic phrensy; had drawn off to other objects the electric force of the feelings which had massed and upheld those recollections; and that a favorable concurrence of occasions was alone wanting to awaken the thunder and precipitate the lightning from the opposite quarter of the political heaven?

In part from constitutional indolence, which in the very heyday of hope had kept my enthusiasm in check, but still more from the habits and influences of a classical education and academic pursuits, scarcely had a year elapsed from the commencement of my literary and political adventures before my mind sank into a state of thorough disgust and despondency, both with regard to the disputes and the parties disputant. With more than *poetic* feeling I exclaimed:

> "The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
> Slaves by their own compulsion ! In mad game
> They break their manacles, to wear the *name*
> Of freedom, graven on an heavier chain.
> O liberty ! with profitless endeavor
> Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;
> But thou nor swell'st the victor's pomp, nor ever
> Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power !
> Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
> (Nor prayer nor boastful name delays thee)

From superstition's harpy minions
And factious blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy cherub pinions,
The guide of homeless winds and playmate of the waves!"
FRANCE, *a Palinodia.*

I retired to a cottage in Somersetshire at the foot of Quantock, and devoted my thoughts and studies to the foundations of religion and morals. Here I found myself all afloat. Doubts rushed in; broke upon me «from the fountains of the great deep,» and fell «from the windows of heaven.» The fontal truths of natural religion and the books of Revelation alike contributed to the flood; and it was long ere my ark touched on an Ararat and rested. The idea of the Supreme Being appeared to me to be as necessarily implied in all particular modes of being, as the idea of infinite space in all the geometrical figures by which space is limited. I was pleased with the Cartesian opinion, that the idea of God is distinguished from all other ideas by involving its reality; but I was not wholly satisfied. I began then to ask myself, what proof I had of the outward existence of any thing? Of this sheet of paper for instance, as a thing in itself, separate from the phenomenon or image in my perception. I saw, that in the nature of things such proof is impossible; and that of all modes of being, that are not objects of the senses, the existence is assumed by a logical necessity arising from the constitution of the mind itself, by the absence of all motive to doubt it, not from any absolute contradiction in the supposition of the contrary. Still the existence of a Being, the ground of all existence, was not yet the existence of a moral creator and governor. «In the position, that all reality is either contained in the necessary being as an attribute, or exists through him as its ground, it remains undecided whether the properties of intelligence and will are to be referred to the Supreme Being in the former or only in the latter sense; as inherent attributes, or only as consequences that have existence in other things through him. Thus organization and motion are regarded as from God, not in God. Were the latter the truth, then notwithstanding all the pre-eminence which must be assigned to the ETERNAL FIRST from the sufficiency,

unity, and independence of his being, as the dread ground of the universe, his nature would yet fall far short of that which we are bound to comprehend in the idea of GOD. For without any knowledge or determining resolve of its own it would only be a blind necessary ground of other things and other spirits; and thus would be distinguished from the FATE of certain ancient philosophers in no respect, but that of being more definitely and intelligibly described.»

For a very long time indeed I could not reconcile personality with infinity; and my head was with Spinoza, though my whole heart remained with Paul and John. Yet there had dawned upon me, even before I had met with the «Critique of the Pure Reason,» a certain guiding light. If the mere intellect could make no certain discovery of a holy and intelligent first cause, it might yet supply a demonstration, that no legitimate argument could be drawn from the intellect against its truth. And what is this more than St. Paul's assertion, that by wisdom (more properly translated by the powers of reasoning), no man ever arrived at the knowledge of God? What more than the sublimest, and probably the oldest book on earth has taught us,

Silver and gold man searcheth out:
Bringeth the ore out of the earth, and darkness into light.

But where findeth he wisdom?
Where is the place of understanding?

The abyss crieth; it is not in me!
Ocean echoeth back; not in me!

Whence then cometh wisdom?
Where dwelleth understanding?

Hidden from the eyes of the living:
Kept secret from the fowls of heaven!

Hell and death answer;
We have heard the rumor thereof from afar!

GOD marketh out the road to it;
GOD knoweth its abiding place!

He beholdeth the ends of the earth;
He surveyeth what is beneath the heavens!

And as He weighed out the winds, and measured the sea,
And appointed laws to the rain,
And a path to the thunder,
A path to the flashes of the lightning!

Then did He see it,
And He counted it;
He searched into the depth thereof,
And with a line did He compass it round!

But to man He said,
The fear of the Lord is wisdom for THEE!
And to avoid evil,
That is *thy* understanding.

JOB, CHAP. 28th.

I became convinced that religion, as both the corner-stone and the key-stone of morality, must have a moral origin; so far at least, that the evidence of its doctrines could not, like the truths of abstract science, be wholly independent of the will. It were, therefore, to be expected that its fundamental truth would be such as might be denied; though only by the fool, and even by the fool from the madness of the heart alone!

The question, then, concerning our faith in the existence of a God, not only as the ground of the universe by his essence, but as its maker and judge by his wisdom and holy will, appeared to stand thus. The sciential reason, whose objects are purely theoretical, remains neutral, as long as its name and semblance are not usurped by the opponents of the doctrine. But it then becomes an effective ally by exposing the false show of demonstration, or by evincing the equal demonstrability of the contrary from premises equally logical. The understanding meantime suggests, the analogy of experience facilitates, the belief. Nature excites and recalls it as by a perpetual revelation. Our feelings almost necessitate it; and the law of conscience peremptorily commands it. The arguments that at all apply to it, are in its favor; and there is nothing against it, but its own sublimity. It could not be intellectually more evident without becoming morally less effective; without counteracting its own end by sacrificing the life of faith to the cold mechanism of a worthless, because compulsory, assent. The belief of a God and a future state (if a passive acquiescence may be flattered with the name of belief) does not indeed always beget a good heart, but a good heart so naturally begets the belief, that the very few exceptions

must be regarded as strange anomalies from strange and unfortunate circumstances.

From these premises I proceeded to draw the following conclusions. First, that having once fully admitted the existence of an infinite yet self-conscious Creator, we are not allowed to ground the irrationality of any other article of faith on arguments which would equally prove that to be irrational, which we had allowed to be real. Secondly, that whatever is deducible from the admission of a self-comprehending and creative spirit, may be legitimately used in proof of the possibility of any further mystery concerning the divine nature. *Possibilitatum mysteriorum, (Trinitatis, etc.) contra insultus Infidelium et Hæreticorum a contradictionibus vindico; hand quidem veritatem, quæ revelatione solâ stabiliri possit;* says Leibnitz in a letter to his Duke. He then adds the following just and important remark. «In vain will tradition or texts of scripture be adduced in support of a doctrine, *donec clava impossibilitatis et contradictionis e manibus horum Herculum extorta fuerit.* For the Heretic will still reply, that texts, the literal sense of which is not so much above as directly against all reason, must be understood figuratively, as Herod is a fox, etc.»

These principles I held philosophically, while in respect of revealed religion I remained a zealous Unitarian. I considered the idea of the Trinity a fair scholastic inference from the being of God as a creative intelligence; and that it was therefore entitled to the rank of an esoteric doctrine of natural religion. But seeing in the same no practical or moral bearing, I confined it to the schools of philosophy. The admission of the logos, as hypostasized (*i.e.* neither a mere attribute or a personification) in no respect removed my doubts concerning the Incarnation and the Redemption by the cross; which I could neither reconcile *in reason* with the impassiveness of the Divine Being, nor in my moral feelings with the sacred distinction between things and persons, the vicarious payment of a debt and the vicarious expiation of guilt. A more thorough revolution in my philosophic principles, and a deeper insight into my own heart, were yet wanting. Nevertheless, I cannot doubt, that the difference of my metaphysical notions from those of Uni-

tarians in general contributed to my final re-conversion to the whole truth in Christ; even as according to his own confession the books of certain Platonic philosophers (*libri quorundam Platonicorum*) commenced the rescue of St. Augustine's faith from the same error aggravated by the far darker accompaniment of the Manichæan heresy.

While my mind was thus perplexed, by a gracious providence for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, the generous and munificent patronage of Mr. Josiah and Mr. Thomas Wedgwood enabled me to finish my education in Germany. Instead of troubling others with my own crude notions and juvenile compositions, I was thenceforward better employed in attempting to store my own head with the wisdom of others. I made the best use of my time and means; and there is therefore no period of my life on which I can look back with such unmingled satisfaction. After acquiring a tolerable sufficiency in the German language at Ratzeburg, which with my voyage and journey thither I have described in The Friend, I proceeded through Hanover to Gottingen.

Here I regularly attended the lectures on physiology in the morning, and on natural history in the evening, under Blumenbach, a name as dear to every Englishman who has studied at that university, as it is venerable to men of science throughout Europe! Eichhorn's lectures on the New Testament were repeated to me from notes by a student from Ratzeburg, a young man of sound learning and indefatigable industry, who is now, I believe, a professor of the oriental languages at Heidelberg. But my chief efforts were directed towards a grounded knowledge of the German language and literature. From Professor Tychsen I received as many lessons in the Gothic of Ulphilas as sufficed to make me acquainted with its grammar, and the radical words of most frequent occurrence; and with the occasional assistance of the same philosophical linguist, I read through Ottfried's metrical paraphrase of the gospel, and the most important remains of the Theotiscan, or the transitional state of the Teutonic language from the Gothic to the old German of the Swabian period. Of this period (the polished dialect of which is analogous to that of our Chaucer, and

which leaves the philosophic student in doubt whether the language has not since then lost more in sweetness and flexibility, than it has gained in condensation and copiousness) I read with sedulous accuracy the Minnesinger (or singers of love, the Provençal poets of the Swabian court) and the metrical romances; and then labored through sufficient specimens of the master singers, their degenerate successors; not however, without occasional pleasure from the rude, yet interesting strains of Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg. Of this man's genius five folio volumes with double columns are extant in print, and nearly an equal number in manuscript; yet the indefatigable bard takes care to inform his readers that he never made a shoe the less, but had virtuously reared a large family by the labor of his hands.

In Pindar, Chaucer, Dante, Milton, etc., etc., we have instances of the close connection of poetic genius with the love of liberty and of genuine reformation. The moral sense at least will not be outraged, if I add to the list the name of this honest shoemaker (a trade, by the bye, remarkable for the production of philosophers and poets). His poem entitled the Morning Star, was the very first publication that appeared in praise and support of Luther; and an excellent hymn of Hans Sachs, which has been deservedly translated into almost all the European languages, was commonly sung in the Protestant churches whenever the heroic reformer visited them.

In Luther's own German writings, and eminently in his translation of the Bible, the German language commenced. I mean the language as it is at present *written;* that which is called the High German, as contra-distinguished from the Platt-Teutsch, the dialect of the flat or northern countries, and from the Ober-Teutsch, the language of the Middle and Southern Germany. The High German is indeed a *lingua communis*, not actually the native language of any province, but the choice and fragrancy of all the dialects. From this cause it is at once the most copious and the most grammatical of all the European tongues.

Within less than a century after Luther's death the German was inundated with pedantic barbarisms. A few vol-

umes of this period I read through from motives of curiosity; for it is not easy to imagine any thing more fantastic than the very appearance of their pages. Almost every third word is a Latin word with a Germanized ending, the Latin portion being always printed in Roman letters, while in the last syllable the German character is retained.

At length, about the year 1620, Opitz arose, whose genius more nearly resembled that of Dryden than any other poet who at present occurs to my recollection. In the opinion of Lessing, the most acute of critics, and of Adelung, the first of Lexicographers, Opitz, and the Silesian poets, his followers, not only restored the language, but still remain the models of pure diction. A stranger has no vote on such a question; but after repeated perusal of the work my feelings justified the verdict, and I seemed to have acquired from them a sort of tact for what is genuine in the style of later writers.

Of the splendid era, which commenced with Gellert, Klopstock, Ramler, Lessing, and their compeers, I need not speak. With the opportunities which I enjoyed, it would have been disgraceful not to have been familiar with their writings; and I have already said as much as the present biographical sketch requires concerning the German philosophers, whose works, for the greater part, I became acquainted with at a far later period.

Soon after my return from Germany I was solicited to undertake the literary and political department in the *Morning Post;* and I acceded to the proposal on the condition that the paper should thenceforwards be conducted on certain fixed and announced principles, and that I should be neither obliged or requested to deviate from them in favor of any party or any event. In consequence, that Journal became and for many years continued anti-ministerial indeed, yet with a very qualified approbation of the opposition, and, with far greater earnestness and zeal both anti-jacobin and anti-gallican. To this hour I cannot find reason to approve of the first war either in its commencement or its conduct. Nor can I understand with what reason either Mr. Perceval (whom I am singular enough to regard as the best and wisest minister of this reign), or the present adminis-

tration, can be said to have pursued the plans of Mr. Pitt. The love of their country, and perseverant hostility to French principles and French ambition are indeed honorable qualities common to them and to their predecessor. But it appears to me as clear as the evidence of facts can render any question of history, that the successes of the Perceval and of the existing ministry have been owing to their having pursued measures the direct contrary to Mr. Pitt's. Such for instance are the concentration of the national force to one object; the abandonment of the subsidizing policy, so far at least as neither to goad or bribe the continental courts into war, till the convictions of their subjects had rendered it a war of their own seeking; and above all, in their manly and generous reliance on the good sense of the English people, and on that loyalty which is linked to the very heart of the nation by the system of credit and the interdependence of property.

Be this as it may, I am persuaded that the *Morning Post* proved a far more useful ally to the Government in its most important objects, in consequence of its being generally considered as moderately anti-ministerial, than if it had been the avowed eulogist of Mr. Pitt. (The few, whose curiosity or fancy should lead them to turn over the journals of that date, may find a small proof of this in the frequent charges made by the *Morning Chronicle*, that such and such essays or leading paragraphs had been sent from the Treasury). The rapid and unusual increase in the sale of the *Morning Post* is a sufficient pledge that genuine impartiality, with a respectable portion of literary talent, will secure the success of a newspaper without the aid of party or ministerial patronage. But by impartiality I mean an honest and enlightened adherence to a code of intelligible principles previously announced, and faithfully referred to in support of every judgment on men and events; not indiscriminate abuse, not the indulgence of an editor's own malignant passions, and still less, if that be possible, a determination to make money by flattering the envy and cupidity, the vindictive restlessness and self-conceit of the half-witted vulgar; a determination almost fiendish, but which, I have been informed, has been boastfully avowed by one man, the

most notorious of these mob-sycophants! From the commencement of the Addington administration to the present day, whatever I have written in the *Morning Post*, or (after that paper was transferred to other proprietors) in the *Courier*, has been in defence or furtherance of the measures of Government.

> "Things of this nature scarce survive the night
> That gives them birth; they perish in the sight,
> Cast by so far from after-life, that there
> Can scarcely aught be said, but that they were!"
> CARTWRIGHT'S *Prologue to the Royal Slave.*

Yet in these labors I employed, and in the belief of partial friends wasted, the prime and manhood of my intellect. Most assuredly they added nothing to my fortune or my reputation. The industry of the week supplied the necessities of the week. From Government or the friends of Government I not only never received remuneration, or ever expected it; but I was never honored with a single acknowledgment or expression of satisfaction. Yet the retrospect is far from painful or matter of regret. I am not indeed silly enough to take as anything more than a violent hyperbole of party debate, Mr. Fox's assertion that the *late* war (I trust that the epithet is not prematurely applied) was a war produced by the *Morning Post;* or I should be proud to have the words inscribed on my tomb. As little do I regard the circumstance, that I was a specified object of Buonaparte's resentment during my residence in Italy in consequence of those essays in the *Morning Post* during the peace of Amiens. (Of this I was warned, directly, by Baron Von Humboldt, the Prussian Plenipotentiary, who at that time was the minister of the Prussian court at Rome; and indirectly, through his secretary, by Cardinal Fesch himself.) Nor do I lay any greater weight on the confirming fact, that an order for my arrest was sent from Paris, from which danger I was rescued by the kindness of a noble Benedictine, and the gracious connivance of that good old man, the present Pope. For the late tyrant's vindictive appetite was omnivorous, and preyed equally on a Duc d'Enghien, and the writer of a newspaper paragraph. Like a true vulture, Napoleon with an eye not less telescopic,

and with a taste equally coarse in his ravin, could descend from the most dazzling heights to pounce on the leveret in the brake, or even on the field-mouse amid the grass. But I do derive a gratification from the knowledge, that my essays contributed to introduce the practice of placing the questions and events of the day in a moral point of view; in giving a dignity to particular measures by tracing their policy or impolicy to permanent principles, and an interest to principles by the application of them to individual measures. In Mr. Burke's writings indeed the germs of almost all political truths may be found. But I dare assume to myself the merit of having first explicitly defined and analyzed the nature of Jacobinism; and that in distinguishing the Jacobin from the republican, the democrat and the mere demagogue, I both rescued the word from remaining a mere term of abuse, and put on their guard many honest minds, who even, in their heat of zeal against Jacobinism, admitted or supported principles from which the worst parts of that system may be legitimately deduced. That these are not necessary practical results of such principles, we owe to that fortunate inconsequence of our nature which permits the heart to rectify the errors of the understanding. The detailed examination of the consular Government and its pretended constitution, and the proof given by me that it was a consummate despotism in masquerade, extorted a recantation even from the *Morning Chronicle*, which had previously extolled this constitution as the perfection of a wise and regulated liberty. On every great occurrence I endeavored to discover in past history the event that most nearly resembled it. I procured, wherever it was possible, the contemporary historians, memorialists, and pamphleteers. Then fairly subtracting the points of difference from those of likeness, as the balance favored the former or the latter, I conjectured that the result would be the same or different. In the series of essays, entitled «A comparison of France under Napoleon with Rome under the first Cæsars,» and in those which followed «On the probable final restoration of the Bourbons,» I feel myself authorized to affirm, by the effect produced on many intelligent men, that were the dates wanting, it might have been suspected that

the essays had been written within the last twelve months. The same plan I pursued at the commencement of the Spanish revolution, and with the same success, taking the war of the United Provinces with Philip II. as the groundwork of the comparison. I have mentioned this from no motives of vanity, nor even from motives of self-defence, which would justify a certain degree of egotism, especially if it be considered how often and grossly I have been attacked for sentiments which I had exerted my best powers to confute and expose, and how grievously these charges acted to my disadvantage while I was in Malta. Or rather they would have done so, if my own feelings had not precluded the wish of a settled establishment in that island. But I have mentioned it from the full persuasion that, armed with the two-fold knowledge of history and the human mind, a man will scarcely err in his judgment concerning the sum total of any future national event, if he have been able to procure the original documents of the past together with authentic accounts of the present, and if he have a philosophic tact for what is truly important in facts, and in most instances therefore for such facts as the dignity of history has excluded from the volumes of our modern compilers, by the courtesy of the age entitled historians.

To have lived in vain must be a painful thought to any man, and especially so to him who has made literature his profession. I should therefore rather condole than be angry with the mind, which could attribute to no worthier feelings than those of vanity or self-love the satisfaction which I acknowledge to have enjoyed from the republication of my political essays (either whole or as extracts) not only in many of our own provincial papers, but in the federal journals throughout America. I regarded it as some proof of my not having labored altogether in vain, that from the articles written by me shortly before and at the commencement of the late unhappy war with America, not only the sentiments were adopted, but in some instance the very language, in several of the Massachusetts state papers.

But no one of these motives, nor all conjointly, would have impelled me to a statement so uncomfortable to my own feelings, had not my character been repeatedly attacked

by an unjustifiable intrusion on private life, as of a man incorrigibly idle, and who, entrusted not only with ample talents, but favored with unusual opportunities of improving them, had nevertheless suffered them to rust away without any efficient exertion either for his own good or that of his fellow-creatures. Even if the compositions which I have made public, and that too in a form the most certain of an extensive circulation, though the least flattering to an author's self-love, had been published in books, they would have filled a respectable number of volumes, though every passage of merely temporary interest were omitted. My prose writings have been charged with a disproportionate demand on the attention; with an excess of refinement in the mode of arriving at truths; with beating the ground for that which might have been run down by the eye; with the length and laborious construction of my periods; in short with obscurity and the love of paradox. But my severest critics have not pretended to have found in my compositions triviality, or traces of a mind that shrunk from the toil of thinking. No one has charged me with tricking out in other words the thoughts of others, or with hashing up anew the *crambe jam decies coctam* of English literature or philosophy. Seldom have I written that in a day, the acquisition or investigation of which had not cost me the previous labor of a month.

But are books the only channel through which the stream of intellectual usefulness can flow? Is the diffusion of truth to be estimated by publications; or publications by the truth which they diffuse or at least contain? I speak it in the excusable warmth of a mind stung by an accusation which has not only been advanced in reviews of the widest circulation, not only registered in the bulkiest works of periodical literature, but by frequency of repetition has become an admitted fact in private literary circles, and thoughtlessly repeated by too many who call themselves my friends, and whose own recollections ought to have suggested a contrary testimony. Would that the criterion of a scholar's utility were the number and moral value of the truths which he has been the means of throwing into the general circulation; or the number and value of the minds whom, by his conversation or

letters, he has excited into activity, and supplied with the germs of their after-growth! A distinguished rank might not indeed, even then, be awarded to my exertions, but I should dare look forward with confidence to an honorable acquittal. I should dare appeal to the numerous and respectable audiences, which at different times and in different places honored my lecture-rooms with their attendance, whether the points of view from which the subjects treated of were surveyed, whether the grounds of my reasoning were such as they had heard or read elsewhere, or have since found in previous publications. I can conscientiously declare, that the complete success of the Remorse on the first night of its representation did not give me as great or as heartfelt a pleasure, as the observation that the pit and boxes were crowded with faces familiar to me, though of individuals whose names I did not know, and of whom I knew nothing but that they had attended one or other of my courses of lectures. It is an excellent, though perhaps somewhat vulgar proverb, that there are cases where a man may be as well «in for a pound as for a penny.» To those who from ignorance of the serious injury I have received from this rumor of having dreamt away my life to no purpose, injuries which I unwillingly remember at all, much less am disposed to record in a sketch of my literary life: or to those, who from their own feelings, or the gratification they derive from thinking contemptuously of others, would like Job's comforters attribute these complaints, extorted from me by the sense of wrong, to self-conceit or presumptuous vanity, I have already furnished such ample materials, that I shall gain nothing by withholding the remainder. I will not therefore hesitate to ask the consciences of those who from their long acquaintance with me and with the circumstances are best qualified to decide or be my judges, whether the restitution of the *suum cuique* would increase or detract from my literary reputation. In this exculpation I hope to be understood as speaking of myself comparatively, and in proportion to the claims which others are entitled to make on my time or my talents. By what I have effected am I to be judged by my fellow-men; what I could have done is a question for my own conscience. On my own account I

may perhaps have had sufficient reason to lament my deficiency in self-control, and the neglect of concentring my powers to the realization of some permanent work. But to verse rather than to prose, if to either, belongs the voice of mourning for

> Keen pangs of love awakening as a babe
> Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart,
> And fears self-will'd that shunn'd the eye of hope,
> And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
> Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
> And genius given and knowledge won in vain,
> And all which I had cull'd in wood-walks wild
> And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all
> Commune with thee had open'd out—but flowers
> Strew'd on my corpse, and borne upon my bier
> In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!
>
> S. T. C. (To William Wordsworth.)

These will exist, for the future, I trust only in the poetic strains, which the feelings at the time called forth. In those only, gentle reader,

> "*Affectus animi varios, bellumque sequacis*
> *Perlegis invidæ; curasque revolvis inanes;*
> *Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in ævo.*
> *Perlegis et lacrymas, et quod pharetratus acutâ*
> *Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspide vulnus.*
> *Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas*
> *Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.*
> *Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor;*
> *Frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,*
> *Vox aliudque sonat. Jamque observatio vitæ*
> *Multa dedit;—lugere nihil, ferre omnia; jamque*
> *Paulatim lacrymas rerum experientia tersit.*"

AN AFFECTIONATE EXHORTATION TO THOSE WHO IN EARLY LIFE FEEL THEMSELVES DISPOSED TO BECOME AUTHORS.

It was a favorite remark of the late Mr. Whitbread's, that no man does anything from a single motive. The separate motives, or rather moods of mind, which produced the preceding reflections and anecdotes have been laid open to the reader in each separate instance. But an interest in the welfare of those who at the present time may be in circumstances not dissimilar to my own at my first entrance into

life, has been the constant accompaniment, and (as it were) the under-song of all my feelings. Whitehead, exerting the prerogative of his laureateship, addressed to youthful poets a poetic charge, which is perhaps the best, and certainly the most interesting of his works. With no other privilege than that of sympathy and sincere good wishes, I would address an affectionate exhortation to the youthful literati, grounded on my own experience. It will be but short; for the beginning, middle, and end converge to one charge: *never pursue literature as a trade.* With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a profession, *i.e.*, some regular employment, which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far mechanically that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unannoyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial, than weeks of compulsion. Money and immediate reputation form only an arbitrary and accidental end of literary labor. The hope of increasing them by any given exertion will often prove a stimulant to industry; but the necessity of acquiring them will in all works of genius convert the stimulant into a narcotic. Motives by excess reverse their very nature, and, instead of exciting, stun and stupify the mind. For it is one contradistinction of genius from talent, that its predominant end is always comprised in the means; and this is one of the many points which establish an analogy between genius and virtue. Now though talents may exist without genius, yet as genius cannot exist, certainly not manifest itself, without talents, I would advise every scholar who feels the genial power working within him, so far to make a division between the two, as that he should devote his talents to the acquirement of competence in some known trade or profession, and his genius to objects of his tranquil and unbiassed choice; while the consciousness of being actuated in both alike by the sincere desire to perform his duty, will alike ennoble both. «My dear young friend» (I would

say) « suppose yourself established in any honorable occupation. From the manufactory or counting-house, from the law court, or from having visited your last patient, you return at evening,

> "Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of home
> Is sweetest———"

to your family, prepared for its social enjoyments, with the very countenances of your wife and children brightened, and their voice of welcome made doubly welcome, by the knowledge that, as far as they are concerned, you have satisfied the demands of the day by the labor of the day. Then, when you retire into your study, in the books on your shelves you revisit so many venerable friends with whom you can converse. Your own spirit scarcely less free from personal anxieties than the great minds that in those books are still living for you! Even your writing-desk with its blank paper and all its other implements will appear as a chain of flowers, capable of linking your feelings as well as thoughts to events and characters past or to come; not a chain of iron which binds you down to think of the future and the remote by recalling the claims and feelings of the peremptory present. But why should I say retire? The habits of active life and daily intercourse with the stir of the world will tend to give you such self-command, that the presence of your family will be no interruption. Nay, the social silence, or undisturbing voices of a wife or sister will be like a restorative atmosphere, or soft music which moulds a dream without becoming its object. If facts are required to prove the possibility of combining weighty performances in literature with full and independent employment, the works of Cicero and Xenophon among the ancients; of Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Baxter, or to refer at once to later and contemporary instances, Darwin and Roscoe, are at once decisive of the question.

But all men may not dare promise themselves a sufficiency of self-control for the imitation of those examples; though strict scrutiny should always be made, whether indolence, restlessness, or a vanity impatient for immediate gratification, have not tampered with the judgment and assumed the

vizard of humility for the purposes of self-delusion. Still the church presents to every man of learning and genius a profession, in which he may cherish a rational hope of being able to unite the widest schemes of literary utility with the strictest performance of professional duties. Among the numerous blessings of Christianity, the introduction of an established church makes an especial claim on the gratitude of scholars and philosophers; in England at least, where the principles of Protestantism have conspired with the freedom of the government to double all its salutary powers by the removal of its abuses.

That not only the maxims, but the grounds of a pure morality, the mere fragments of which

> ——— "the lofty grave tragedians taught
> In chorus or iambic, teachers best
> Of moral prudence, with delight received
> In brief sententious precepts;"
>
> PARADISE REGAINED.

and that the sublime truths of the divine unity and attributes, which a Plato found most hard to learn, and deemed it still more difficult to reveal; that these should have become the almost hereditary property of childhood and poverty, of the hovel and the workshop; that even to the unlettered they sound as commonplace, is a phenomenon which must withhold all but minds of the most vulgar cast from undervaluing the services even of the pulpit and the reading-desk. Yet those who confine the efficiency of an established church to its public offices can hardly be placed in a much higher rank of intellect. That to every parish throughout the kingdom there is transplanted a germ of civilization; that in the remotest villages there is a nucleus, round which the capabilities of the place may crystallize and brighten; a model sufficiently superior to excite, yet sufficiently near to encourage and facilitate, imitation; this, the unobtrusive, continuous agency of a Protestant church establishment, this it is which the patriot and the philanthropist, who would fain unite the love of peace with the faith in the progressive amelioration of mankind, cannot estimate at too high a price. «It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall

be made of coral or of pearls; for the price of wisdom is above rubies.» The clergyman is with his parishioners and among them; he is neither in the cloistered cell, or in the wilderness, but a neighbor and a family man, whose education and rank admit him to the mansion of the rich landholder, while his duties make him the frequent visitor of the farm-house and the cottage. He is, or he may become, connected with the families of his parish or its vicinity by marriage. And among the instances of the blindness, or at best the short-sightedness which it is the nature of cupidity to inflict, I know few more striking than the clamors of the farmers against church property. Whatever was not paid to the clergyman would inevitably at the next lease be paid to the landholder; while, as the case at present stands, the revenues of the church are in some sort the reversionary property of every family that may have a member educated for the church, or a daughter that may marry a clergyman. Instead of being foreclosed and immovable, it is in fact the only species of landed property that is essentially moving and circulative. That there exist no inconveniences, who will pretend to assert? But I have yet to expect the proof, that the inconveniences are greater in this than in any other species: or that either the farmers or the clergy would be benefited by forcing the latter to become either *Trullibers*, or salaried placemen. Nay, I do not hesitate to declare my firm persuasion, that whatever reason of discontent the farmers may assign, the true cause is this: that they may cheat the parson, but cannot cheat the steward; and that they are disappointed if they should have been able to withhold only two pounds less than the legal claim, having expected to withhold five. At all events, considered relatively to the encouragement of learning and genius, the establishment presents a patronage at once so effective and unburdensome, that it would be impossible to afford the like or equal in any but a Christian and Protestant country. There is scarce a department of human knowledge without some bearing on the various critical, historical, philosophical, and moral truths, in which the scholar must be interested as a clergyman; no one pursuit worthy of a man of genius, which may not be followed without incongruity. To give the his-

tory of the Bible as a book, would be little less than to relate the origin or first excitement of all the literature and science that we now possess. The very decorum which the profession imposes is favorable to the best purposes of genius, and tends to counteract its most frequent defects. Finally, that man must be deficient in sensibility, who would not find an incentive to emulation in the great and burning lights which, in a long series, have illustrated the Church of England; who would not hear from within an echo to the voice from their sacred shrines:

"*Et pater Æneas et avunculus excitat Hector.*"

But whatever be the profession or trade chosen, the advantages are many and important compared with the state of a mere literary man, who in any degree depends on the sale of his works for the necessaries and comforts of life. In the former a man lives in sympathy with the world in which he lives. At least he acquires a better and quicker tact for the knowledge of that with which men in general can sympathize. He learns to manage his genius more prudently and efficaciously. His powers and acquirements gain him likewise more real admiration; for they surpass the legitimate expectations of others. He is something besides an author, and is not therefore considered merely as an author. The hearts of men are open to him, as to one of their own class; and whether he exerts himself or not in the conversational circles of his acquaintance, his silence is not attributed to pride, nor his communicativeness to vanity. To these advantages I will venture to add a superior chance of happiness in domestic life, were it only that it is as natural for the man to be out of the circle of his household during the day, as it is meritorious for the woman to remain for the most part within it. But this subject involves points of consideration so numerous and so delicate, and would not only permit, but require such ample documents from the biography of literary men, that I now merely allude to it *in transitu*. When the same circumstance has occurred at very different times to very different persons, all of whom have some one thing in common, there is reason to suppose that such circumstance is not merely attrib-

utable to the persons concerned, but is in some measure occasioned by the one point in common to them all. Instead of the vehement and almost slanderous dehortation from marriage, which the *Misogyne*, Boccaccio, addresses to literary men, I would substitute the simple advice: be not *merely* a man of letters! Let literature be an honorable *augmentation* to your arms, but not constitute the coat, or fill the escutcheon!

To objections from conscience I can of course answer in no other way, than by requesting the youthful objector (as I have already done on a former occasion) to ascertain with strict self-examination, whether other influences may not be at work; whether spirits, «not of health,» and with whispers «not from heaven,» may not be walking in the twilight of his consciousness. Let him catalogue his scruples, and reduce them to a distinct intelligible form; let him be certain that he has read with a docile mind and favorable dispositions the best and most fundamental works on the subject; that he has had both mind and heart opened to the great and illustrious qualities of the many renowned characters who had doubted like himself, and whose researches had ended in the clear conviction that their doubts had been groundless, or at least in no proportion to the counterweight. Happy will it be for such a man, if among his contemporaries, elder than himself, he should meet with one who, with similar powers and feelings as acute as his own, had entertained the same scruples; had acted upon them; and who, by after-research (when the step was, alas! irretrievable, but for that very reason, his research undeniable disinterested) had discovered himself to have quarrelled with received opinions only to embrace errors; to have left the direction tracked out for him on the high road of honorable exertion, only to deviate into a labyrinth where, when he had wandered till his head was giddy, his best good fortune was finally to have found his way out again, too late for prudence, though not too late for conscience or for truth! Time spent in such delay is time won; for manhood in the meantime is advancing, and with it increase of knowledge, strength of judgment, and, above all, temperance of feelings. And even if these should effect no change, yet the delay will

at least prevent the final approval of the decision from being alloyed by the inward censure of the rashness and vanity by which it had been precipitated. It would be a sort of irreligion, and scarcely less than a libel on human nature, to believe that there is any established and reputable profession or employment in which a man may not continue to act with honesty and honor; and doubtless there is likewise none which may not at times present temptations to the contrary. But wofully will that man find himself mistaken who imagines that the profession of literature, or, to speak more plainly, the trade of authorship, besets its members with fewer or with less insidious temptations than the Church, the law, or the different branches of commerce. But I have treated sufficiently on this unpleasant subject in an early chapter of this volume. I will conclude the present therefore with a short extract from Herder, whose name I might have added to the illustrious list of those who have combined the successful pursuit of the Muses not only with the faithful discharge, but with the highest honors and honorable emoluments of an established profession. The translation the reader will find in a note below:* «Am sorgfältigsten, meiden sie die Autorschaft. Zu früh oder unmässig gebraucht, macht sie den Kopf wüste und das Herz leer; wenn sie auch sonst keine üble Folgen gäbe. Ein Mensch, der nur lieset um zu drücken, lieset wahrscheinlich übel; und wer jeden Gedanken, der ihm aufstosst, durch Feder und Presse versendet, hat sie in kurzer Zeit alle versandt, und wird bald ein blosser Diener der Druckerey, ein Buchstabensetzer werden.»

* TRANSLATION.—"With the greatest possible solicitude avoid authorship. Too early or immoderately employed, it makes the head waste and the heart empty; even were there no other worse consequences. A person who reads only to print, in all probability reads amiss; and he, who sends away through the pen and the press every thought, the moment it occurs to him, will in a short time have sent all away, and will become a mere journeyman of the printing-office, a compositor."

To which I may add from myself, that what medical physiologists affirm of certain secretions, applies equally to our thoughts; they too must be taken up again into the circulation, and be again and again re-secreted in order to insure a healthful vigor, both to the mind and to its intellectual offspring.

STRIKING POINTS OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE POETS OF THE PRESENT AGE AND THOSE OF THE 15TH AND 16TH CENTURIES—WISH EXPRESSED FOR THE UNION OF THE CHARACTERISTIC MERITS OF BOTH.

CHRISTENDOM, from its first settlement on feudal rights, has been so far one great body, however imperfectly organized, that a similar spirit will be found in each period to have been acting in all its members. The study of Shakespeare's Poems (I do not include his dramatic works, eminently as they too deserve that title) led me to a more careful examination of the contemporary poets both in this and in other countries. But my attention was especially fixed on those of Italy, from the birth to the death of Shakespeare; that being the country in which the fine arts had been most sedulously, and hitherto most successfully, cultivated. Abstracted from the degrees and peculiarities of individual genius, the properties common to the good writers of each period seem to establish one striking point of difference between the poetry of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and that of the present age. The remark may perhaps be extended to the sister art of painting. At least the latter will serve to illustrate the former. In the present age the poet (I would wish to be understood as speaking generally, and without allusion to individual names) seems to propose to himself as his main object, and as that which is the most characteristic of his art, new and striking images; with incidents that interest the affections or excite the curiosity. Both his characters and his descriptions he renders, as much as possible, specific and individual, even to a degree of portraiture. In his diction and metre, on the other hand, he is comparatively careless. The measure is either constructed on no previous system, and acknowledges no justifying principle but that of the writer's convenience; or else some mechanical movement is adopted, of which one couplet or stanza is so far an adequate specimen, as that the occasional differences appear evidently to arise from accident, or the qualities of the language itself, not from meditation and an intelligent purpose. And the language from Pope's transla-

tion of Homer, to Darwin's «Temple of Nature,» may, notwithstanding some illustrious exceptions, be too faithfully characterized as claiming to be poetical for no better reason than that it would be intolerable in conversation or in prose. Though, alas! even our prose writings, nay, even the style of our more set discourses, strive to be in the fashion, and trick themselves out in the soiled and over-worn finery of the meretricious muse. It is true, that of late a great improvement in this respect is observable in our most popular writers. But it is equally true, that this recurrence to plain sense and genuine mother English is far from being general; and that the composition of our novels, magazines, public harangues, etc., is commonly as trivial in thought, and yet enigmatic in expression, as if Echo and Sphinx had laid their heads together to construct it. Nay, even of those who have most rescued themselves from this contagion, I should plead inwardly guilty to the charge of duplicity or cowardice if I withheld my conviction, that few have guarded the purity of their native tongue with that jealous care, which the sublime Dante, in his tract, «*De la nobile volgare eloquenza*,» declares to be the first duty of a poet. For language is the armory of the human mind; and at once contains the trophies of its past, and the weapons of its future conquests.

Something analogous to the materials and structure of modern poetry I seem to have noticed (but here I beg to be understood as speaking with the utmost diffidence) in our common landscape painters. Their foregrounds and intermediate distances are comparatively unattractive: while the main interest of the landscape is thrown into the background, where mountains and torrents and castles forbid the eye to proceed, and nothing tempts it to trace its way back again. But in the works of the great Italian and Flemish masters, the front and middle objects of the landscape are the most obvious and determinate, the interest gradually dies away in the background, and the charm and peculiar worth of the picture consist, not so much in the specific objects which it conveys to the understanding in a visual language formed by the substitution of figures for words, as in the beauty and harmony of the colors, lines

and expression, with which the objects are represented. Hence novelty of subject was rather avoided than sought for. Superior excellence in the manner of treating the same subjects was the trial and test of the artist's merit.

Not otherwise is it with the more polished poets of the 15th and 16th centuries, especially with those of Italy. The imagery is almost always general; sun, moon, flowers, breezes, murmuring streams, warbling songsters, delicious shades, lovely damsels cruel as fair, nymphs, naiads, and goddesses, are the materials which are common to all, and which each shaped and arranged according to his judgment or fancy, little solicitous to add or to particularize. If we make an honorable exception in favor of some English poets, the thoughts too are as little novel as the images; and the fable of their narrative poems, for the most part drawn from mythology, or sources of equal notoriety, derive their chief attractions from the manner of treating them, from impassioned flow, or picturesque arrangement. In opposition to the present age, and perhaps in as faulty an extreme, they placed the essence of poetry in the art. The excellence at which they aimed consisted in the exquisite polish of the diction, combined with perfect simplicity. This, their prime object, they attained by the avoidance of every word which a gentleman would not use in dignified conversation, and of every word and phrase which none but a learned man would use; by the studied position of words and phrases, so that not only each part should be melodious in itself, but contribute to the harmony of the whole, each note referring and conducing to the melody of all the foregoing and following words of the same period or stanza; and, lastly, with equal labor, the greater because unbetrayed, by the variation and various harmonies of their metrical movement. Their measures, however, were not indebted for their variety to the introduction of new metres, such as have been attempted of late in the «Alonzo and Imogen,» and others borrowed from the German, having in their very mechanism a specific overpowering tune, to which the generous reader humors his voice and emphasis, with more indulgence to the author than attention to the meaning or quantity of the words, but which, to an ear familiar with the numerous

sounds of the Greek and Roman poets, has an effect not unlike that of galloping over a paved road in a German stage-wagon without springs. On the contrary, the elder bards, both of Italy and England, produced a far greater as well as more charming variety, by countless modifications and subtle balances of sound in the common metres of their country. A lasting and enviable reputation awaits that man of genius who should attempt and realize a union; who should recall the high finish, the appropriateness, the facility, the delicate proportion, and, above all, the perfusive and omnipresent grace which have preserved, as in a shrine of precious amber, the Sparrow of Catullus, the Swallow, the Grasshopper, and all the other little loves of Anacreon; and which, with bright though diminished glories, revisited the youth and early manhood of Christian Europe in the vales of Arno, and the groves of Isis and of Cam; and who with these should combine the keener interest, deeper pathos, manlier reflection, and the fresher and more various imagery which give a value and a name that will not pass away to the poets who have done honor to our own times, and to those of our immediate predecessors.